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Percy Society

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Percy Society.

EARLY ENGLISH POETRY,
BALLADS,

AND POPULAR LITERATURE
OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

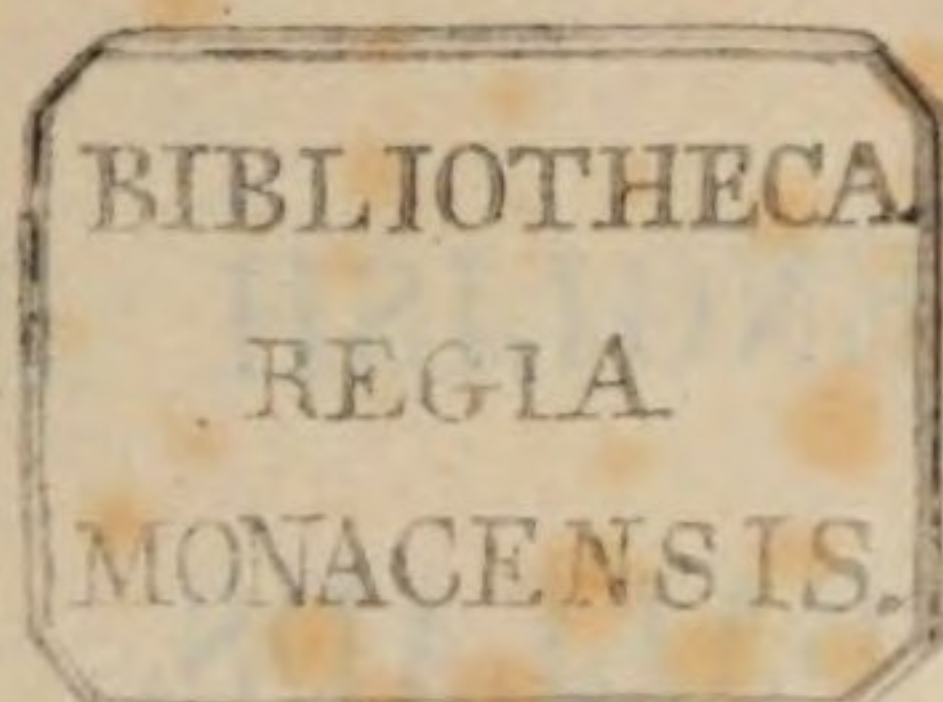
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VOL. XIX.

LONDON.

PRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,
BY T. RICHARDS, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

M.DCCC.XLVI.



CONTENTS OF VOL. XIX.

THE CIVIC GARLAND.

EDITED BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, ESQ. F.S.A.

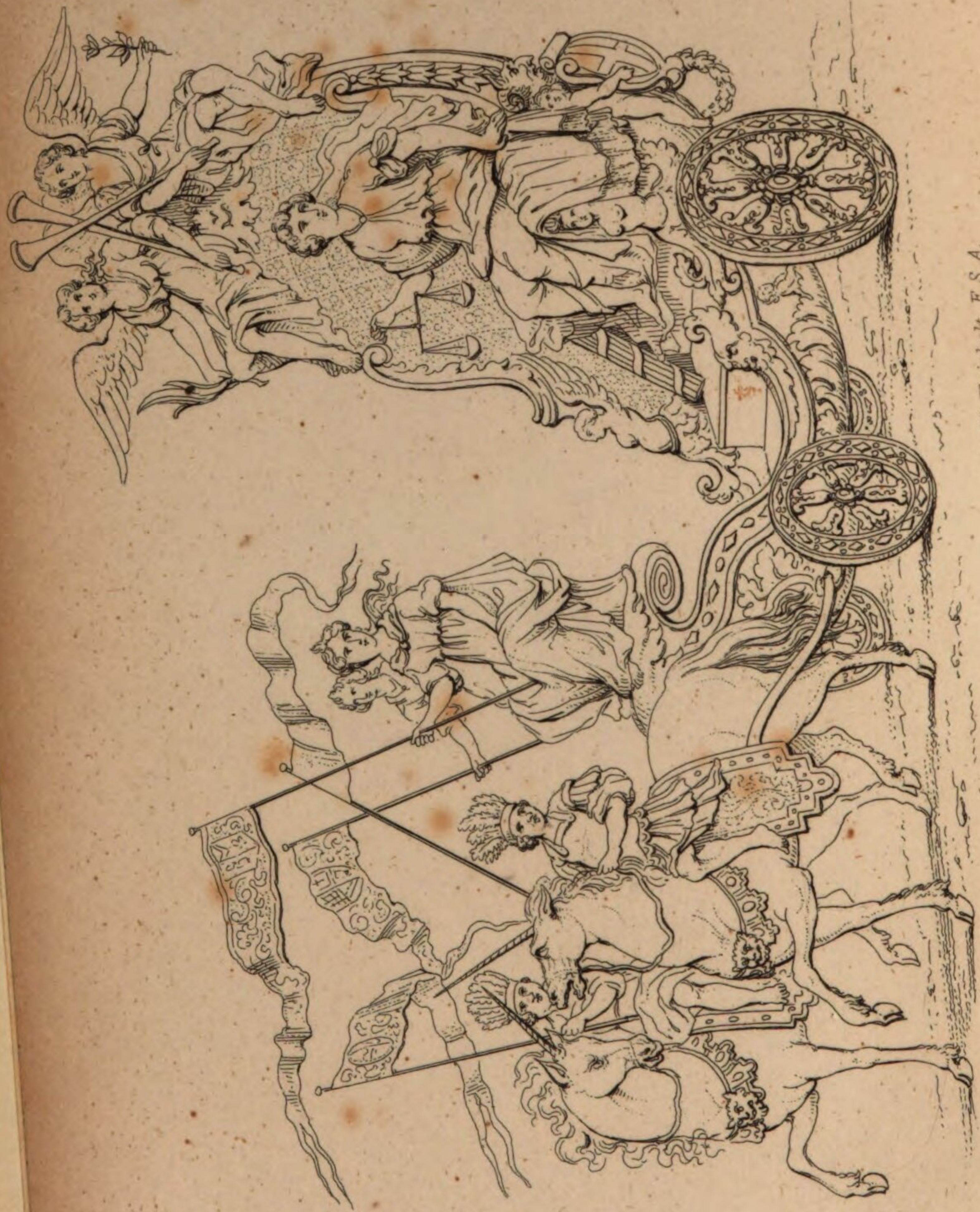
LIFE AND MARTYRDOM OF THOMAS BECKET.

EDITED BY J. H. BLACK ESQ. F.S.A.

CONTENTS OF VOL. XIX

THE LATE BARON

THE LATE BARON



Drawn from the original, and engraved by F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A.

THE CHARIOT OF JUSTICE, IN THE LORD MAYOR'S PAGEANT, 1698.

The Civic Garland.

A COLLECTION OF SONGS FROM
LONDON PAGEANTS.

EDITED,

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES, BY

FREDERICK W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

— “Quaint old themes,
Even in the city's throng.”
Longfellow's Voices of the Night.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,
BY T. RICHARDS, 100, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

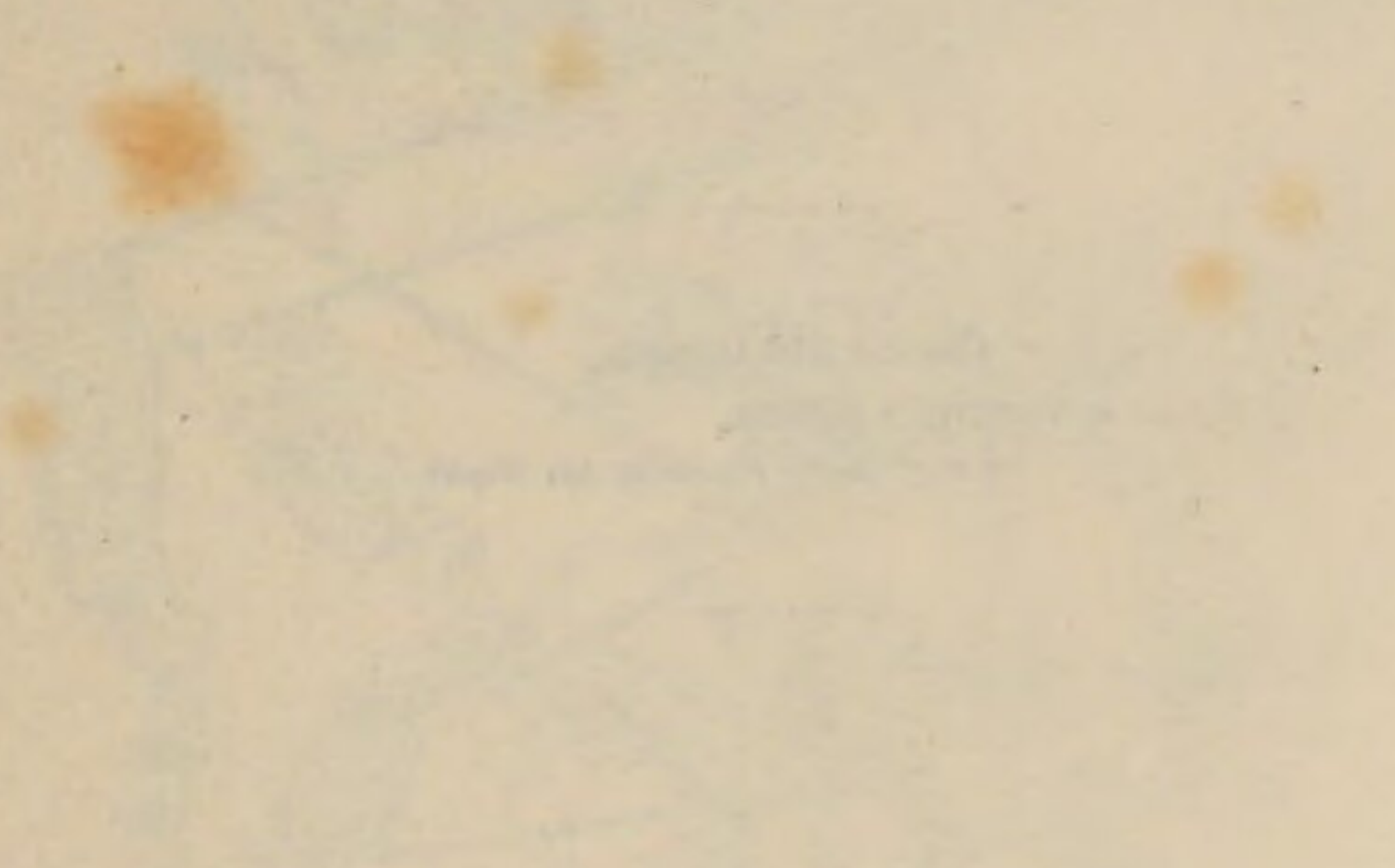
M.DCCC.XLV.

The Editor

London, 18th June 1871

Dear Sir,

I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 14th inst.



Yours faithfully,
The Secretary

British Museum, London

1871

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Vol. 1

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INTRODUCTION.

It was my original intention to have appended the songs from the mayoralty pageants of London, contained in this volume, to the volume on Lord Mayors' Pageants published by the Percy Society in 1843-4, so that this may be considered as the *third* and concluding part of the collections on that subject. I have however not restricted myself now, as I should have done before, to those only to be found in pageants expressly devoted to London's chief magistrate, but have added several from pageants designed to entertain royalty when it honoured the city with its presence. It must be allowed that many of these songs possess but little poetical merit; they are chiefly curious as specimens of the taste and feeling of the day; but they derive an historic interest from the great occasions in the celebration of which they were composed. In many instances, too, they vividly picture forth, in coarse and homely phrase enough, the opinions, political and religious, held in the capital of the kingdom. In some instances the freedom of expression is rather surprising; but this also is characteristic of the times. Thus,

when Charles the Second and his queen were entertained with the Waterman's Song, printed in this collection, p. 34, the author tells us:—"The song ended, and upon their majesties drawing near, one of the watermen boldly steps forward, and expreseth himself to their majesties in these words,—‘Haul in, haul in, for the honour of your calling, and be hang'd; do you know your fellows no better? I have something to say for the good of ye all: God blesse thee, King Charles, and thy good woman there, a blest creature she is, I warrant thee, and a true. Go thy wayes for a wagg! thou hast had a merry time on't in the west; I need say no more; a word to the wise—thou understand'st me; much good may it do thee, fall too and welcome; the devil take the grudger! But dost hear me, don't take it in dudgeon that I am so familiar with thee; thou mayst rather take it kindly, for I am not alwayes in this good humour; though I *thee* thee and *thou* thee, I am no quaker, take notice of that; he that does not love thee in his heart, may he be drawn in a cart; God blesse me, that rime has put me in mind of the old poet my brother waterman.* Have at ye, i'faith! if I have any guts in my brains! I'll give you a dish

* John Taylor the Water-Poet, so named from having been a Thames waterman. He composed the mayoralty pageant for 1634.

of poetry to stay your stomach 'till you get further;
a distich or two does it:

We in our hearts do foster no deceit,
They and our tongues simplicity do meet,
As sands and fishes are thought numberless,
So may our joyes be pregnant, and increase.

And so God speed you well."

The very great rarity of the descriptive pamphlets of London pageants can only be accounted for by the temporary interest they excited. The original editions were not small, and they appeared on all occasions. In the *Satires* of Henry Fitzgeffery, 1617, mention is made how

" Carelesse, fearlesse pamphlets fly about,
Bookes made of ballades ; workes of playes,
Sights to be read of my lo. maior's days."

and he previously speaks of the eagerness with which descriptive accounts are got up and published:

" Be there a city show, or sight at court."

Since the publication of my collections on Lord Mayors' Pageants, in which I included a brief description of all I could then discover in any public or private library, Mr. Pearson has obtained one by Thomas Middleton hitherto unpublished, and which is printed entire in the second volume of the *Shakspeare Society's Papers*. It is entitled "The Triumphs of Honor and Virtue," and was written by Middleton for the mayoralty of the Rt. Hon. Peter

Proby, of the grocer's company, in 1622. The pageants for 1621 and 1623 I have already described; and this supplies the missing one. Two pageants were exhibited on the water, *the Throne of Virtue*, and *the Continent of India*. They add to the show by land, and are stationed on the mayor's return, at different places. St. Paul's churchyard is the abiding-place of *the Continent of India*; this was the *trade-pageant*, and was "replenished with all manner of spice-plants and trees bearing odour." A black personage, representing India, is seated on a bed of spices, attended by Indians in antique habits, "Commerce, Adventure, and Traffic, three habited like merchants, presenting to her view a bright figure, bearing the inscription of *Knowledge*, a sun appearing above the trees in brightest splendour and glory." Middleton tells us that "the three merchants placed in the *Continent* have reference to the lord mayor and sheriffs, all three being this year brothers of this ancient and honourable Society." India addresses an exceedingly complimentary speech to the mayor, who now proceeds to "the chariot of *Fame*, which awaits his honour's approach near the little conduit in Cheap," where Antiquity again compliments him and the company to which he belongs, and declares the honours they have received in his "golden register book." *The Throne of Virtue* is

the next to confront the mayor near to Laurencelane end, and here again compliments are rife. The mayor now reaches Guildhall, dines, and afterwards goes to St. Paul's, attended by "the whole state of the triumph," and so homeward. "In Soper Lane two parts of the triumph stand ready planted; viz. *the Throne of Virtue*, and *the Globe of Honour*." This last pageant, which, with the others, was the work of Gerard Christmas (whose inventive genius and clever execution is always lauded by the city poets, and has been frequently noticed by me elsewhere), is so exactly like what we constantly see upon the modern theatres, that it is not a little curious, particularly if Christmas was the original inventor of this "unparalleled master-piece of invention and art," as Middleton styles it. This "*Globe* suddenly opening, and flying into eight coats, or distinct parts, discovers in a twinkling eight bright personages most gloriously decked, representing as it were the *inward man*, the intentions of a virtuous and worthy breast by the graces of the mind and soul, such as *Clear Conscience*, *Divine Speculation*, *Peace of Heart*, *Integrity*, *Watchfulness*, *Equality*, *Providence*, *Impartiality*, each exprest by its proper illustration. And because man's perfection can receive no constant attribute in this life, the cloud of Frailty ever and anon shadowing and darkening our brightest intentions,

makes good the morality of those coats or parts, when they fall or close into the full round of a globe again, showing, that as the brightest day has its overcastings, so the best men in this life have their imperfections; and worldly mists oftentimes interpose the clearest cogitations, and yet that but for a season, turning in the end, like the mounting of this engine, to their everlasting brightness, converting itself to a canopy of stars." The four cardinal virtues, Wisdom, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance, are placed at the four corners, and Honour, "mounted on the top," explains all in a farewell speech to the mayor.

I have myself obtained access to the very rare pageant for 1698 by Settle, and which is remarkable as being *one* of the only *two* containing engravings of the shows exhibited. It is entitled, "Glory's Resurrection, being the Triumphs of London revived, for the Inauguration of the Right Honourable Sir Francis Child," of the Goldsmiths' Company. Upon this occasion the place of meeting was Goldsmiths' Hall, and the procession passed through Cheapside to Three-Crane wharf, where they embarked for Westminster, landing on their return at Dorset-stairs.* The first pageant, "The

* See my "History of Lord Mayors' Pageants," Part I, p. 115, for the account given in the newspapers of the day, of their entertainment there by the Earl of Dorset.

Amphitheatre of Union," was exhibited in Cheapside; it was a temple of the Corinthian order, on the angles of which were placed "four noble golden cups, being part of the bearing of the companies arms." Union addresses a short and amicable speech to the Mayor. The second pageant is the Goldsmiths' Laboratory, where sits St. Dunstan, holding a pair of goldsmith's tongs in his right hand and a crozier in his left, while under his feet lies the devil. "On each side this noble seat," says Settle, "is plac'd Apollo and Esculapius his son, in their proper habits, bearing the city's and company's banners, and playing on several melodious instruments, as well for his lordship's diversion as to preserve a harmony and decorum among the artificers," who are all at work in the various processes of their trade around him. St. Dunstan thus commences his address to the Mayor,

"The triumphs of this day, deserv'd so well,
When fame shall in recorded story tell,
Those oracles of truth——"

Devil. (Interrupting him.) Can you speak truth?

St. Dunstan. Peace, snarling devil! Thus I'll stop your mouth!
(Catches him by the nose.)

Down to thy hell, there croak, thou fiend accurst,
See this great day, and, swell'd with envy, burst.*

The third pageant is the chariot of justice, in

* It was usual to act this legend whenever a mayor of the goldsmiths' company was inaugurated. It occurs in Jordan's

which sits Astrea, holding in her right hand a touch-stone, and in her left a golden balance with silver scales. "At a descent beneath this goddess are placed Charity and Concord, as the necessary supporters of Justice; and on a seat remote sits another virtue, called Truth, supporting the reins and guiding the chariot of Justice. This stately chariot is drawn by two unicorns, most exquisitely carved and gilded, with equal proportion to the life. On the backs of the two unicorns are mounted two beautiful young princes, one a Barbarian, the other an European, sounding forth the fame of the honourable company of goldsmiths. At the feet of these most noble creatures are seated four other virtues, as Prudence, Temperance, Courage, and Conduct, all properly attired, each holding a banner, display'd with the king's, the lord mayor's, the city's, and the company's arms." Astrea addresses a short complimentary speech to the mayor.

The fourth and last pageant is "the Temple of Honour," where he sits with Peace, Plenty, and Liberality; and he also compliments the mayor. At each corner of the stage beneath, were placed impersonations of "the four principal rivers of

pageant for Sir Robert Vyner, 1684. See "Lord Mayors' Pageants," Part I, p. 82, for the descriptive passage. In the pageant for 1687, which Taubman had composed for Sir John Shorter, the same scene was enacted. (See "Pageants," Part I, p. 103.)

trade, as Tiber, Nile, Danube, and Thames." A song of three verses, composed for the feast in Guildhall, concludes the pamphlet; it promises an increase of trade and wealth to the city, owing to the peace effected by the prowess of William the Third:

"Of war he has ended the toil and the pain,
And William's work now is to smile and to reign."

The four plates do not altogether accord with the author's description of the pageants they are supposed to delineate. Thus, the first exhibits a figure not answering to the description given of "Union," holding a bow and arrow, under a square canopy, not supported by Corinthian capitals, but by twisted pillars of a nondescript order. St. Dunstan is represented in his chair, without the devil, and unattended by the other personages named; two goldsmiths, one weighing ore, and the other placing cups in the shop which forms the back-ground, are all that appear. The engraving altogether lacks *vraisemblance*, and does not look like a fac-simile copy of any particular pageant. Both these plates are of the folio size of the pamphlet; the third one is a larger folding plate; it is "the chariot of justice," and is inscribed "to the worshipfull the Company of Goldsmiths, the prints of these Pageants, as a lasting monument of this year's triumphs, are humbly dedicated," and it is

marked as "17 foot high." The fourth, "the Temple of Honour," answers the description pretty well: it is very badly executed as a work of art, as are all the others except the Chariot of Justice, which is a remarkably spirited engraving, with a very broad effect, reminding one forcibly, in its style and treatment, as well as by the features of the faces, of the works of the celebrated Dutch engraver, Romain de Hoo, by whom it was very probably executed. It is copied in outline as a frontispiece to this book.*

The Fishmongers' company have, since the completion of my little volume, published by subscription a series of fac-simile engravings from the very interesting drawings of Sir John Leman's pageant for 1616 in their possession, accompanied with descriptive letter-press, in an elegant folio volume. Their resemblance in structure to the

* If the reader will turn to my "History of Lord Mayors' Pageants," Part I, p. 81, he will find that precisely the same pageant was exhibited in 1674; and in p. 103 of the same volume it is described in the pageant for 1687 identically as Settle now gives it; in the notes and additions to Part I he will find a further notice of the way in which these "stock-pageants" were repeated, and sometimes under new names, or with new figures introduced, which may account for the engravings of some of those above-named not exactly agreeing with the descriptions of the city laureate. They have evidently been executed by different hands, and probably at different times.

continental pageants I have described in the introduction to the first part of my own book is identical; the figures exhibited are all arranged on stages, and the machinery which moves them is concealed by hangings or painted cloths, like the Antwerp pageant engraved there.

In the notes to the second part of the Pageants I have printed a song on the visit of King James I to St. Paul's in 1620, from a MS. in the possession of Dr. Rimbault, and which formerly belonged to John Gamble, a musician of whom I have given a brief notice in p. 35 of the present volume; I may be excused for printing another curious song from the same MS. on the citizens' neglect of their cathedral, as the Percy Society should be considered as peculiarly the guardians of all such ancient unpublished lyrics.

The purelinges of the citty,
Both zealous men and witty,
Inspired with the spirit of truth :
Doe hould it for a great offence,
To repayre a church with such expence,
That hath beene superstitious all her youth.

Lett ould Duke Humphrey and his crue
Rise from their graves, and build it newe,
That there long tyme did use to say their masses ;
For they stood much upon good workes,
Which we esteeme farr less then Turkes,
And those that doe them we terme them asses.

Forsooth, all Papists aske us where
Our church was many a yeare

Invisible, when theirs was in the height :
But let the poore deceived souls
Look underneath the quier of Pauls,
And they may see her holly fayth.

There is noe bell nor organs there,
To make a fearefull noyse to heare ;
The surplis is not worne, nor yet the cope ;
Noe choristers to make a noyse,
We prayse the Lord without such toyes,
By psalms and sermons preacht against the pope.

There are not pictures to be seene,
But only of our royall queene
Elizabeth, whose fame doth beare the bell,
Her soul's in heaven, you may be sure,
For though she died a virgin pure,
She ne're deserved to lead apes in hell.

The Scriptures all men freely read,
Interpreting it for a neede
Themselves, without a guide, and never feare it.
Wee neede noe fathers to expound,
Our doctrine is soe sure and sound
That all men find it by their private spirit.

I cannot chuse but laugh at those
That seeke the Church and doctrines gloss
Upon the text, and dare not trust their owne.
As if they knewe as well as wee,
What without zeale doth best agree, [knowne.
That wrought soe long before the Church was

Now God preserve King Charles his life,
For he hath gott a vertuous wife ;
The match is broake with Spayne, I saw't in print,
The Frenche match is goinge on amayne,

If that should have broake as it did with Spayne,
For my part, I should think the devill were in't.*

Of Jacob Hall, the celebrated rope-dancer who was hired to figure before Charles II in the pageant for 1671, when he dined with the mayor, (see "Lord Mayors' Pageants," Part II, p. 138, and *notes*), a notice occurs in a poem "upon the stately structure of Bow Church and steeple," printed in the "Collection of Poems on affairs of State," vol. iv, p. 379, which would seem to prove that he was frequently seen in the mayoralty shows.

"When Jacob Hall on his high rope shews tricks,
The dragon flutters,† the lord mayor's horse kicks;
The Cheapside crowds and pageants scarcely know
Which most t' admire, Hall, hobby-horse, or Bow!"

* The same MS. contains the following stanza set to music, which was written on Charles the First's peremptory dismissal of his queen's French servants, in the summer of 1626. They had so tired his patience, that in a letter to Buckingham he says, "I command you to send all the French away out of town. If you can by fair means, (but stick not long in disputing), other ways force them away like so many wild beasts, until ye have shipped them; and so the devil go with them."

Harke, I'll tell you newes from the court,
Marke, these thinges will make you good sport,
All the French that lately did prounce
There up and downe in bravery,
Now are all sent backe to France,
Kinge Charles hath smelt some knavery.
Harke! how they call for helpe! some porters is lacking;
Denmark House was full of packs,
Sent away on porter's backs.

† Alluding to the dragon which forms the weather-cock of Bow Church.

The guilds, or companies of tradesmen of all our large towns, were formerly distinguished by their public processions and pageants exhibited on the election of mayor, or the commemoration day of their patron saint. These have all gradually fallen into disuse, or else lingered on until their original meaning was in some degree forgotten.* The three most interesting of these ancient shows, which remain to us, are the guild processions of Coventry, Preston, and Shrewsbury. The Coventry tradesmen have always been celebrated for their love of shows since the days of the old mysteries, when each trade played one peculiar to itself, as did their fellow-traders of Chester. The guild procession of modern times was annually exhibited at Coventry, on the Friday in Trinity week, until within the last thirty years, but now it seldom occurs oftener than once in three or four years. The show commences with the city guards, dressed in ancient armour, and carrying spears; then follows St. George in a complete suit of armour, on a horse, led by a youth in female attire, probably intended for Sabra, the king of Egypt's daughter, whom,

* At Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, it was usual to place outside the Guildhall, on the mayor's feast, two puppets named John and Bess Joblet. Why they were so named or exhibited no one knew; they were the last relic of some old commemoration or pageant.

according to Richard Johnson's veritable "History of the Seven Champions of Christendom," he saved from the dragon's devouring jaws. He is followed by musicians, and the high constable of the city, with his staff of office in his hand, preceding the centre of attraction, the Lady Godiva. A handsome woman is always engaged to personate her ladyship; she is clothed in a white linen dress, fitting close to her body, which is relieved by a variety of gay ornaments; from her hair is suspended a splendid gauze scarf, she is also furnished with beautiful long ringlets, which flow in graceful luxuriance over great part of her body. She carries a large bunch of flowers in her hand, and rides on a cream-coloured horse, accompanied on either side by the city crier and beadle, on horseback.* These men are remarked for their coats of two colours, the one side green, the other scarlet, to represent the bishopric of Coventry and Lichfield; the badge of the city is borne on their left arms. The mayor and corporation follow on horseback, preceding the different trade companies of the city, who are each represented by a streamer, and a master or head of the com-

* Though this guild procession is of very ancient date, the introduction of Lady Godiva is believed to have taken place about the time of that notorious licentiate Charles II.

pany provided with followers.* They ride in the following order:—the mercers, drapers, clothiers, blacksmiths, tailors, cappers, butchers, fell-mon-
gers, carpenters, cordwainers, bakers, and weavers. They are followed by a knight in silver armour, and by masonic and benefit societies. These are followed by the woolcombers' company, a strange-looking set of men, most of them wearing large wigs and hats of different coloured jersey. First comes their streamer; then their master and two followers; after them appear a little boy and girl, representing a shepherd and shepherdess; they are seated beneath two arbours, formed of boughs and flowers, which make an entire covering for the splendid car in which they ride; the boy carries a dog, the little girl a lamb, or images of these animals, and they hold crooks in their hands. Immediately following them is a man representing Jason, with a golden fleece, and drawn sword; after him five men, sorters of wool, and then one dressed to personate Bishop Blaze, the great

* These followers who attend on the principal characters of the show, are beautiful little boys, dressed in costly habits, and some of them are so young as to require support in their basket-work seats, which are fixed to the backs of their horses. The men who lead the horses walk without their coats, and are decorated with a profusion of ribbons.

patron and friend of the woolcombers,* with the combs in one hand, and the bible in the other, followed by several woolcombers, fantastically dressed. Another full band of music closes the procession.

The Preston *guilda mercatoria*, or merchant's guild, was confirmed by charters given in the 37 Edward III, and 15 Richard II: it was instituted in the reign of Henry II; and was generally a gay and festive meeting; oratorios, balls, masquerades and plays, continued for many weeks. St. John the Baptist is the special patron of the Preston guild. The first year on record of its public celebration was 1329; the second, in 1397; the third, in 1418; and so on at irregular intervals, but from the year 1543 it has been held regularly every twenty years. Upon failure of such celebration the guild forfeit their elective franchises, and their rights as burgesses.

They meet on the Monday after the decollation

* He appears to have been tormented with *iron combs* previous to his martyrdom under Licinius, A.D. 316. In the first volume of Hone's "Everyday Book" is an account of the septennial festival of the bishop, held by the woolcombers of Bradford on the day of his martyrdom, February 3rd, 1825, in which the bishop formed the principal feature of the show; he was attended by his chaplain, and was preceded by Jason, Medea, and the King and Queen, (of Colchis?) and followed by shepherds, shepherdesses, and country swains, attired in light-green dresses.

of St. John the Baptist at the Moot-Hall, and thence go to church. A series of plates was engraved by B. Mayor in 1762, delineating the whole of the procession on that occasion. The companies were preceded by the marshal armed cap-a-pie, and mounted. The smiths exhibited a mounted horseman with head-piece and axe; the carpenters, a group of boys, bearing wands surmounted with bunches of flowers, like that borne by the lord mayor of London's henchboy, in Charles I's time, as shewn in the frontispiece to the first part of my "Lord Mayors' Pageants;" the cordwainers had two nondescript figures, partially armed with hats and feathers and long mantles, probably meant for Crispin and Crispianus. The weavers carried aloft a small loom, with a boy at work; the woolcombers exhibited their patron saint, Bishop Blaise, on horseback, holding the woolcomb in his hand. The celebration of this guild lasted about fourteen days.

In 1802, the tailor's company was attended by a man and woman decorated with fig-leaves, to personate Adam and Eve, "an emblem of the very high antiquity of their business." The farrier's company were led by a man completely attired in steel armour, to represent Vulcan, attended by eight boys in powdered hair. The companies were all gaily dressed, the cordwainers appearing in red

morocco aprons, bound with light blue ribands. A spinning-jenny, with a boy at work, and a loom at which was a girl at work with bobbins, were each drawn on sledges by the men in the procession, as well as a miniature steam-engine, performing all the various processes of the cotton manufacture. The celebration lasted for a fortnight, and balls, races, oratorios, balloons, &c., were provided for each day's entertainment.*

The pageant annually celebrated at Shrewsbury, and known by the name of the *Shrewsbury Show*, is of very ancient foundation, and appears to have owed its origin to one of the most splendid festivals of the Romish church, that of Corpus Christi. Upon this day the several guilds and

* See "History of Preston, and Account of the Guild Merchant," fol. Lond. 1822. Lady Mary Wortley Montague, in a letter from Adrianople, dated May 17, 1717, describes a Turkish trade show, which in many particulars bears a curious resemblance to the European ones:—

"It was preceded by an effendi mounted on a camel, richly furnished, reading aloud the Alcoran, finely bound, laid upon a cushion. He was surrounded by a parcel of boys, in white, singing some verses of it, followed by a man dressed in green boughs, representing a clean husbandman sowing seed. After him several reapers, with garlands of ears of corn, as Ceres is pictured, with scythes in their hands, seeming to mow. Then a little machine drawn by oxen, in which was a wind-mill, and boys employed in grinding corn; followed by another machine, drawn by buffaloes, carrying an oven, and two more boys, one employed in kneading bread, and another in draw-

companies, preceded by their masters and wardens, and attended by the abbot, priors, and other ecclesiastical dignitaries, bearing the host under a superb canopy, and richly dressed and appointed with various religious insignia, proceeded in solemn procession to the Weeping Cross, some little distance out of town, where they bewailed their manifold sins; and having offered up thanksgivings and prayers for the harvest, they returned in the same order to the town, and concluded their ceremony by the celebration of High Mass in the ancient church of St. Chad. This was followed by three days of general rejoicing. Since the Reformation, the religious part of the ceremony has been of course discontinued, and the second Monday after

ing it out of the oven. These boys threw little cakes on both sides among the crowd, and were followed by the whole company of bakers, marching on foot, two by two, in their best clothes, with cakes, loaves, pasties, and pies of all sorts, on their heads, and after them two buffoons, or jack-puddings, with their faces and clothes smeared with meal, who diverted the mob with their antic gestures. In the same manner followed all the companies of trade in the empire; the noble sort, such as jewellers, mercers, &c., finely mounted, and many of the pageants that represent their trades, perfectly magnificent; among which, that of the furriers made one of the best figures, being a very large machine, set round with the skins of ermines, foxes, &c., so well stuffed, that the animals seemed to be alive, and followed by music and dancers. I believe there were upon the whole twenty thousand men."

Trinity Sunday has been substituted for Corpus Christi day. The different companies still continued their procession with increased pomp and grandeur. At the present time, the various companies, with all their "com-brethren," assemble in the forenoon at the castle, and having been duly marshalled in proper order of precedence, start in procession in the following order: first, the shoemakers, with a splendid array of flags and banners, and preceded by St. Crispin in the dress of a cavalier of Charles I, and Crispianus in the costume of George II, both on horseback; second, the butchers, with the king of the company, and numerous flags and banners; these are followed by the bricklayers, the painters, the booksellers, the bakers, the barber-surgeons, and many other companies, with flags, banners, devices, and implements, and each accompanied by a "king," or some principal personage of their trade on horseback. The procession moves down Castle-Foregate and Pride Hill to the market-place, where they rest until the national anthem is played, and then march forward down the Mardol, over the Welch bridge, and up Frankwell to Kingsland.

This is a large tract of land belonging to the burgesses, and upon which the several companies have small enclosures each comprising within its limits a small dwelling-house, and an "arbour,"

or summer dining pavilion. On arriving at Kingsland, the companies branch off to their respective arbours, where dinners are prepared, and shortly after the mayor and corporation arrive on horseback, and proceed from arbour to arbour, to partake of refreshment with each. In the evening, the procession re-forms, and leaving Kingsland on the opposite side, returns to Coleham, over the English bridge, up the Wyll Cop, along High Street to the Market Square, where, having again sung the national anthem, they separate.

The day is spent in unbounded jollity and good humour, and flags, banners, bands of music, shows, booths, stalls, &c., are to be seen everywhere.

Of the provincial mayoralty processions, one of the most interesting was that of Norwich, which exhibited some peculiar features of "pomp and antique pageantry," even until the year 1835, when the old corporation was legislatively abolished, and the mayor has since been sworn in with scarcely so much of public form and distinction as accompanies the installation of a parochial overseer. In the olden time all the trade guilds or confraternities, preceded by their banners, marched through the principal streets to the cathedral. By the statutes of 31 Henry VIII and 1 Edw. VI, all the guilds, except that of St. George's company, were abolished; and they always appeared with their

pageant of St. George and the Dragon and St. Margaret, until that once opulent and important brotherhood was dissolved in 1731.* Their annual processions were generally very grand, and they always exhibited their patron saint in great glory. Bloomfield has furnished us, in his *Norfolk*, with many items on this subject, shewing their great liberality. Thus, in 1534, Philip Foreman is ordered "to be George this year, and to have 10*l.* for his labour, and finding apparel," a very large sum when the value of money at that time is considered. In 1537, was "bought for the apparel of the George and Margaret, eight yards of tawny, and four yards of crimson velvet, to be in the custody of the aldermen," so that St. Margaret, who

* This company was first founded in 1385, being a society of brethren and sisters in honour of the martyr St. George, who, by voluntary subscription, provided a chaplain to celebrate service every day before the high altar on the south side of the cathedral, for the welfare of the brethren and sisters of the guild while alive, and the repose of their souls when dead, and thus they continued until 1415, when Henry V granted them a charter, by which they were incorporated by the name of "the aldermen, masters, brethren, and sisters of the fraternity or guild of St. George in Norwich," and they annually chose one alderman, four masters, and twenty-four for the assembly or common council. The company having dwindled to poverty, gave up their charter, books, and goods to the city in 1731, in consideration of their debts, which amounted to 236*l.* 15*s.* 1*d.*, being paid by them.—(*Bloomfield.*)

is always painted with the Dragon* as well as St. George, also appeared in the procession, and was called the Lady of the Guild. In 1468, in the inventory of the goods belonging to the guild, is "a scarlet gown for the George, with blue garters.† A coat armour for the George, beaten with silver. A chaplet for St. George, with an owche (or brooch) of copper gilt, and all the horse's furniture. A *dragon*, a basnet, a pair of gauntlets, two white gowns for the heynsmen or henchmen, and a sword, the scabbard covered with velvet, and bossed."

In 1549, they sold their old pageant-dresses, and among them "a black velvet vestment, a jerkin of crimson velvet, a cap of russet velvet, a coat armour of white damask, with a red cross, a horse harness of black velvet, with copper buckles, gilt, for the George, and a horse harness of crimson

* The legend of this saint assures us that she was swallowed alive by the evil one under the form of a dragon, and that while in his stomach she made the sign of the cross, and "yssued out all whole and sound." There is a painting by Raffaele of this event, in which the saint is represented with her foot on the head of a gigantic dragon, and holding a palm branch.

† In the reign of Edward IV the colour of the gown or surcoat of the knights of the garter was changed from blue to purple, and it was embroidered all over with blue garters. The hood was similarly decorated.

velvet with flowers of gold, for the lady." In 1556, "a gown of crimson velvet, pirled with gold," was bought for the George. In 1558, it was ordered "that ther shall be neyther George nor Margett, but for pastime the dragon to come in and shew himself, as in other yeres."

When the company dissolved itself in 1731, the inventory of their goods contains the following items connected with their pageants, and the value set on them.—

	£.	s.	d.
"One large silver-headed staff, with the effigies of St. George, on horseback, trampling the dragon under his feet -	5	5	0
One new dragon, commonly called snap-dragon -	3	3	0
Two standards, one of St. George and the Dragon, and the other the English colours	1	1	0
Four sashes for the standard-bearers -	0	10	6
Two habits for the standard-bearers -	2	2	0
Five habits for the wiflers -	2	12	6
Two habits, one for the club-bearer, another for his man, who are now called <i>fools</i> -	0	10	6

The club-bearers and whifflers were always seen in the London pageants, their duty being to clear the way; and the Norwich corporation retained their whifflers to the last. The frontispiece to the first part of my "Lord Mayors' Pageants" represents the London civic whiffler of the time of Charles I, and here we have the last of his race, as he ap-

peared at Norwich, previous to the operation of the Reform Bill in 1832. His costume is curious,



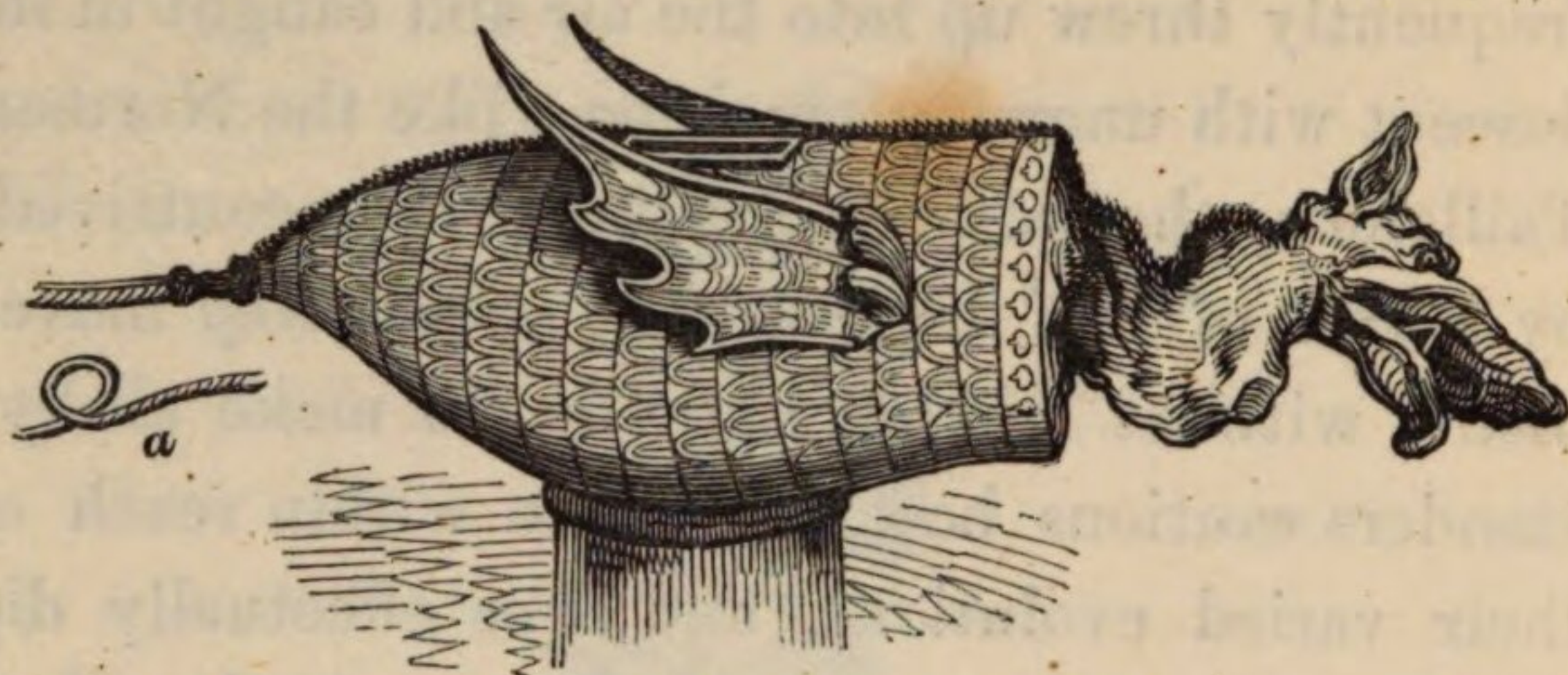
and had been handed down from the age of the Tudors; it consisted of white stockings, gartered below the knee, with crimson ribbons, capacious trunk breeches of blue plush, a doublet of white cotton, with full sleeves, trimmed with light-blue ribbon, and ornamented with gilt buttons; a hat made of crimson cloth, and edged with white ribbon, having a large blue bow and white feather; his shoes were decorated with large white rosettes. There were four whiffers employed, and each held a sword, broad, and short in the blade, but having a long handle grasped by both hands; it was blunt

at the point, and without edge ; and with this harmless, but dexterously flourished weapon, which they frequently threw up into the air and caught in its descent with unerring precision, (like the Norman Taillefer at the battle of Hastings), they contrived, by a sort of half leaping, half *pirouetting* movement, without hurting any one, to make all bystanders cautious how they came within reach of their varied evolutions, and thus effectually did the business of pioneering for the cavalcade ; they being, like the heralds of ancient Rome, held sacred from personal insult or violence, which not even the lowest of the populace ever attempted.*

Next these men, and at the head of the procession, appeared *the dragon*, familiarly known as *snap*. The universal popularity of the dragon in public shows, and on great festivities, has been frequently noted, both here, and on the Continent ; I am glad to be enabled, through the kindness of S. W. Stevenson, Esq. of Norwich, to give “the true pourtraicture and effigies” of the *last of the Dragons*, as he figured in that town ; the more so,

* The office had been held in the family of the last of the whiffers, William Dewing, for more than two centuries ; and mention is made in Kemp’s “Nine Days’ Wonder” of their being employed when he danced into Norwich in 1599. A coloured print of this whiffler was published in 1841, by R. Muskett, of Norwich, from which our cut is copied.

as I had been informed, on a visit to Norwich three years ago, that he had fallen into total decay.



The body of this monster was formed of light materials, being composed of canvas stretched over a framework of wood; the outside was painted of a sea-green colour, with gilt scales, picked out with red. The body was five feet in length, and was sometimes used to secrete wine abstracted from the mayor's cellars. The neck was capable of elongation, (measuring three feet and a half when extended), was supported by springs attached to the body, and was capable of being turned in any direction at the will of the bearer. From between the ears the whole outer extremity of the back was surmounted by a sort of mane, of crimson colour, tied in fantastic knots around the juncture of the enormous tail, which extended about five feet, curling at the further extremity, as exhibited in the cut (*a*). Between the wings was a small aperture for air, and beneath the body was hung a sort of petticoat to conceal the legs of

the bearer, whose feet were furnished with large claws.



The dragon's head had its lower jaw furnished with a plate of iron resembling a horse-shoe; it was formerly garnished with enormous nails, which produced a terrible clatter when the jaws met together. They were made to open and shut by means of strings, and the children amused themselves by throwing halfpence into the gaping mouth, which turned to the right and left during the whole of the journey, noisily clashing its jaws, from which the Dragon's popular name of *snap* was probably derived.

The procession did not possess any other *peculiar* feature of antique show.

Walker, in a short historical essay on the Irish stage, published in the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, vol. ii. 1788, gives the following

extract from the MS. of Robert Ware, which shows that the Irish companies or guilds, had each their peculiar mysteries and moralities, like those of Chester and Coventry.—“ Thomas Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in the year 1528, was invited to a new play every day in Christmas, Arland Usher being then mayor, and Francis Herbert and John Squire bayliffs, wherein the taylors acted the part of Adam and Eve; the shoemakers represented the story of Crispin and Crispianus; the vintners acted Bacchus and his story; the carpenters that of Joseph and Mary; Vulcan, and what related to him, was acted by the smiths; and the comedy of Ceres, the goddess of corn, was acted by the bakers. Their stage was erected on Hoggin-green, (now called College-green), and on it the priors of St. John of Jerusalem, of the Blessed Trinity, and of All-hallows, caused two plays to be acted, the one representing the Passion of our Saviour, and the other the several deaths which the apostles suffered.” In 1557, the “ Six Worthies was played by the city;” and the *Chain-Book* of Dublin, also quoted, furnishes the following notices of dresses, &c., supplied by the city for these shows, and in which St. George and the dragon figure most conspicuously.—

“ It was ordered in maintenance of the pageant

of St. George, that the mayor of the foregoing year should find the emperor and empress, with their train and followers, well apparelled and accoutered; that is to say, the emperor attended with two doctors, and the empress with two knights, and two maidens richly apparelled to bear up the train of her gown. Item, 2ndly, the mayor for the time being was to find St. George a horse, and the wardens to pay 3s. 4*d.* for his wages that day: the bailiffs for the time being were to find four horses, with men mounted on them, well apparelled, to bear the pole-axe, the standard, and the several swords of the emperor and St. George. Item, 3rdly, the elder master of the guild was to find a maiden well attired to lead the dragon, and the clerk of the market was to find a golden line for the dragon. Item, 4thly, the elder warden was to find St. George four trumpets, but St. George himself was to pay their wages. Item, 5thly, the younger warden was obliged to find the King of Dele, and the Queen of Dele, as also two knights to lead the Queen of Dele, and two maidens to bear the train of her gown, all being entirely clad in black apparel. Moreover, he was to cause St. George's Chapel to be well hung in black, and completely apparelled to every purpose, and was to provide it with cushions, rushes, and other necessaries for the festivity of the day."

The record proceeds :—“ No less was the preparation of pageants for the procession of Corpus Christi-day, on which the glovers were to represent Adam and Eve, with an angel bearing a sword before them. The corrisees, (perhaps curriers), were to represent Cain and Abel, with an altar and their offering. The Mariners and Vintners, Noah, and the persons in his ark, apparelled in the habits of carpenters and salmon-takers. The weavers personated Abraham and Isaac, with their offering and altar. The smiths represented Pharaoh, with his host. The skinners the camel with the children of Israel. The goldsmiths were to find the King of Cullen. The hoopers were to find the shepherds, with an angel singing *Gloria in excelsis Deo*. Corpus Christi guild was to find Christ in his passion, with the Marys and angels. The taylors were to find Pilate, with his fellowship, and his wife cloathed accordingly. The barbers, Anna and Caiaphas. The fishers, the apostles. The merchants, the prophets; and the butchers the tormentors.” All these pageants moved in solemn procession to St. George’s Chapel, the scene of their dramatic exhibitions, which stood formerly in St. George’s Street, South,* not a

* It is mentioned in Holinshed’s Chronicle as “of late razed.”

trace of it now remains, but the memory of these pageants continued to be preserved in *The Franchises* that were rode triennially in Dublin till the year 1772, when they were abolished by the lord mayor's proclamation."

This perambulation "of the liberties and franchises of the city of Dublin" took place in August, each trade or guild being dedicated to some saint, and marching in the following order:—1, merchants, or Holy Trinity guild; 2, taylors, or guild of St. John the Baptist; 3, smiths, or guild of St. Loy; 4, barbers, or guild of St. Mary Magdalen; 5, bakers, or guild of St. Anne; 6, butchers, or guild of the Virgin Mary; 7, carpenters, millers, masons, healers, turners, and plumbers of the fraternity of the Blessed Virgin, and house of St. Thomas; 8, shoemakers, or guild of St. Michael Archangel; 9, sadlers, upholders, coach and harness makers, or guild of the Blessed Virgin; 10, cooks, or guild of St. James Apostle; 11, tanners; 12, tallow-chandlers, or guild of St. George; 13, glovers and skinners, or guild of St. Mary; 14, weavers, or guild of St. Philip and James; 15, sheer-men and dyers, or guild of St. Nicholas; 16, goldsmiths, or guild of All-Saints; 17, coopers, or guild of St. Patrick; 18, hatters; 19, printers, painters, cutlers, stainers, and stationers, or guild of St. Luke, the Evangelist; 20,

bricklayers and plasterers, or guild of St. Bartholomew ; 21, hosiers, or guild of St. George ; 22, curriers ; 23, brewers and maltsters, or guild of St. Andrew ; 24, joiners, ceilers, and wainscotters ; 25, apothecaries, or guild of St. Luke. All these bodies were distinguished by their peculiar colours, and a broadside was published regularly, descriptive of their proceedings, in which the following “poem” always appears, and which is remarkable for its grandiloquent opening, and satirical close. It is printed from a copy dated 1762, in the collection of T. Crofton Croker, Esq.

THOU mighty Sol, now in the east ascend,
Thy beams display and all thy glories lend;
Now mount thy chariot, drive each cloud away,
And bright Aurora usher in this day.

Next Neptune, god and ruler of the main,
Let not the clouds exhale one drop of rain;
Then will each hero at the night's approach
Come home with dry cockades without a coach.

And now the glorious cavalcade's begun,
Ye muses open all your Hellicon,
Inspire my verses, and assist my song,
While I relate how each troop moves along.

The city Prætor, mounted on a steed,
With ribbons drest, leads on the cavalcade:
Before his Lordship, with a solemn grace,
They bear the sword of justice and the mace;
His gown of richest scarlet, in his hand
Majestical he holds the powerful wand.
In awful pomp and state, on either side,
The city Sheriffs in like triumph ride,
Attended by a band whose gripping paw,
Poor debtors dread and keeps them still in awe.

Next march the Guild who plow the frothy main,
 In depth of winter, for the hopes of gain,
 To distant climes our beef and wool convey,
 And barter wholesome food for silk and tea;
 Fearless of rocks they seek the unknown shore,
 And bring from thence the glitt'ring tempting ore.

The cross-legg'd Taylors next in order go,
 Who by their arts trim others for this show,
 All other arts acknowledge and confess,
 They're grac'd by them in every gaudy dress;
 As well the peasant as the cringing beau,
 Must from the tailor to fair Silvia go;
 No wonder then those tailors march so gay,
 Since from all others thus they bear the sway.

Next march the Smiths, men bravely us'd to fire,
 Without whose aid all arts must soon expire;
 Before them, clad in armour in his pride,
 A brawny Vulcan doth in triumph ride.

Next comes the Barbers, who can soon repair
 Nature's defects, and 'fend the bald with hair,
 Suit all complexions, and with little pains,
 Supply the skull with wig that lacketh brains.

Next comes the well-bred men who know the way
 To please the ladies in their bread at tea,
 And with their white, their wheaten and their brown,
 Can please the palate of the lord or clown.

Next march the Butchers, men inur'd to toil,
 Their brawny limbs like champions shine with oil;
 Murder and slaughter, knocking in the head,
 Are their delight, the trade to which they're bred.

Next march the Carpenters, whose arms can rend
 The lofty pines and make proud elms to bend.

Next do the Shoe-makers in order go,
 And their dragoons do make a stately show,
 Since the wide hoop exposes to the view
 The well shap'd leg, silk stocking, red heel'd shoe.

Next march the Sadlers, glorious to behold,
 On spritely beasts, their saddles shine with gold;

A warlike steed most proudly walks before,
Richly attir'd, led by a black-a-moor.

Next march the Cooks, who study day and night
With costly fare to please the appetite;
With these the Vintners ride; did they refine
As much as they adulterate the wine,
Then every muse [their praise] would gladly sound,
And with what pleasure every glass go round!

Next march the Tanners, fam'd in days of yore
For tanning hides for shields which heroes bore.
Who has not heard of Ajax's seven-fold shield,
Which neither to the sword nor spear would yield?
And won't you as much admire, as much adore,
The tanner's hand, as his the buckler bore.

Next march the Tallow-chandlers, who expel
With cheerful lights, shades from the darkest cell;
Enthusiasts of inward light may boast,
But these are they, illuminate the most.

Next march the Glovers, who with nicest care,
Provide white kid for the new married pair;
Or nicely stitch the lemon-colour'd glove,
For hand of beau to go and see his love.

The Weavers next in order proudly ride,
Who with great skill the nimble shuttle glide,
Pity such art should meet with small reward,
But what art, now-a-days, does meet regard?

Shearmen and Dyers next in order come,
Men who depend entirely on the loom,
The Weaver finds employment for them both,
One gives the colour, 'tother refines the cloth.

Next march the Goldsmiths, who can form and mould
In sundry shapes and forms the ductile gold.
Men call them traytors, rebels, and what not,
Nor King nor Queen they spare, all goes to pot,
Nor pity meets; in the devouring fire,
Monarchs and chamber pots and rings expire.

Then comes the jolly Coopers, who confine
In casks well bound with hoops the sparkling wine.

Next march the Hatters, once a gainful trade,
When men wore finest beavers on their head;
But now lest weight of that the curl should harm
Beaux strut along with beaver under arm.

Next Printers, Stationers, Cutlers, Painters appear,
Three men in shields their arms before them bear,
And printing-press to shew that art so rare.

Next march the Bricklayers, by whose hands arise
Hibernia's towers, whose top salutes the skies.

The Stocking-weavers next in order come,
Who form the scarlet stocking in the loom,
With clock of gold or silver nicely wrought;
Each step fair Chloe takes, a lover's caught.

Next march the Curriers, who both cut and pare
The hydes for Saddlers or Shoe-maker.

The Brewers next well mounted doth appear,
These are the men brew humming ale and beer.

The skilful Joiners next in order come,
Whose chairs and tables furnish out the room;
A man in white precedes the gallant train,
Whose ample shoulders a huge pole sustain.

See! where the proud Apothecaries drive,
Who most by fraud and impositions thrive,
Whose monstrous bills immoderate wealth procure,
For drugs that kill as many as they cure,
Well are they plac'd the last of all the rout,
For they're the men we best could live without.

In order thus they ride the city round,
View all the limits, and observe each bound,
Then homeward steer their course without delay,
And fall to drink, the business of the day,
Next morning send their horse and 'coutrements away.

The ensuing collection of songs contains specimens by most of the city poets laureate; the entire list comprises the names of George Peele,

Anthony Munday, Thomas Dekker, Thomas Middleton, John Squire, John Webster, Thomas Heywood, John Taylor, Edmund Gayton, Thomas Brewer, (?) John Tatham, Thomas Jordan, Matthew Taubman, and Elkanah Settle. No songs appear in the pageants of many of these writers, and solitary specimens are all that can be found by others. Thomas Jordan was the most prolific in this way, and some of his songs are extremely good. A specimen by Settle, the last of his tribe, concludes the Collection; and it is curious that one of our latest notices of him records the fact of his enacting a dragon in Bartholomew fair;—a nondescript creature that so universally figured in the pageants, both English and foreign.

CONTENTS.

	Page
The White Falcon	1
Song in Praise of Anne Boleyn	4
Song to King Edward VI	7
"A Ballet of the Kings Majesty," (Edward VI)	8
The Song of Troynovant	11
Song in Praise of Sir T. Middleton	13
The Song of Robin Hood and his Huntsmen	14
The Song of Peace	16
Song of the Muses	17
Song in Praise of Country Innocence	18
A Dialogue between Tom and Dick.	19
A short Representation performed before the Lord General	
Monk at Goldsmith's Hall	24
Song of Welcome to Charles II	31
Song of the Watermen	34
A Review of the Times	38
The Discontented Cavalier	42
The Prodigal's Resolution	48
Song in Honour of the City and Goldsmiths	52
The Epicure	57
The Coffee House	59

Song on New Bedlam	63
The Mad Sectary	67
Song in Praise of the Merchant Taylors	74
The Protestants' Exhortation	77
The Plotting Papists' Litany	82
The Planters' Song	90
Song of the Clothworkers	93
The Vintners' Song	95

THE CIVIC GARLAND.

THE WHITE FALCON.

FROM "Verses and Dities made at the coronation of Queene Anne Boleyn," Royal MS. 18, A. LXIV, which were "devised and made partely by John Leland, and partely by Nicholas Uvedale," or Udall, (latinized Udallus throughout this MS.) who has achieved extra celebrity as the author of the first English comedy, "Ralph Roister Doister," which was probably written about the same time as these pageant verses, as Mr. Collier imagines it to be "the production of comparative youth." Udall was born as early as 1506, admitted scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, the 18th of June 1520, and died "after 1564," according to Mr. Collier, (Hist. of Stage, vol. 2, p. 445), having first been master of Eton, and afterwards of Westminster schools. His severity to his scholars has been noted by Roger Ascham, who says, in the preface to his "Scholemaster," that divers of the scholars of Eton ran away from thence for fear of him. Thomas Tusser, the author of the "Five Hundred Pointes of good Husbandrie," was one of his pupils, and thus alludes to the usage he received at his hands:—

"

" From Paules I went, to Eaton sent,
To learne streightwaies, the Latin phraies,
Where fiftie-three stripes given to mee,
at once I had:
For fault but small, or none at all,
It came to pas, thus beat I was.
See, Udall, see, the mercie of thee
to me poore lad."—(Edit. 1580).

The song here printed was sung at the end of the pageant representing Saint Anne, (the queen's patron saint), and Mary Cleophas with her four children. One of these made a goodly oration to the Queen of the fruitfulness of Saint Anne, and her generation, trusting that the like fruit should come of her. (Hall's Chronicle). "This spoken, opened a cloud, and leatt down a white falcon, in the descending of whiche was pronounced by another child as followeth:—

"Behold and see the Falcon white,
How she begynneth hir wings to spred,
And for our commforte to take hir flight,
But where woll she sease as you doo red?
A rare sight, and yett to bee joyed,
On the rose, chiefe floure that ever was,
This bird to light, that all birds dothe passe."

The white falcon was the badge of Anne Boleyn, (See Willement's "Regal Heraldry,") where it is engraved. The rose upon which the falcon lights being Henry the Eighth, who bore the flattering legend on his coins of "*Rosa sine spina*," and a ballad on his expedition to France in 1513 has the words—

"The rose will into Frawnse spring,
Almythy God hym thyder bryng,
And save this flowr which is our kyng,
Thys rose, thys rose, this Ryall Rose."

The speech being delivered, "at the departing of the Queene's said Grace was songen this balad following:—

THIS white Falcon
Rare and gaison,
This bird shyneth so bright,
Of all that ar
No bird compare
Maye with this Falcon whight.

The vertues all
No man mortall
Of this bird may write;

Noo man earthely
Ynough truely
Can prease this Falcon whight.

Who woll expresse
Gret gentilnes
Too be in any wight,
He woll not mys
But call hym this,
The gentil Falcon whight;

This gentill burd,
As white as curd,
Shyneth bothe daye and night;
Nor farre ne nere
Is any pere
Unto this Falcon white.

Of bodie small,
Of power regall,
She is, and sharpe of sight;
Of courage haulte,
Noo manner faulte
Is in this Falcon whight.

In chastitee
Excedeth shee,
Moste like a virgin bright,
And worthie is
To live in blisse
Alwayes this falcon whight.

But now to take
 And use hir make,
 Is tyme, as trauthe is plight,
 That she may bring
 Frute according
 For such a Falcon whight.

And where by wrong
 She hathe fleen long,
 Uncertain where to light,
 Hir self repose
 Upon the rose,
 Now maye this Falcon whight.

Wheron to rest,
 And build hir nest,
 God graunte hir moste of might;
 That England maye
 Rejoyce alwaye
 In this same Falcon whight.*

SONG IN PRAISE OF ANNE BOLEYN.

THIS Skeltonical "balad," also by Udall, and sung upon the same occasion as the last, came in at the end of the pageant called "The Judgment of Paris," and which is thus described in the MS.

* The entire of these verses have been reprinted in the first volume of Nichols's "Progresses of Queen Elizabeth," (first edition, 1788), but the stanzas are there printed in four lines only, the four shorter lines being printed as two. It is here given as it stands in the original MS.

“At the litle counduite in Chepe sid was exhibited the Jugement of Paris, in maner and fourme folowing:—

- Mercurie.* Juppiter, this aple unto the hath sent,
Commaunding in this cause to geve true jugement.
- Paris.* Juppiter a straunge office hath geven me,
To juge whiche is fairest of these ladies three.
- Juno.* All riches and kingdomes bee at my behest:
Give me the aple, and thou shalt have the best.
- Pallas.* Adjuge it to me, and for a kingdome
I shall geve the incomparable wisdom.
- Venus.* Preferre me, and I shall rewarde the, Paris,
With the fairest ladie that on the erthe is.
- Paris.* I should breke Juppiter's high commaundement,
If I should for mede or rewarde geve jugement.
Therefore, ladie Venus, before both these twain,
Your beautie moche exceding, by my sentence
Shall win and have this aple. Yet to bee plain,
Here is the fouerthe ladie, now in presence,
Moste worthie to have it of due congruence,
As pereles in riches, wit, and beautee,
Whiche ar but sundrie qualitees in you three.
But for hir worthynes this aple of gold
Is to symple a rewarde a thousand fold.'

Hall tells us, in the account of this day's proceedings, that Mercury presented to the Queen a ball of gold, divided; signifying the three gifts which the goddesses gave her—wisdom, riches, and felicity; but from the last verse of this ballad, Venus appears to have received the ball, and the Queen was consoled by a very high-flown compliment.

QUENE ANNE so gent,
Of high descent,
Anne excellent
In noblenes,
Of ladies all
You principall,
Should win this ball
Of worthynes.

Passing beautie
And chastitee,
With high degree,
 And gret riches;
Soo coopled bee
In unytee,
That chief ar yee
 In worthynes.

When Juppiter
His messenger
Sent doun hither,
 He knewe certes,
That you victrice
Of all ladies,
Should have the price
 Of worthynes.

And wise Paris,
Made juge in this,
Anon I wys,
 Moste high Princesse,
Well undirstood
Your vertues good,
Your noble blood,
 And woorthynes.

Your dignitee
When he gan see,
The ladies three,
 Queene Anne pereles,

He bead geve place
Unto your Grace,
As mete it was
In worthynes.

The golden ball,
Of price but small,
Have Venus shall,
The fair goddesse;
Because it was
To lowe and bace
For your good grace
And worthynes.

SONG TO KING EDWARD VI.

THIS song was sung at the Conduit in Cornhill, when King Edward VI passed through London from the Tower to Westminster, Saturday, February 19th, 1546-7, preparatory to his coronation the day after. It has been preserved by Leland in his "Collectanea," vol. 4, where it was printed "from a MS. formerly belonging to William Le Neve, (Norroy.)" It has been reprinted in Nichols's 'London Pageants,' 8vo., London, 1831, p. 45, who considers it "worthy of particular attention, at it embraces most of the sentiments of the modern 'God save the King,' although not noticed by the several writers who have investigated the history of that national anthem." He adds, "As the arrangement of the lines in the 'Collectanea' is very obscure, some slight transposition has been attempted; but by no means with confidence that the song is thus restored to its original form." I have adopted Mr. Nichols's reading, as it is impossible to make sense of the song as it stands in the pages of Leland.

KING EDWARD, King Edward,
God save King Edward,
God save King Edward,
King Edward the Sixth !
To have the sword,
His subjects to defend,
His enemies to put down,
According to right, in every towne;
And long to continue
In grace and vertue,
Unto God's pleasure
His Commons to rejoyce !
Whom we ought to honour, to love, and to dread
As our most noble King
And Sovereigne Lord, [Supreame Head ;
Next under God, of England and Ireland the
Whom God hath chosen
By his mercy so good.
Good Lord! in Heaven to Thee we sing,
Grant our noble King to reigne and springe,
From age to age
Like Solomon the sage,
Whom God preserve in peace and warre,
And safely keep him from all danger.

“A BALLET OF THE KINGS MAJESTY” (EDW. VI.)

THIS was sung upon the same occasion as the foregoing, at the Little Conduit in Cheapside, where a pageant was prepared to amuse the young king, in which King Edward the Confessor and

St. George were the principal characters ; the latter was to have made a speech, and a child "an oration in Latin," but "for lack of time it could not be done, his Grace made such speed ; howbeit there was a song," which was the one here reprinted. It has been given in Nichols's "London Pageants," who says of it that "it has more merit than most of the poetry employed on this occasion, and is sufficiently well written to have deserved popularity, if it did not obtain it."

KING EDWARD up springeth from puerilitie,
And towards us bringeth joy and tranquillity;
Our hearts may be light, and merry oure cheere,
He shall be of such might that all the world may him feare.
Sing up, heart; sing up, heart; sing no more down,
But joy in King Edward that weareth the crown !"

His father, late our soveraigne, each day and also houre,
That in joy he might reigne, like a prince in high power,
By sea and land, hath provided for him eke,
That never King of England had ever the like.
Sing up, heart, &c.

He hath gotten already Bullen that goodly towne,
And biddeth sing speedily up and downe,
When he waxeth weight, and to manhood doth spring,
He shall be without fail of foure realmes the King.
Sing up, heart, &c.

Yee, children of England, for the honor of the same,
Take bow and shaft in hand, learn shewtage to frame,*

* The decay of archery in England was looked on as a serious evil, the pride and strength of our early armies being their bowmen. The practice of shooting was consequently enforced by

That you another day may so do your parts
As to serve your King as well with hands as with hearts.
Sing up, heart, &c.

ordinances from most of our sovereigns, and particularly when fire-arms had rendered this early form of defence comparatively worthless; Henry VIII passed three several acts for promoting the practise of the long bow, one prohibiting the use of cross-bows and hand-guns; another prohibiting all games in the open fields that would tend to prevent archery; and a third obliging all men who were the king's subjects to exercise themselves with the long bow, and also to keep a bow and arrows continually in their houses. Only men who were sixty years of age were exempt, but all younger were compelled to practise, and all fathers and guardians were enjoined to teach all male children who had arrived at seven years of age the use of the bow. Masters were ordered to find bows for apprentices, and to compel them to learn to shoot with them upon holidays, and at every other convenient time. By virtue of the same act, every man who kept a cross-bow in his house was liable to a penalty of ten pounds. (Strutt's Sports.) The decay of archery in England is lamented by Holinshed, but most by Bishop Latimer, who, in his sixth sermon, says, "the arte of shutynge hath been in times past much esteemed in this realme; it is a gyft of God, that he hath given us to excell all other nacions wythall. It hath bene Goddes instrumente, whereby he hath given us manye victories agaynste oure enemies. A wonderous thyng, that so exalaunte a gyft of God shoulde be so lyttle esteemed. I desire you, my lordes, even as you love honoure, and glorye of God, and intende to remove his indignacion, let there be sent fourth a proclamation, some sharpe proclamation, to the iustices of the peace, for they do not theyr dutie; charge them upon their allegiance, that thys singular benefit of God may be practised." To judge from the Journal of Edward VI in the British Museum, this young king appears to have been fond of archery. (Meyrick's Critical Inquiry into Ancient Arms and Armour.)

Yee children that are towards, sing up and downe;
And never play the cowards to him that weareth the
crown.

But alway bee you sure his pleasure to fulfil,
Then shall you keep right sure, the honour of England
still.

Sing up, heart, &c.

THE SONG OF TROYNOVANT.

THIS production of Thomas Dekker was sung on the passage of King James I through London, to his coronation, March 1603-4, by "two boyes, choristers of Paules," at the conclusion of a pageant emblematic of the benefits derived from the accession of James. It was sung, we are told, "to a loude and excellent musicke, composed of violins, and another rare artificiall instrument, wherein, besides sundrie severall sounds effused all at one time, were also sensibly distinguisht the chirpings of birds." For some remarks on the name Troynovant, as applied to London, see the notes to my "Lord Mayors' Pageants," Part II.

TROYNOVANT is now no more a citie;

O great pittie! is't not a pittie?

And yet her towers on tiptoe stand,

Like pageants built on fairie land,

And her marble armes,

Like to magicke charmes,

Binde thousands faste unto her.

That for her wealth and beauty daily wooe her,

Yet for all this, is't not a pittie?

Troynovant is now no more a citie.

Troynovant is now a sommer arbour,
 Or the nest wherein doth harbour
 The Eagle, of all birds that flie
 The souveraigne, for his peircing eie.
 If you wisely marke,
 'Tis besides a parke,
 Where runnes (being newly borne)
 With the fierce Lyon, the faire Unicorne ;*
 Or else it is a wedding hall,
 Where foure great kingdomes holde a festivall.

Troynovant is now a bridall chamber,
 Whose roofe is gold, floore is of amber,
 By vertue of that holy light
 That burns in Hymens hand, more bright
 Than the silver moone,
 Or the torch of noone.
 Harke, what the ecchoes say !
 Brittainē till now ne're kept a holiday!
 For Jove dwels heere; and 'tis no pittie,
 If Troynovant be now no more a cittie.†

* This alludes to the supporters of the royal arms, then "newly borne," but which have continued the same to the present day. (Note by Nichols in his "Progresses of James I.")

† Dekker follows his song by this somewhat curious apology:—"nor let the scrue of any wresting comment upon these words,

"Troynovant is now no more a citie"

enforce the authors invention away from his owne cleare, straight, and harmlesse meaninge; all the scope of this fiction stretching

SONG IN PRAISE OF SIR THOMAS MIDDLETON.

FROM the mayoralty pageant of 1613, by Thomas Middleton the city poet. It is sung on the mayor's first appearance, and is thus introduced in the pamphlet descriptive of the day's proceedings:—"At Soper-lane end a senate house (is) erected, upon which musitians sit playing; and more to quicken time, a sweet voyce (is) married to these wordes." London, "who is attired like a reverend mother," is the person addressed in the song.

MOTHER of many honorable sonnes,
 Thinke not the glasse too slowly runnes,
 That in Time's hand is set,
 Because thy worthy sonne appeares not yet:
 Lady be pleased, the hower growes on,
 Thy joy will be compleate anon;

onely to this point, that London, to do honour to this day, wherein springs up all her happiness, being ravished with unutterable joyes, makes no account for the present of her ancient title to be called a cittie, because that, during these triumphs, she puts off her formal habit of trade and commerce, treading even thrift itself under foote, but now becomes a reveller and a courtier. So that albeit in the end of the first stanza 'tis said,—

" Yet for all this, is't not a pittie,
 Troynovant is now no more a cittie?"

"By a figure called *Castigatio*, or the mender, heere followes presently a reproofe; wherein tytles of sommer arbor, the eagle's nest, a wedding hall, &c. are throwne upon her, the least of them being at this time, by vertue of poeticall heraldrye, but especiallie in regard of the state that now upholds her, thought to be names of more honour than her owne. And this short apologie doth our verse make for itselfe, in regard that some, to whose settled judgment and authoritie the censure of these devices was referred, brought, though not bitterly, the life of these lines into question."

Thou shalt behold
The man enroll'd
In honour's bookes, whom vertue raises;
Love-circled round,
His triumphs crown'd,
With all good wishes, prayers, and praises.

What greater comfort to a mother's heart,
Than to behold her sonnes desert:
Goe hand in hand with love,
Respect, and honor, blessings from above!
It is of power all greefes to kill,
And with a floud of joy to fill
Thy aged eyes,
To see him rise,
With glory deck'd, where expectation,
Grace, truth and fame,
Met in his name,
Attends his honor's confirmation.*

“THE SONG OF ROBIN HOOD AND HIS
HUNTESMEN.”

FROM Anthony Munday's pageant for 1615, entitled, “Metropolis Coronata, the Triumphes of Ancient Drapery.” Munday

* This pageant has been reprinted in Nichols's “Progresses of King James I,” but, as the Rev. A. Dyce notices in his edition of Middleton's works, the second stanza of this song is omitted altogether. In the old edition it is given at the end of the pageant, with the musical notes to which it was sung.

was a popular ballad writer, and the easy flow of the verses of this song denote a hand well practised in this species of composition. Some account of this author will be found in my "Lord Mayors' Pageants," Part I, p. 31, note.

Now wend we together, my merry men all,
Unto the forrest side-a;
And there to strike a buck or a doe,
Let our cunning all be tried-a.

Then goe we merrily, merrily, on,
To the green-wood to take up our stand,
Where we will lye in waite for our game,
With our bent bowes in our hand.

What life is there like to Robin Hood?
It is so pleasant a thing-a;
In merry Shirwood he spends his dayes
As pleasantly as a king-a.

No man may compare with Robin Hood,
With Robin Hood, Scathlocke, and John;
Their like was never, nor never will be,
If in case that they were gone.

They will not away from merry Shirwood,
In any place else to dwell,
For there is neither city nor towne
That likes them halfe so well.

Our lives are wholly given to hunt,
And haunt the merry greene-wood,
Where our best service is daily spent
For our master Robin Hood.

THE SONG OF PEACE.

THIS song, by the city poet, Thomas Middleton, is extracted from his "Civitatis Amor, The Citie's Love. An entertainment by water at Chelsey and Whitehall, at the ioyfull receiving of that illustrious hope of Great Britaine, the high and mighty Charles, to be created Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall, Earle of Chester, &c." Nov. 4th, 1616. On this occasion the mayor, aldermen, and several companies of the City of London, "were ready attending, with a great traine and costly entertainment, to receive his Highnesse at Chelsie; their barges richly deckt with banners, streamers, and ensignes, and sundry sorts of lowd-sounding instruments, aptly placed amongst them." A personage figuring London, who is seated upon a sea-unicorn, attended by tritons, and accompanied by Neptune, the Thames, and the Dee, meet the prince near Chelsea, and after the delivery of some complimentary verses, attend on him to Whitehall, where they are joined by Hope and Peace. The latter personage "sitting on a dolphin with her sacred quire," addresses the prince, (afterwards Charles I), in the following song.

WELCOME, oh welcome, spring of joy and peace!
Born to be honour'd and to give encrease
To those that waite upon thy graces;
Behold the many thousand faces
That make this amorous flood
Looke like a moving wood,
Usurping all her cristall spaces;

'Mongst which *the citie's love* is first,
Whose expectations sacred thirst
Nothing truely could allay,
But such a prince and such a day.
Welcome, Oh welcome; all faire joyes attend thee!
Glorie of life, to safety we commend thee!

SONG OF THE MUSES.

FROM Squire's *Tryumph of Peace*, 1620. The Muses appear with Apollo in the second water pageant, called *Pernassus Mount*. "This accompanied the lord maior up to Westminster, with variety of musique, where, while his honor was taking the oath, it returned backe, and met him in Paule's Church-yard, where Euterpe and Terpsichore entertained him with this song."

WE muses of the pleasant hill,
That bathe within the Thespian spring,
That did direct the Grecians quill,
Who of olde Pelius' sonne did sing,
We that Amphion did inspire
With admired strains and layes,
And did infuse a sacred fire
In both these to gaine the bayes.
We Apolloes hand-mayds Nine,
Come to meet thee on the way,
That unto thy honours shrine,
We might dedicate this day;
And this ditty us among,
So curiously shal wrest thy glory,
That the envious 'mongst this throng
Shall confesse it merits story.

SONG IN PRAISE OF COUNTRY INNOCENCE.

FROM John Tatham's *London's Tryumph*, 1658. It was sung by the persons in the first pageant that day exhibited, which "represented the manufacture of cloth-working." See *History of Lord Mayors' Pageants*, Part I, p. 66, for the passage in Tatham's descriptive pamphlet which introduces this song.

Who can boast a happinesse
More securely safe than we:
Since our harmless thoughts we dress,
In a pure simplicitie:
And chaste nature doth dispence,
Here her beauties innocence.

Envy is a stranger here;
Blest content our bowls doth crown:
Let such slave themselves to fear,
On whose guilt the judge doth frown:
We from evill actions are
Free, as uncorrupted ayre.

With the turtles whisper love,
With the birds do practice mirth:
With our harmless sheepe we move,
And receive our food from earth:
Nor doe we disdaine to be
Cloth'd with the Lambs Liverie.

A DIALOGUE BETWIXT TOM AND DICK,

The former a Countryman, the other a Citizen. Presented to his Excellency and the Council of State at Drapers' Hall, in London, March 28th, 1660.

To the tune of *I'll never love thee more.*

THE period at which this dialogue was sung renders it of peculiar interest; and it may be looked on as an early revival of the semi-dramatic entertainments that had been frowned down by the Puritans, and which were usually exhibited on great occasions in the city. Its chief interest arises from the fact of Monk not having made his real intentions public at this period; indeed, he continued to wear the mask when it was no longer necessary; and it was not until the first of the following May, when Sir John Granville brought despatches, and the declaration of Breda from Charles II to Monk, in the council of state, (and for which he was put under arrest for the sake of appearances), that his real meaning was known. He thus fully sounded parliament, and felt the pulse of the nation, who at this time were thoroughly tired of the Protectorate, and hailed Monk as a deliverer. The citizens were among the earliest to embrace the change, and the lord mayor and common council gave Granville £300, and named some of their council to wait upon his majesty. The dialogue here reprinted must have assured Monk, who acted throughout with the most consummate carefulness, of the safety of the course he had determined on taking: it was written by Thomas Jordan, who was made city-poet at the Restoration,—(See the introduction to my reprint of his *Triumphs of London*, 1678, *Lord Mayors' Pageants*, Part II), and is to be found in that very rare collection of political songs, *Ratts rhimed to Death, or the Rump Parliament hang'd up in the Shambles*, 1660, where it is printed anonymously.

Tom. Now would I give my life to see

This wondrous man of might.

Dick. Do'st see that jolly lad? That's he;

I'll warrant him he's right,

Ther's a true Trojan in his face,

Observe him o're and o're.

Dick. Come, Tom, if ever George be base, } Chorus.
Ne're trust good fellow more.

He's none of that fantastique brood

That murther while they pray:

That trusse and cheat us for our good,

(All in a godly way.)

He drinks no blood, and they no sack

Into their gutts will poure.

But if George does not the knack, } Chorus.
Ne're trust good fellow more.

His quiet conscience needs no guard,

He's brave, but full of pitty.

Tom. Yet, by your leave, he knock'd so hard,

H'ad like t' awak'd the city.

Dick. Fool, 'twas the Rump that let——

The chains and gates it tore,

But if George beares not a true heart, } Chorus.
Ne're trust good fellow more.

Tom. Your city blades are cunning rooks,

How rarely you collogue him?

But when your gates flew off the hooks,

You did as much be-rogue him.

Dick. Pugh! Twas the Rump did onely feel

The blowes the city bore:

But if George be'nt as true as steel, } Chorus.
Ne're trust good fellow more.

Come, by this hand we'll crack a quart,
Thou'lt pledge his health I trow.

Tom. Tope, boy.—*Dick.* A lusty dish, my heart,
Away w'ot.—*Tom.* Let it go.

Drench me, you slave, in a full bowle
I'le take't an 'twere a score.

Dick. Nay if George be 'nt a hearty soul, }
Ne're trust good fellow more. } Chorus.

Tom. But heark you, sirrah, we're too loud,
Hee'l hang us by and by ;
Methinks he should be vengeance proud.

Dick. No more then thee or I.

Tom. Why then I'le give him the best blade
That e're the bilbo wore.

Dick. If George prove not a bonney lad, }
Ne're trust good fellow more. } Chorus.

Tom. 'Twas well he came, we'd mawll'd the tail ;
We've all thrown up our farms,
And from the musket to the flayl
Put all our men in arms,
The girles had ta'ne the members down,
Ne're saw such things before.

Dick. If George speak not the town our own }
Ne're trust good fellow more. } Chorus

Dick. But, pre'the, are the folk so mad?

Tom. So mad say'st ? They're undone,

There's not a penny to be had,
 And every mother's sonne
 Must fight, if he intend to eate,
 Grow valiant, now he is poor.

Dick. Come, yet if George don't do the feat, }
 Ne're trust good fellow more. } Chorus.

Tom. Why, Richard, 'tis a devilish thing;
 We're not left worth a groat.
 My Doll has sold her wedding-ring,
 And Sue has pawn'd her coat.
 The sniv'ling rogues abus'd our squire,
 And call'd our mistresse whore.

Dick. Yet, if George don't what we desire, }
 Ne're trust good fellow more. } Chorus.

Tom. By this good day, I did but speak,
 They took my py-ball'd mare,
 And put the carri'on wench to th' squeak,
 (Things go against the hair.)
 Our prick-ar'd cor'nell looks as bigg
 Still, as he did before.

Dick. And yet if George don't humme his gigg, }
 Ne're trust good fellow more. } Cho.

Faith, Tom, our case is much at one,
 We're broak for want of trade;
 Our city's baffled and undone,
 Betwixt the Rump and blade.

We've emptied both our veins and baggs
 Upon a factious score ;
 If George compassion not our raggs, } Chorus.
 Ne're trust good fellow more.

Tom. But what doest think should be the cause
 Whence all these mischiefs spring ?

Dick. Our damned breach of oath and laws,
 Our murther of the king.
 We have been slaves since Charl's his reign,
 We liv'd like lords before.
 If George don't set all right again, } Chorus.
 Ne're trust good fellow more.

Tom. Our vicar—(and hee's one that knows)—
 Told me once,—I know what :—
 (And yet the chief is woundly close)

Rich. Tis all the better ;—That.
 Ha's too much honesty and witt,
 To let his tongue run o're.
 If this prove not a lucky hitt, } Chorus.
 Ne're trust good fellow more.

Shall's ask him, what he means to do ?

Tom. —Good faith, with all my heart ;
 Thou mak'st the better leg o' th' two :
 Take thou the better part.

I'le follow, if thow't lead the van,

Rich. Content,—I'le march before.
 If George prove not a gallant man, } Chorus.
 Ne're trust good fellow more.

My lord! in us the nation craves

But what you're bound to do.

Tom. We have liv'd drudges.—*Ric.*—And we slaves.

Both. We would not die so too.

Restore us but our laws agen;

Th' unborn shall thee adore:

If George denies us his Amen,
Ne're trust good fellow more, } Chorus.

A SHORT REPRESENTATION PERFORMED
BEFORE THE LORD GENERAL MONK,

At Goldsmiths' Hall, Tuesday, April 11th. By three persons,
an Englishman, a Welshman, and a Scotchman.

London: printed for Thomas Morgan, and are to be sold at the
Royal Exchange, in Cornhill, 1660.

THIS dramatic trifle, conceived *pro tempore*, and having allusion only to the unsettled state of the country, is still of much interest, as it evidently was intended to assure Monk of the feeling held by the most powerful body in the city, at a time when his intentions were only suspected. At this period most of the city companies entertained Monk, and were careful to point out their opinion of the necessity of a change, by some allusion either in a song or speech. The Goldsmiths, Fishmongers, Skinners, and Drapers thus displayed their feeling. The speeches at the three former entertainments are given in Jordan's *Nursery of Novelties*. Monk had visited Goldsmith's Hall on April 9th, and heard a speech "from a sea-captain, after a song concluding with a chorus of Amity." This "representation," performed at the same place two days afterwards, was printed as a quarto tract of four leaves; a copy is in the library of the City of London, at Guildhall.

Officer.—How now, friends! whither are you crowding so fast? Pray get ye back again and wipe your shoos. Who invited you, I wonder? If y'are hungry, stay till the scraps come forth, which will be about four or five hours hence.

Englishman.—Pray, good man, *Jack-hold-my-staffe*, be good in your office. Sirrah, we came to see the General; we have as much businesse with him as the best of 'em all that has invited him hither.

Officer.—We'll hear no petitions to day.

Englishman.—Petition! we come not to petition, friend! he has done our businesse without a petition already.

Officer.—He had much to do, I warrant, when he did your businesse.

Englishman.—Friend, you need not be so angry; we come not to defraud you of the least bit that you intend to carry home to your wife for her provision till the next quarter feast; for, give me leave to tell thee, we have been as good housekeepers as some of your masters, and kept better men then thou to wipe our shoos, and now I hope we shall do so again.

Officer.—You are sufferers then in the times. Her's one, I warrant, whose catt has dy'd with eating a poyson'd ratt. Her's another who's two ducks and one drake used to sleep at his bed's head, and he has now lost all, by the maledictions of the old witch, his neighbour. Her's another had but one torn shirt, which was stollen by a gypsie as it hung upon a hedge a-drying,

one Saturday in the afternoon. And for your part, Goodman *Prate-a-pace*, what have you lost, I wonder? your dogs-leather hedging-gloves, I warrant, or some such precious piece of treasure!

Englishman.—The fellow would fain be witty before the Masters of the Company. Alas! it would stand thee in little stead had we a mind to retort; but that is not our businesse. We are come to make our General merry, for making us merry. Sirrah, we have been at charges for a *pawet*, and the fiddlers, and, therefore, I tell thee we will see our Generall, and sing him a song, and give him thanks for his care of us all.

Welshman.—Sirrah, if her will not [let her] see her Sheneral, and sing her a fine song, which her ha pay'd her share for the making, her will preak her pusee-potie's pate.

Officer.—I care not for your songs; you come not here unlesse I know better who you are.

Englishman.—Friend, I am a Cheshire-man who had lost my tenure of a good farm for siding with my landlord, Sir George Booth, but I now have got it again, thanks to our General.

Welshman.—And her pe shentleman of Wallis, and her lost her create fortune for her creat loofe to her creat landlord, Sir Thomas Middleton; but her have cot it acain, her thank her cood Sheneral.

Scot.—In troath noow they hud gotten een aw; and aw for becose Ise ha sarved my gude loard and maisser, the King. But whare be those muckle traitors noow? introath, friend, wee's come for nething else

but to garr the General take notice of our loove,—tell him for his muckle paines and care of us, and of aw the kingdom.

Officer.—Well, stay there, and if the Generall will be troubled with your impertinences, I'le give ye notice.

Englishman.—Now thou speak'st like an honest fellow ; dost heare ? if thou canst but get us in, wee'l give thee sixpence a piece.

After a little pause the Officer returns.

Officer.—Wel, if your song be good you may come in, but be advis'd of that, for if it ben't, you'l be soundly, soundly laught at ; and for your poet, tell him from me, if he come off basely, the Company will not give him a brass token ; and so you lose your credit, and he his labour.

Englishman.

To the tune of *The Grecian Army.*

No more good people, talk no more
Of what the Champion did of yore ;
I care not a pin what stories forge
Of Bevis, or of great St. George,
Who dragon did slaughter,
To get the king's fair daughter
For his wife ;
Which was truly,
And most duly,
The bravest thing he did in his life.

Scotchman.

To the *Highlander's New Rant*.

Nor Ise ne care at aw
 For kuintry man, St. Andrew,
 Although he ware as gude a swerd
 As ever muckle man drew.
 For though he did redeem
 The ladies fair and breeght,
 Yet had the swains bin still
 But for gude Willy's leeght.
 Away then,
 Stay not,
 What gare's us be silent?
 Wee'l feast our Monk, though now it be high Lent.

Welshman.

To the tune of *Fortune, &c.*

Nor for our old St. Taffie to I care,
 Who slew a mighty shyant without laughter;
 Yet for th' excessive pains he took that tay,
 Full fast he slept seaven whole years after.

Englishman.

To the tune of *What you please*.

But our St. George hath set as free
 From a base Rump's bold slavery;
 Poor England now shall bleed no more;

Welshman.

And Wallis sal pe as her was before.

Scotchman.

The war in Scotland first did swagger,
But there first ends, Jemmy put up thy dagger.

To the tune of *The Grecian Army*, as before.

You base Excisemen and commitee's
That swagger'd over towns and city's,
While the sad ploughmen plough'd in grief,
And yet poor swains had no relief,

Must now go down,

And stoop to the abused clown ;

For like the sun

In his glory,

In his story

Monk is resolv'd not to be out don.

Scotchman.

To the tune of *The Highlander's New Rant*, as before.

Ah ! out ! out away phanaticks !

Who ken not what yee'd have ;

Your plots be aw discover'd

The nation to enslave ;

Our cities now ne mere shall pay

The hire of their fetters ;

Ne mere shall major generals

Now rant it or'e their betters ;

For Monk's come,

That Monk

Whom all men prize

To heal up all our past maladies.

Welshman.

To the tune of *Fortune.*

And now her tosted cheese, her eat and sing,
And freely drink a health unto her king:
Ap Thomas ap Middleton give me thy hand,
For now our sister Chester's walls shall stand.

Chorus. To the tune *Q. Dido.**

Brave hero, then in thy brave rage
Proceed, which hath rais'd up our age,
To say you were from heaven let down,
To give the wronged heir his crown,
For well the wayes of truth you take
The ballance even now to make.
All our long differences bend
Already to a settled end,
For which we now must all agree
To give the stile of just to thee,
Bequeathing unto after story
The care of thy unblemish't glory.

* All the tunes named in this entertainment may be found in the various editions of Playford's *English Dancing Master*, 1650-1721. The two last mentioned are as old as the time of Shakspeare.

SONG OF WELCOME TO KING CHARLES THE SECOND.

FROM Ogilby's *Relation of his Majesty's entertainment passing through the City of London to his Coronation*, April 22, 1661, on which occasion it was sung by Concord, Love, and Truth, in the third triumphal arch or pageant which was placed "near Woodstreet end, not far from the place where the Cross formerly stood." The musick, we are told, was "all composed by Matthew Lock, Esq., composer in ordinary to his majesty."

The allusion to Charles as the prince whom—

"The stars so long foretold"

in the second line of this song, refers to the appearance of a star on the morning of his birth, Saturday, May 29th, 1630, and in the fourth pageant this day exhibited, Plenty addresses him with—

"Great Sir; the star which at your happy birth
Joy'd with his beames at noon the wond'ring earth,
Did with auspicious lustre, then, presage
The glitt'ring plenty of this golden age."

This star was a fertile subject for the flatterers of Charles, and they carried their adulation to a great length. One Edward Matthew "of the Middle Temple, Esq.," published in 1661 a small volume in 12mo, entirely on this subject; it is entitled "The most glorious Star, or celestial constellation of the Pleiades or Charles's waine, appearing and shining most brightly in a miraculous manner in the face of the sun at noonday, at the nativity of our sacred sovereign King Charles II, presaging his majesties exaltation to future honour and greatnesse, transcending not only the most potent Christian princes in Europe, but by Divine designment ordained to be the most mighty monarch in the universe; never any starre having appeared before at the birth of any, (the highest humane hero), except our Saviour." From this title page the whole tenour of the book, (which is said to be "printed for the use and benefit of William Byron, Gent") may be guessed at. Flattery, is in fact, carried to the very extreme, and the author declares that "as Christ Jesus was the world's celestiall and eternal saviour, so hath God sent

our sovereign king to be a terrestrial temporal saviour" to the three kingdoms. He then endeavours to prove the star the same as that which appeared at the Saviour's birth; and prophecies, dreams, and prodigies are all raked together to show that Charles was by "Divine Providence pre-ordained to be the most pious, prudent, and potent prince in the universe." His sufferings are paralleled with the Saviour's, "the same time of age, (about thirty), and of the year when our Saviours resurrection and ascension came to passe, Divine Providence hath brought to passe for our sovereign King Charles, his restitution to his just rights, and his ascension to his royall sceptre and crowne." In the same strain the author explains the seven stars held in the hands of "one like the Son of Man" in the Revelations, as intended to typify Charles the Second "our king, in the hand of our God," and proposes that May, the month in which he was born, be henceforth called *Carolus*, as heaven does not disdain to have a celestial sign known by the name of Charles." Without some such proof as this of the intoxication of men's minds at the Restoration, it is impossible to understand the licenses allowed to Charles, and a debauched court; licenses, that in the end, deprived them all of a people's love, and destroyed the honour and liberty of the nation.

COMES not here the king of peace,

Whom the stars so long foretold

From all woes should us release,

Converting iron times to gold?

Behold, behold!

Our prince confirm'd by heav'nly signs,

Brings healing balm,

Brings healing balm, and anodines,

To close our wounds, and pain asswage.

He comes with conqu'ring bays, and palm,

Where swelling billows us'd to rage,

Gliding on a silver calm;
Proud interests now no more engage.

CHORUS.

Let these arched roofs resound,
Joyning instruments, and voice,
Fright pale spirits underground;
But let heav'n and earth rejoyce,
We our happiness have found.
He, thus marching to be crown'd,
Attended with this glorious train,
From civil broils
Shall free these isles,
Whilst hee and his posterity shall reign.

Who follow trade, or study arts,
Improving pasture or the plow,
Or furrow waves to foreign parts,
Use your whole endeavours now.
His brow, his brow,
Bids your hearts as well as hands,
Together joyn,
Together joyning bless these lands;
Peace and concord, never poor,
Will make with wealth these streets to shine,
Ships freight with spice, and golden ore,
Your fields with honey, milk, and wine,
To supply our neighbours store.

SONG OF THE WATERMEN.

FROM "Aqua Triumphalis; being a true relation of the Honourable the City of London's entertaining their sacred Majesties upon the river of Thames, and wellcoming them from Hampton Court to Whitehall. Expressed and set forth in severall shews and pageants, the 23 day of August, 1662." The production of the city poet, John Tatham.

The barges of the twelve companies were, on this occasion, carried up the river as far as Chelsea, and "most of the barges are attended with a pageant." These pageants were "placed at the head of every barge." The Mercers exhibited their crowned Virgin seated with three maids of Honour and six pages. The Drapers exhibited a "grave Roman magistrate, habited in a long robe, on his head a helmet, in his right hand he holds a sceptre, in his left a triple crown, a sword girt to him. His attendants are four; Loyalty, Truth, Fame, and Honour. The stage of the Merchant Taylors' pageant is twelve feet long, and seven broad, arched with a wild harbour made in manner of a wilderness, where is seated an aged man representing a pilgrim, and habited accordingly. In one hand he holds a staff, in the other a banner, bearing the figure of a golden lamb, with this motto 'inter nocentes innocens.' This alludes to St. John, the patron of their company: for his attendants he hath Faith, Hope, and Charity." They also exhibited the supporters of the company's arms, and the camels and Indians, as usual in the pageants of the mayors of that company. The Goldsmiths exhibited a figure of Justice, under a canopy of state, attended by two virgins. The "bravery" of the other companies pageants are not described, "lest it be too tedious." The day's proceedings are thus briefly given:—"between 8 and 9 of the clock, the Lord Mayor and court of Aldermen move toward Chelsey, where they attend their Majesties comming from Putney, and then the Lord Mayor leads the way down the river before their Majesties. The grand pageants appointed for this day are placed thus: the first at Chelsey; the second between Fox-hall and Lambeth; the third at the private staires at Whitehall. There are two drolls, one of Watermen, the other of Seamen, continually imployed in dancing and singing; the droll of Water-

men is placed between Chelsey and Fox-hall. That of Seamen between Lambeth and Whitehall, cross the Thames, where there is severall tricks of activity performed, both on the stage and the rope; and the Seamen throw themselves into severall antick postures and dances." The three grand pageants are a sea chariot drawn by sea horses, in which sits Isis and her water nymphs; an island, upon which is seated Thames, "an old man with long hair and beard," attended by water nymphs, one bearing on her head "the figure of Greenwich castle," the other, "the figure of Windsor castle." A lion and unicorn stand in front, upon which a Scotch and English boy is seated, bearing the national banners: "a sea chariot made in the manner of a scallop shell, drawn with two dolphins, on whose backs are placed two Tritons." In this chariot Thetis appears. Isis, Thames, and Thetis, each address long rhyming speeches to their Majesties.

Two songs are sung, one in the "droll of Watermen," which is this one now printed, the other a short song and chorus of ten lines, in the "droll of Indians and Seamen." The songs, we are told, "were set by Mr. John Gamble, one of his Majesties servants, a person well known in musick." This composer, termed "a play house musician," was a celebrated performer on the Viola da Gamba, and one of Charles II's famous "four-and-twenty fiddlers:" he was a pupil of Ambrose Beyland, and published two books of "Ayres and Dialogues," in 1651 and 1659, the poetry of which was the composition of Thomas Stanley. Gamble appears to have been always intimate with the city poets, as recommendatory verses to his first book were written by Tatham, and to his second by Thomas Jordan. He died in 1680.

LET sadness flie, boyes, flie,
 The king and queen draw nigh,
 And their loyal train
 Pour in amain,
 Like hailstones from the skie,
 The town to fill,
 And fears to kill
 The tradesmen had of breaking,

Who scarce a pennie
Would spare to any,
They were so poor and sneaking;
But now
Speed the plow,
All will be
Imploy'd and free,
From the Mercer to the Draper,
All sorts and all sizes
Of trades and devises,
Will make us sing and caper.
The river shall no more
Catch cold or be bound o're;
Wee'le keepe her in heat,
Use does the feat,
Though winter fume and roare;
The prentice he,
Of each degree,
To Lambeth or to Fox-hall,*
With their lasses, cry,
What oares will you ply?
Where are you with a — all?
See then
You be men,
And stand to't,
Set a hand to't,
That our stretchers may be working,

* A corruption of Vaux-hall, which derives its name from an ancient family of the name of Vaux, one of whom, Jane Vaux, occupied premises there in the year 1615.

For if you intend, boy,
A penny to spend, boy,
You must get it with yerking.
A lazie life is base,
True labour we embrace;
'Tis the best physick
To cure the tissick,
Ill humours purge apace;
Our sweats, and pains
Brings health and gains,
Which makes us bouncing merry,
We ne're are orejoy'd,
Till we are employ'd
In sculler, oares, or wherry:
Then sing
Blesse the king
And the queen,
And all here seen,
That masters are, and feed us
With meat and wine stored,
When they are once shored,
And for Spring Garden* need us.

* A place of entertainment denominated Spring Garden (not an uncommon appellation for places of the kind near London) was situated opposite Vauxhall, and near the river. Pepys, in his diary, thus describes it:—"July 27, 1688. So over the water, with my wife and Deb, and Mercer, to Spring Garden, and there eat and walked; and observed how rude some of the young gallants of the town are become, to go into people's arbors where there are not men, and almost force the women, which troubled me, to see the confidence of the vice of the age; and so we away by water with much pleasure home."

A REVIEW OF THE TIMES.

FROM Jordan's "London Triumphant; or the City in jollity and splendour. 1672." The King was present on this occasion, and dined with the Mayor in Guildhall; "where," says Jordan, "his lordship and the guests being all seated, the city musick began to touch their instruments with very artful fingers; and after a lesson being played, and their ears as well feasted as their mouths, a person with a good voice, in good humour, and audible utterance (the better to provoke digestion) sings this new droll, to the tune of *With a fading*."

LET'S drink and droll, and dance and sing,

And merrily cry, Long live the king:

'Tis friendship and peace

Makes trading increase:

Blind Fortune has plaid

The changeable jade;

We may curse her.

Lets sum up all that hath been done,

From forty-two till seventy-one,

Then he that loves changes,

Let him go on:

But I'll venture my fiddle, and forty to one

'Twill be worser.

When ordinance laws beat down the kings,

And Peters preach'd for thimbles and rings; *

* An allusion to the great general contributions of plate and money to aid the Parliament, made by the inhabitants of London in 1642, when Charles I erected his standard at Nottingham, and prepared by force of arms, to crush that liberty he had sworn to

When all that we priz'd
 Were sacrific'd;
 What did it produce
 For general use,
 But confusion.

The conjuring party raised then
 Spirits they ne're could lay agen;
 But suffer'd disasters,
 Their servants grew masters;
 Who slighted their votes,
 And cudgell'd their coats
 In conclusion.

Thus did our holy war succeed,
 It made two hundred thousand bleed,

protect. With a noble emulation, "not only the wealthiest citizens and gentlemen who were near dwellers, brought in their large bags and goblets, but the poorer sort, like that widow in the Gospel, presented their mites also; insomuch that it was a common jeer of men disaffected to the cause, to call this the *thimble and bodkin army*." (*May Hist. Parl.*)

Butler alludes to this general levy in his "*Hudibras*," pt. i, canto 2, when he declares that the Londoners coined

"—— bowls and flaggons,
 Into officers of horse and dragoons;
 And into pikes and musqueteers
 Stamp beakers, cups, and porringers;
 A thimble, bodkin, and a spoon,
 Did start up living men, as soon
 As in the furnace they were thrown,
 Just like the dragon's teeth being sown."

And in part ii, canto 2, he alludes to the women who—

"Brought in their children's spoons and whistles,
 To purchase swords, carbines, and pistols."

And fellows that neither could write nor read,
Did scatter in pulpits
The sanctifi'd seed
Of division.

The captain of a troop of horse,* *Cromwel.
With courage and conduct, cunning and force,
The Crown, King, and Kingdom, did divorce;
And put the land into a Protectorly course,
By excision.

And after that great fatal blow,
What did become of all, you know.

The right royal heir
Return'd to his chair;
By no means fallacious,
But by a good gracious
Director.

Now let us survey this present age,
Where freedom enlargeth the bounds of the stage:
'Tis pleasanter far than ruin and rage,
That swagger'd and sway'd
When *Oliver* play'd
The Protector.

Our ensigns now are turn'd to smocks;
And ladies fight with their fire-locks;
Wine, women, and sturgeon,
Make work for the surgeon,
The bonny buff jacket
Doth tilt at a placket
Of roses.

Thus have you heard the changes rung,
As much as may be said or sung:

We must be no talkers,
For fear the night-walkers
Do watch for our words,
And wait with their swords,
For our noses.*

* Slitting the nose, or otherwise disfiguring the face, was no uncommon mode of revenging a real or imagined insult in "the merry days" of Charles the Second. The court, as corrupt as the commons, participated in the same mode of revenge. In 1670, Sir John Coventry put a question in the House of Commons, which was taken as a reflection on the King's low amours; he was denounced with fury at court, and Charles determined on revenge. "The Duke of York," says Burnet, "told me he said all he could to the King to divert him from the resolution he took, which was to send some of the guards, and watch in the streets where Sir John lodged, and leave a mark upon him. Sands and O'Brian, and some others went thither, and, as Coventry was going home, they drew about him. He stood up to the wall and snatched the flambeau out of his servant's hand, and with that in one hand and his sword in the other, he defended himself so well that he got more credit by it than by all the actions of his life. He wounded some of them, but was soon disarmed; and then they cut his nose to the bone, to teach him to remember what respect he owed to the King; and so they left him, and went back to the Duke of Monmouth's, where O'Brian's arm was dressed. That matter was executed by orders from the Duke of Monmouth, for which he was severely censured, because he lived then in professions of friendship with Coventry, so that his subjection to the King was not thought an excuse for directing so vile an attempt on his friend, without sending him secret notice of what was designed. Coventry had his nose so well sewed up that the scar was scarcely to be discerned." This outrage was so atrocious, that even the Parliament could not overlook it; and they passed a bill known by the name of the Coventry act, making cutting and maiming a capital offence: but they had not courage sufficient to bring the King's bravoës to trial.

THE DISCONTENTED CAVALIER.

THIS song, from the same mayoralty pageant as the preceding one, was sung immediately after it, and Jordan thus introduces it: "this droll being ended, and well approved, a hearty cup of wine is set round the table; in the mean time, the musick express their skill in playing divers new sprightly ayres, whilst another musician, with a cup of sack puts his pipe in tune to sing this medley consisting of six several tunes." The freedom with which Jordan has thought proper to satirise the court, and the notorious ingratitude of Charles the Second to the cavaliers who had assisted in purse and person to reinstate him, is a little extraordinary, Charles being an invited guest, and of course compelled to hear it. Jordan seems to have felt on the conclusion of the "fifth ayre" that he had said quite enough, and excusing himself, turns the subject as loyally as possible; so that he tells us "the conclusion of the song gave occasion for a health to his Majesty, which was cheerfully performed."

FIRST AYRE.

I'LL never trust good fellow more,
For I was told
My shelves should shine with gold,
Bright as Tagus yellow shore:
But now the iron age is gone,
An age of stone
I fear is rolling on;
Or a heavy leaden one.
Old loyalty is cramp'd with cold,
And laid aside like tales too often told.
Or not regarded, because 'tis old:

Our trumpet's turn'd into a shalm,*
 But yet our wounds have neither tent nor balm,
 We freeze in fire, drown in a calm.

SECOND AYRE.

The city now
 And country too,
 Cry out to the court they have nothing to do ;
 The stage and stews,
 Our gallants use,
 And most of our Gentiles are turn'd into Jews ;
 For when justice turns player,
 We may despair
 Of ever having an end on't,
 We have laid all our trade by,
 Ne're worse made by
 Presbyter or Independant:
 It ner'e was so bad
 We ner'e were more mad ;
 But we must needs fall,
 When the dammees get all:

* Sir John Hawkins has engraved in his "History of Music," (vol. ii, p. 450) a representation of the Shalm, from Luscinius' "Musurgia," 1536; he says that its name is derived "from *calamus*, a reed, which is a part of it." It appears to have been a rude and warlike species of hautboy. It has been confounded by some writers with instruments of a totally different construction; the clearest and best account of it to be met with is in Dauney's preliminary dissertation to the "Ancient Scottish Melodies," published from the Skene MS., at Edinburgh, in 1838.

From a king-killing saint,
Patch, powder and paint,
Where e're they be,
Libera nos Domine.

THIRD AYRE.

The world is but a moral cheat,
And every vice is good that's great;
Religion is a nose of wax,
Which politicks use to raise a tax:
Lust is no sin in
Fair white linnen,
Or a fair cambrick frock on:
Yet for pride,
Jane Shore died,
Some say with never a smock on.
The politician
Calls ambition
By the name of honour;
But fortune
Spoils our tune,
A mischief light upon her.

FOURTH AYRE.

Hypocrisie and fair pretences
Convinces
The city, the country, and camp,
And all must pass current,
I'm sure on't,

That come from the mint with a politiek
 stamp,
 The sects we have,
 And gallants brave
 Do the self-same tenet hold,
 For both can turn the gospel into gold;
 To yea and nay
 We were a prey,
 But in this our latter fall,
 Your humble servant, madam, cheats us all.

FIFTH AYRE.

Little we find
 In the turn of the wind
 For consolation;
 Times are well changed, but crimes are the same;
 Nothing is right
 To the minds that delight
 In reformation;
 Pride and ambition are cocks of the game.
 He that can gallant it in the French rode,
 Swear he is valiant, and dance *a-la-mode*,
 By ladies letter-case,
 Shall have a better place,
 Than me or he
 That hath indur'd the lode.

But still I hope that the Vice of the Times
 Will not be permanent, pardon my rhimes,

I'll do no person wrong
With my pen or my tongue,
Though I let fly so high at lofty crimes.

SIXTH AYRE.

Leave off thinking now,
And laugh a little ;
Fall a-drinking too,
And quaff a little.

Good Canary never
Did miscarry ever ;
Drink, or no good fellow will care for ye :
Wine will never prick out popish crotchets,
Sack will never pick at copes and rochets ;
He that hatcheth treason
In a merry season,
Is a fellow void of love and reason.

They that freely tipples, envy none that rise,
But are well contented,
And consented,
(Untormented)
To be truly out of care,
And free from that plague
Which rides like a hag, the wise.

Let us all be merry, laugh, and change our
drink ;
Hold it, fill it, swill it ;

Drink it fair, and do not spill it ;

Take it,

Shake it,

Vive le Roy.

We'll trade

And wade

In no other joy

But drink,

Then drink.*

* Jordan tells us, "after the King's health, the musick play a well composed lively suit of ayres, and make ready for a third song," which is sung "to the tune of *Have at all*," (The words of which are to be found in Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, under the title of the *New Courtier*), and is filled with reflections on the transitory nature of all things, and the follies of the day. The two following stanzas are all that are worth extracting as illustrative of manners; the burthen of the song being "Touch and go."

"The gayest gallants of our age
Are become students of the stage :
Oxford and Cambridge we lay by,
For play-house university ;
Like glow-worms in the night they show,
Whom when the sun
Doth peep upon,
Touch and go.

Another to express vain glory,
Cryes dam-him, ten times in one story ;
He stares and struts at such a rate
As if he'd break St. George's pate ;
But when state stormy winds do blow,
From drums and guns,
Away he runs :
Touch and go."

THE PRODIGALS RESOLUTION.

THIS Song is also printed from Thomas Jordan's "London Triumphant," 1672, where it is simply called "a song." It has been printed with the above title before 1682, as it appears with it in Henry Playford's collection of songs entitled "Wit and Mirth, an Antidote against Melancholy," the third edition of which book appeared in that year. Ritson printed it in his "Ancient Songs," adding the music from Durfey's "Pills to purge melancholy," of which Playford's book (a small 8vo. of 128 pages) was the precursor; and he introduces it with "this Jordan was the professed pageant writer and poet laureat for the city, and, if author of the following piece, seems to have possessed a greater share of poetical merit than usually fell to the lot of his profession."

I AM a lusty lively lad,
Now come to one-and-twenty,
My father left me all he had,
Both gold and silver plenty;
Now he's in grave, I will be brave,
The ladies shall adore me,
I'll court and kiss, what hurt's in this?
My dad did so before me.

My father was a thrifty sir,
Till soul and body sundred,
Some say he was a usurer
For thirty in the hundred;
He scrapt and scratcht, she pinch'd and patch'd,
That in her body bore me,
But I'll let flie, good cause why,
My father was born before me.

My daddy had his duty done
In getting so much treasure;
I'll be as dutiful a son
For spending it in pleasure.
Five pound a quart shall cheer my heart,
Such nectar will restore me;
When ladies call, I'll have at all,
My father was born before me.

My grandam lived in *Washington*,
My grandsir delv'd in ditches,
The son of old John Thrashington,
Whose lanthorn leathern breeches
Cry'd, *Whether go ye? whether go ye?*
Though men do now adore me,
They ne'er did see my pedigree,
Nor who was born before me.

My grandsir striv'd, and wiv'd, and thriv'd,
Till he did riches gather,
And when he had much wealth atchiev'd,
O! then he got my father.
Of happy memory, cry I,
That e're his mother bore him,
I had not been worth one penny
Had I been born before him.

To free-school, Cambridge, and Grays-Inn,
My gray-coat grandsir put him,

Till to forget, he did begin,
The leathern breech that got him:
One dealt in straw, t'other in law,
The one did ditch and delve it,
My father store of satin wore,
My grandsir beggar's velvet.

So I get wealth, what care I if
My grandsir were a sawyer,
My father prov'd to be a chief,
Subtle and learned lawyer.
By Cook's Reports, and tricks in courts,
He did with treasure store me,
That I may say, heavens bless the day
My father was born before me!

Some say of late, a merchant that
Had gotten store of riches,
In 's dining-room hung up his hat,
His staff, and leathern breeches;
His stockings garter'd up with straws,
Ere Providence did store him;
His son was sheriff of London, 'cause
His father was born before him.

So many blades that rant in silk,
And put on scarlet cloathing,
At first did spring from butter-milk,
Their ancestors worth nothing.

Old Adam, and our grandam Eve,
By digging and by spinning,
Did to all kings and princes give
Their radical beginning.

My father, to get my estate,
Though selfish, yet was slavish,
I'll spend it at another rate,
And be as lewdly lavish;
From madmen, fools, and knaves, he did
Litigiously receive it,
If so he did, justice forbid
But I to such should leave it.

At play-houses, and Tennis-court,
I'll prove a noble fellow;
I'll court my doxies to the sport,
Of, O brave *Punchinello* !*

* This is an early notice of this popular character. In the curious and amusing letter-press to Cruikshank's admirable illustrations of the popular puppet-show, now known as "Punch and Judy," its learned author has been unable to discover any earlier notice for his chapter "on the arrival of Punch in England," or that hero's popularity in our own country, than the annals of Anne's reign afforded. But he deduced from the fact "that no writer of the reign of Queen Anne, who notices him at all, speaks of him as a novelty," that he could not have "only recently emigrated from his native country." The above line shows that he was popularly known and appreciated in the reign of Charles II.

I'll dice, and drab, and drink, and stab,
 No Hector shall out-roar me;
 If teachers tell me tales of hell,
 My father is gone before me.

A SONG SUNG AT THE LORD MAYOR'S TABLE,
 IN HONOUR OF THE CITY AND THE
 GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY.

FROM Jordan's "Goldsmiths' Jubile," 1674, see "History of Lord Mayors' Pageants," (Part I, p. 82), Sir Robert Vyner, of the Goldsmiths' Company, being mayor. Charles II, the Queen, the Duke and Duchess of York, Prince Rupert, the Duke of Monmouth, and others of the nobility were present at the banquet in Guildhall.

LET all the Nine Muses lay by their abuses,
 Their ralling, and drolling on tricks of the Strand,
 To pen us a ditty in praise of the city, [mand.
 Their treasure, and pleasure, their pow'r and com-
 Their feast, and guest, so temptingly drest,
 Their kitchens all kingdoms replenish;
 In bountiful bowls they do succour their souls,
 With claret, canary and Rhenish:
 Their lives and wives in plentitude thrives,
 They want neither meat nor money;
 The promised Land's in a Londoner's hand,
 They wallow in milk and honey.

For laws, and good orders, L. mayor, and recorders,
And sheriff, with councils, keep all in decorum ;
The simple in safety from cruel and crafty,

When crimes of the times are presented before 'um.
No town as this in Christendom is,

So quiet by day and night ;
No ruffin, or drab, dares pilfer or stab,
And hurry away by flight :

Should dangers come, at beat of drum,
(It is in such strong condition)

An army 'twould raise in a very few days,
With money and ammunition.

For science, and reading, true wit, and good breeding,
No city's exceeding in bountiful fautors ;*

No town under heaven doth give, or has given,

Such portions to sons, or such dowries to daughters.
Their name and fame doth through all the world flame,
For courage and gallant lives :

No nation that grows, are more curst† to their foes,
Or kinder unto their wives :

For bed and board, this place doth afford

A quiet repose for strangers ;
The lord mayor and shrieves take such order with
thieves,

Men sleep without fear of dangers.

For gownmen, and swordmen, this place did afford men,
That were of great policy, power, and renown ;

* Benefactors.

† Disagreeable.—Cross-grained.

A mayor of this city,* stout, valliant and witty,
Subdu'd a whole army, by stabbing of one;
A traytor, that ten thousand men gat
Together in war-like swarms;
And for this brave feat, his red dagger is set
In part of the city arms.†
Should I declare the worthies that are,
And did to this place belong,
Twould puzzle my wit: and I think it more fit
For a chronicle, than a song.

One meanly descended, and weakly attended,
By Fortune befriended, in this city plac'd,
From pence unto crowns, from crowns unto pounds,
Up to hundreds and thousands hath risen at last.
In chain of gold, and treasure untold,
In skarlet, on horseback to boot;
(To th' joy of his mother) when his elder brother
It may be, has gone on foot.
Such is the fate of temporal state,
For providence thinks it fit,
Since the eldest begat must enjoy the estate,
The youngest shall have the wit.

Plague, famine, fire, sword, as our stories record,
Did unto this city severely fix,

* Sir William Walworth, who slew Wat Tyler.

† See History of Lord Mayors' Pageants, Part I, p. 117, *note*,
for a refutation of this "vulgar error."

And flaming September, will make us remember
One thousand six hundred sixty-six,
When house, and hall, and churches did fall,
(A punishment due for our sin:)
No town so quick burn'd into ashes was turn'd,
And sooner was built agen.
Such is the fate of London's estate,
Sometimes sh' has a sorrowful sup
Of miseries bowl; but to quicken her soul,
For mercy doth hold her up.

Our ruines did show, five or six years ago,
Like an object of woe to all eyes that came nigh us:
Yet now 'tis as gay as a garden in May,
Guildhall and th' Exchange are in *Statu quo prius*.
Our feasts in halls, each company calls,
To treat 'um as welcome men:
The Muses, all nine, do begin to drink wine;
Apollo doth shine agen.
True union and peace makes plenty encrease,
And every trade to spring:
The city so wall'd, may be properly call'd
The chamber of Charles, our king.*

Our princes have been, (as on record is seen),
Good authors and fautors of love to this place;
By many good charters, to strengthen our quarters,
With divers indulgences, favour, and grace.

* *Camera Regis* was a very ancient term for the city.

Their love so much to London is such,
They do, as occasion calls,
Their freedom partake, for society sake,—
Kings have been made free of halls!
If city and court together consort,
This nation can never be undone:
Then let the hall ring with God prosper the king!
And bless the lord mayor of London!

CHORUS OF FIVE VOICES.

But for this honour'd Company, whose kindness this day,
Prepar'd all these triumphs, we have something to say:
For all their future welfare, we heartily pray
That the Goldsmiths, the Goldsmiths,
The Gold and Silver Goldsmiths may,
With gold and silver plenty,
And treasures never empty,
Thrive on 'till the latter day.

THE EPICURE.

FROM Jordan's "Triumphs of London," 1675. I have mentioned (Pageants, Part I, p. 84,) that Ritson has printed this song in his collection of "Ancient Songs," but I omitted to say that the verses there are transposed, the sixth taking the place of the fourth, &c., while the two concluding verses are entirely omitted. He speaks of "a copy of it, with considerable variations, and some additional stanzas in the valuable collection of Major Pearson," which was no doubt printed for the use of the ballad-singers, as many of Jordan's songs were of a popular character, and much sung in his own day. Ritson entitles it "The Town Gallant;" in the pageant it is called "The Epicure; sung by one in the habit of a town gallant," and is thus introduced:—"his lordship and the guests being all seated, the city musick begin to touch their instruments with very artful fingers, and after a lesson being played, and their ears as well feasted as their mouths; an acute person with a good voice, good humour, and audible utterance, (the better to provoke digestion), sings this new droll." I have adopted a few of Ritson's readings where they improve the sense.

LET us drink and be merry, dance, joke and rejoice,
With claret, and sherry, theorbo, and voice;
The changeable world to our joy is unjust,
All treasure's uncertain, then down with your dust;
In frolicks dispose your pounds, shillings, and pence,
For we shall be nothing a hundred years hence.

We'll kiss and be free with Moll, Betty, and Philly,
Have oysters and lobsters, and maids by the belly;
Fish dinners will make a lass spring like a flea,
Dame Venus, love's goddess, was born of the sea;
With her and with Bacchus we'll tickle the sense,
For we shall be past it a hundred years hence.

Your most beautiful bit, that hath all eyes upon her,
That her honesty sells for a hogo of honour, [splendor,
Whose lightness and brightness doth shine in such
That none but the stars are thought fit to attend her ;
 Though now she be pleasant and sweet to the sense,
 Will be damnably mouldy a hundred years hence.

Then why should we turmoil in cares and in fears,
Turn all our tranquillity to sighs and to tears ?
Let's eat, drink, and play, till the worms do corrupt us,
'Tis certain that *Post mortem nulla voluptas* :
 Let's deal with our damsels, that we may from thence
 Have broods to succeed us a hundred years hence.

Your usurer that in the hundred takes twenty,
Who wants in his wealth, and doth pine in his plenty,
Lays up for a season which he ne'er shall see,
The year of one thousand eight hundred and three ;
 His wit, and his wealth, his law, learning, and sense,
 Shall be turned into nothing a hundred years hence.

Your chancery-lawyer, who by subtlety thrives,
In spinning out suits to the length of three lives,
Such suits which the clients do wear out in slavery,
Whilst pleader makes conscience a cloak for his knavery,
 May boast of his subtlety in the present tense,
 But *non est inventus* a hundred years hence.

Your most Christian Mounsieur, who rants it in riot,
Not suffering his more Christian neighbours live quiet;

Whose numberless legions that to him belongs,
Consists of more nations than Babel has tongues :
Though num'rous as dust, in despite of defence,
Shall all lie in ashes a hundred years hence.

We mind not the counsels of such bloody elves,
Let us set foot to foot, and be true to ourselves ;
Our honesty from our good fellowship springs,
We aim at no selfish preposterous things.
Wee'll seek no preferment by subtle pretence,
Since all shall be nothing a hundred years hence.

THE COFFEE HOUSE.

DURING the reign of Charles II, coffee-houses met with such favorable patronage that they quickly spread over the metropolis, and were the usual meeting places of the roving cavaliers who seldom visited home but to sleep. Edward Hatton, in his "New View of London," 1708, vol. i, p. 30, has given a curious account of one of the earliest establishments of the kind: he says, "I find it recorded that one James Farr, a barber, who kept the coffee-house which is now the Rainbow, by the Inner Temple Gate, (one of the first in England), was, in the year 1657, presented by the Inquest of St. Dunstan's in the West, for making and selling a sort of liquor called coffee, as a great nuisance and prejudice to the neighbourhood, &c. And who would then have thought London would ever have had near three thousand such nuisances, and that coffee would have been, (as now), so much drank by the best of quality and physicians." The song here printed from the same pageant as the preceding one, affords a very curious picture of the manners of the times, and the sort of conversation then usually met with in a well frequented house of the sort,—the "Lloyds" of the seventeenth century.

You that delight in wit and mirth,
And love to hear such news
That come from all parts of the earth,
Turks, Dutch, and Danes, and Jews ;
I'll send ye to the rendezvouz,
Where it is smoaking new ;
Go hear it at a coffee-house,
It cannot but be true.

There battails and sea-fights are fought,
And bloody plots displaid ;
They know more things than e're was thought,
Or ever was bewray'd :
No money in the minting-house,
Is half so bright and new ;
And coming from the *Coffee-House*,
It cannot but be true.

Before the navies fell to work,
They knew who should be winner ;
They there can tell ye what the Turk
Last Sunday had to dinner.
Who last did cut Du Ruiter's* corns,

* The Dutch admiral who, in June 1667, dashed into the Downs with a fleet of eighty sail, and many fire-ships, blocked up the mouths of the Medway and Thames, destroyed the fortifications at Sheerness, cut away the paltry defences of booms and chains drawn across the rivers, and got to Chatham, on the one side, and nearly to Gravesend on the other. The king having spent in debauchery the money voted by parliament for the proper support of the English navy.

Amongst his jovial crew ;
Or who first gave the devil horns,
Which cannot but be true.

A fisherman did boldly tell,
And strongly did avouch,
He caught a shole of mackerell,
They parley'd all in Dutch ;
And cry'd out *Yaw, yaw, yaw, mine hare,*
And as the draught they drew,
They stunk for fear that Monk* was there:
This sounds as if 'twere true.

There's nothing done in all the world,
From monarch to the mouse ;
But every day or night 'tis hurl'd
Into the coffee-house :
What Lilly† or what Booker‡ cou'd
By art not bring about,

* General Monk and Prince Rupert were at this time commanders of the English fleet.

† Lilly was the celebrated astrologer of the protectorate, who earned great fame at that time by predicting, in June 1645, "if now we fight, a victory stealeth upon us:" a lucky guess, signally verified in the king's defeat at Naseby. Lilly thenceforth always saw the stars favourable to the Puritans.

‡ This man was originally a fishing-tackle maker in Tower Street, during the reign of Charles I, but turning enthusiast, he went about prognosticating "the downfall of the King and Popery ;" and as he and his predictions were all on the popular side, he became a great man with the superstitious "godly brethren" of that day.

At coffee-house you'll find a brood,
Can quickly find it out.

They know who shall in times to come,
Be either made or undone,
From great St. Peter's-street in Rome,
To Turnbal-street* in London.
And likewise tell at Clerkenwell,
What whore hath greatest gain ;
And in that place what brazen-face
Doth wear a golden chain.

They know all that is good or hurt,
To damn ye or to save ye ;
There is the colledge and the court,
The country, camp, and navy.
So great an university,
I think there ne'r was any ;
In which you may a scholar be,
For spending of a penny.

Here men do talk of every thing,
With large and liberal lungs,

* Turnbal, or Turnbull-street as it is still called, had been for a century previous of infamous repute. In Beaumont and Fletcher's play, "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," one of the ladies who is undergoing penance at the barber's, has her character sufficiently pointed out to the audience, in her declaration that she had been "stolen from her friends in Turnbal Street."

Like women at a gossiping,
With double tire of tongues,
They'll give a broadside presently,
'Soon as you are in view:
With stories that you'll wonder at,
Which they will swear are true.

You shall know there what fashions are,
How perriwigs are curl'd ;
And for a penny you shall hear
All novels in the world ;
Both old and young, and great and small,
And rich and poor you'll see ;
Therefore let's to the coffee all,
Come all away with me.

SONG ON NEW BEDLAM.

BETHLEHEM Hospital, or as it is more usually called, Bedlam, took that name from the original direction of its founder, Simon Fitz-Mary, (sheriff of London in 1246), who desired that in token of subjection and reverence, one mark sterling should be paid yearly at Easter to the bishop of Bethlehem or his nuncio. The earliest notice of lunatics received there is in 1403, when the house afforded shelter to six of them, and three sick persons. It was purchased by the city in 1546. In 1644, forty-four lunatics were kept there, but the revenues did not defray one-third of the expenditure; the house was afterwards enlarged at the expense of the city, who also paid for its maintenance. The building commemorated by this song was commenced in 1675, and completed in the year following, when Jordan composed it to be sung in the Guildhall on Lord Mayor's day, and it is printed

in his pageant for Sir Thomas Davies's mayoralty, 1676, entitled "London's Triumphs." The Lord Mayor is still Governor of this Hospital.

THIS is a structure fair,
Royally raised ;
The pious founders are
Much to be praised,
That in such times of need,
When madness doth exceed,
Do build this house of bread,
Noble New Bedlam.

'Tis beautiful and large
In constitution ;
Deserves a liberal charge
Of contribution.
If I may reach so high
To sing a prophecy,
Their names shall never dye
That built New Bedlam.

Methinks the Lawyers may
Consult together,
And contribute, for they
Send most men thither ;
They put 'em to much pain,
With words that cramp the brain,
'Till Bedlam's fill'd with plain-
tiff and defendant.

Quacking physicians should
Give money freely ;
They maculate men's blood
And make them seely ;
With hydrargyrum pills,
Their reasons and their wills
They ruine, and this fills
Most part of Bedlam.

So good a work as this
Cannot want actors ;
But i'll no more insist
On benefactors,
But hint such as I see
Hypochondriack bee,
That are in some degree
Fit for New Bedlam.

That amorous soul that is
In love a quaker,
And doth adore a miss
More than his Maker,
Decks her in silk and furr,
Then turns idolater,
Kneels down and worships her,
He's fit for Bedlam.

The young man that has got
A golden talent ;
And hath a brain-sick plot

To seem a gallant ;
That richly is array'd,
Spends land, and shop, and trade,
To be a Hector made,
Is fit for Bedlam.

The city-lad that sings,
Rhimes, drolls, and dances,
And all his business flings
Away for fancies ;
He that lets his angels fly,
'Till he's not worth one penny,
To study poetry,
Is fit for Bedlam.

Whilst some with brandy burn
Their guts with drinking ;
Philosophers do turn
Their heads with thinking ;
He who is such a one
As studies for the stone,
'Till's brains and his money's gone,
Prepares for Bedlam.

That churl who gold hath won,
And dares not use it,
But hath a squandering son
Doth game and lose it,
His brains do greatly err :
He that with water cleer
Would fill a colander,
Must do't in Bedlam.

He that with an estate
 Weds a poor beauty,
 Who to disdain and hate,
 Turns love and duty;
 It doth his reason daunt,
 He has a bargain on't,
 Worse than the elephant,
 And's fit for Bedlam.

I could tell many more,
 (I have enroll'd 'em),
 Should I declare my store,
 As I have told 'em;
 With mortar, brick, and stone,
 Could they their building run,
 From thence to Islington,
 'Twould never hold 'em.

THE MAD SECTARY.

FROM Jordan's "London's Triumphs," 1677, where it is printed without a title. It was sung in Guildhall, after dinner, to the tune of "Tom-a-Bedlam," by "one of the city musicians, being attired like a New-Bedlamite, with apt action, and audible voice." It gives a curious detail of the many forms of belief which distracted the religionists of the Cromwellian age; Bishop Corbet had previously written a song which may be found in Percy's "Reliques," in exactly the same measure as this by Jordan; it is called "The Distracted Puritan," but it deals with the madness of that class only, and Jordan may, in the present effusion, have carried out a wish to enlarge the idea of the worthy bishop, if not to rival him.

I AM the woful'st madman,
That e'er came near your knowledge;
I thrice have in
New Prison been,
And twice in Bedlam Colledge:
In hunger, cold, and darkness,
I was a very sad man,
But I will show,
And tell you how
I first became a madman:
Then give me room, give me breath, give me hearing,
My name is Captain Pigeon,
When English-men
Fell out, I then
Did alter my Religion.

A Protestant I first was
The Church is my recorder,
And then I did,
(As I was bid),
Love decency and order:
The Common Prayer and organ,
The surplice, copes, and rotchets,
I then upheld,
'Till I was fill'd
With Presbyterian crotchets.
Then did I turn from the right to the left side,
Amongst a flock of widgeons,
I was so bad,
I fell stark mad,
With changing of religions.

I turn'd a Presbyterian,
And did maintain much foppery ;
The devil and we
Did all agree
To fight and pull down Popery.
We beat up drums for nothing,
The cause looked like a riddle,
Two fools were stout,
And did fall out
Who should lie in the middle.
Then did I turn from the right to the left side,
With a troop of widgeons,
Who filled my brains
With pangs and pains,
Begot by new religions.
Next I turn'd Anabaptist,
And prayed by the spirit;
To preach and print,
Make mouths and squint,
We thought was mighty merit.
We slighted steeple houses,*
Stables we met together in,
With yea and nay
We did betray
Our Presbyterian brethren.
Then presently was the League and the Cov'nant,
(Which destroy'd allegiance),

* The name scornfully bestowed on churches by these men.

Quite tumbl'd down
 With king and crown,
 To let in more religions.

We pulled down all the crosses,
 And gained the people's curses,
 They were so pin'd
 They could not find
 A cross left in their purses.*
 We broke all painted windows,
 In churches and in chappels,
 We did no good,
 But shed the blood,
 Of Lucas, Lises, and Capels.†
 Then did we cry to the right, to the left,
 We'll muster up our legions;
 Then I was Koax't,
 And finely fox't,
 With many mad religions.

Then I became a Brownist,‡
 And was a saint perfidious,

* The coinage of England had generally a large cross upon the reverse; it began to be discontinued, at times, in the reign of Charles I, and was entirely left off during the Commonwealth.

† Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle were shot by Fairfax, at Colchester, in 1648. Lord Capel was beheaded with the Duke of Hamilton, and the Earl of Holland, in Palace-yard, Westminster, March 9th, 1649.

‡ The Brownists, or Separatists, received their name from Robert Brown, who, toward the middle of Elizabeth's reign, was

We preach'd, we pray'd,
 Poor men betray'd,
 And this we call'd religious.
 In pulpits we put red-coates,
 To make our faction prouder,
 They filled our eares
 With bandoliers,
 Pikes, pistols, guns, and powder.
 Then did we cry to the right, to the left,
 We plunder'd pigs and pigeons;
 And thus did I
 At length comply
 With all sorts of religions.

This sect I soon deserted,
 And quickly made an end on't,
 And like an elf
 I made myself
 A plotting Independant.*
 No government they owned,
 As I did understand 'em,
 For they confest
 It pleas'd 'em best
 To reign and rule at random.

a preacher in the diocese of Norwich : he was descended from a good family, and is said to have been a near relation of Lord Burghley. They argued for a total separation from the Church of England, renouncing all communion with her, not only in the prayers and ceremonies, but in hearing the word, and the sacraments.

* This class of men were originally Brownists.

Faces about to the left, to the right,
Wee'll pull down all the regions,
From rocks and shelves
We'll steer our selves,
And be of all religions.

The next I was a Seeker,*
Then I grew something blinder,
For in my youth
I lost the Truth,
And knew not where to find her.

Then I turned Antinomian,†
When I from that was driven,
A Leveller‡
I did prefer,
To make my brains lie even.

But still I cry'd, from the right to the left,
Let's face about, ye widgeons;
For I protest
This is the best
Of all my new religions.

* A sect that obtained its name from the declaration of constantly "seeking the Lord," made by its followers. They were sometimes termed Vanists, after the younger Sir Harry Vane, who was of this persuasion, and, like them all, a great mystic.

† A sect who taught an equality of persons, and justifying faith, or free grace, entirely independent of works.

‡ The Levellers were the bitterest opponents of Charles I, or Ahab, as they termed him, and were for "no king but King Jesus;" they were of most ungovernable turbulence in the early part of the civil wars.

We all had equal lordships,
No power we did pray to.
Fifth Monarchy*
Did then pass by,
And I must do as they do.
This made my judgement stagger,
My brain began to burn too,
I grew amaz'd,
I star'd and gaz'd,
And knew not what to turn to.
Yet still I cry'd, from the right to the left,
Let's face about, ye widgeons,
I'll not take in
Till I have bin
A man of all religions.
I weary was of this, too,
And needs must be a Shaker,†
Which made me sad,
Then I ran mad,
And so became a Quaker.
I changed to an Arminian,
And would have been a Papist,
But having not
Much learning got,

* The Fifth-Monarchy men were violent oppositionists, and believed in an approaching millennium, (the fifth great prophetic monarchy of Scripture—see *Dan.* vii. 13, *Zech.* i. &c.) when Christ would reign for a thousand years, with the saints for his ministers.

† A class of fanatics who excited themselves at all their meetings until they shook and leaped in their prayers.

I last of all turn'd Atheist.
Thus did I fly from the right to the left,
And they will prove but widgeons,
Who in their youth
Let go the truth,
And turn to new religions.

SONG IN PRAISE OF THE MERCHANT-TAYLORS.

FROM Jordan's "London's Glory, or the Lord Mayor's Show," 1680. It is sung in the last pageant, "The Palace of Pleasure," and is a curious specimen of the songs composed expressly in praise of the company to whom the mayor belonged, and who were on these occasions selected for unusual laudation; the city poets regularly insisting on their superiority over all others. This praise was, however, as regularly transferred to another company in the year following.

OF all the professions that ever were nam'd,
The taylor's, though slighted, is much to be fam'd:
For various invention, and antiquity,
No trade with the taylor's compared may be:
For warmth, and distinction, and fashion he doth
Provide for both sexes, with silk, stuff, and cloth.
Then do not disdain him, or slight him, or flout him,
Since, (if well consider'd), you can't live without him.
But let all due praises, (that can be), be made,
To honour and dignifie the taylor's trade.

When Adam and Eve out of Eden were hurl'd,
They were at that time king and queen of the world;

Yet this royal couple were forced to play
The taylers, and put themselves in green array :
For modesty, and for necessity's sake,
They had figs for the belly, and leaves for the back ;
And afterward clothing of sheep-skins they made,
Then judge if a tayler was not the first trade.

The oldest profession, and they are but raylers,
Who scoff and deride men that be merchant-taylers.

Some say that the shomaker's trade doth out-go him,
But I am persuaded it is much below him ;
When he's at the bottom, the tayler's o' th' top,
When the shomaker kneels, the stout tayler stands up,
Embracing and lacing his madam so fair,
And decking her body with robes debonair :
But only this fault I do find with his trade,
Of late there's small diff'rence 'twixt mistress and maid.

And yet, for all that, I do count them but raylers,
Who shall undervalue the brave merchant-taylers.

If princes and people stark naked should go,
Who could their gradations of dignity know ?
It would pretty modest fair virgins perplex,
'Cause nakedness shows the distinction of sex.
And therefore the taylor, to fortifie nature,
By art, in formalities, covers the creature :
To every person he gives a due dress,
Which doth in fit order their callings express.

Then let all your praises be properly made,
To commend and dignifie the taylers trade.

With various persons in habits he deals,
And with outward shapes, inward secrets conceals:
Distortions of body, and foulness of mind,
That under good clothing you can't quickly find:
A miss in high habit hath often been seen,
Though as rank as a goat, yet as rich as a queen;
Such power hath apparel that covers the skin,
All embroyder'd without, and corrupted within.

 This falshood doth not in the tayler's art lurk,
 But in the foul members that set him to work.

Kings, princes, dukes, marquesses, earls, viscounts,
 lords,
Have royal apparel from tayler's shop-boards;
Grave bishops and judges, knights, gentlemen, yeomen,
With all the degrees of men, children, and women;
All sorts and distinctions of land-men and sailors,
Are rob'd, gown'd, and coated, and tackled by taylers.
In gallant apparel your martial-man thunders,
Good clothes and good courage, too, daily do wonders.
 He that hath poor habit, and is out of fashion,
 Is slighted, and seldom obtains estimation.

Nine kings of the brave merchant-taylers are free,
As twenty-two princes and dukes also be;
Twenty-seven bishops, right reverend and good,
And forty-seven earls are of this brotherhood;
With seventy-seven bold barons and lords,
As may be produc'd from our ancient records.

Then judge if the dignify'd tayler have not
Cause for estimation, ne're to be forgot.

Since none of good fashion, but ranters and raylers,
Will wrong the right worshipful, the merchant-
taylers.

THE PROTESTANTS' EXHORTATION.

FROM the same pageant as the preceding. This is a curious specimen of what passed for propriety of opinion at this unsettled period. Hostility to the Catholics is strongly urged, and the "unanimity" at "the late election" insisted on, although Sir Patience Ward, the mayor, from his constant opposition to the encroachments of the court party, was exceedingly unpopular with the king, who managed in the following year, in opposition to the citizens, to get Sir John Moore into the office of mayor, who was a tool in the hands of the court, and entirely betrayed the city. After the sheriffs, (Papillon and Dubois), had been elected in the usual manner, Moore, at the request of the king, set them aside, and nominated others, by drinking to them,—an obsolete custom then done away with, they being always elected by the common hall. A poll being demanded, they were again returned by an immense majority; the mayor then declared the election irregular and riotous, Chief-Justice North and the Council backed him, and Dudley North, (brother to the Chief-Justice), and Rich, both courtiers, were illegally thrust into their places. Actions at law were commenced against Pilkington, the late sheriff, by way of revenge, and he was taxed with accusing the Duke of York with burning London in 1666; he was sentenced to pay £100,000 damages, by the king's packed jury, under the surveillance of his new-formed sheriffs, and Sir George Jefferys, now Recorder of London and rapidly rising in favour. Sir Patience Ward, who did not swear as was wished, was prosecuted with peculiar malevolence, found guilty of perjury, and sentenced to the pillory. Moore was rewarded by having "an honourable addition" granted to his coat-of-arms, "for his great and eminent services to the crown;" which was "the lion of England upon

a *canton*." Never was the British lion more degraded than when placed by a dissolute and unprincipled king upon the arms of a man who, having sworn to protect the citizens' rights as their chief magistrate, betrayed their interests, and paved the way for Charles to deprive them of their charter.

WHAT is the cruel cause
Of our dissention,
That holy and humane laws
Yield no prevention ;
That our poor land hath been
Pull'd all to pieces ;
And still our sorrows keen
Daily increases ?
If you would know for what,
Reason will tell you that
'Tis because we do not
Love one another.

Such a command as this
All power convinces ;
'Twas made by him that is
The prince of princes :
The power of love is of
A fruitfull nature,
When it drops from above
Into the creature ;
It doth corroborate
And fortify a state.
Then, before 'tis too late,
Love one another.

Daily dissensions rise,
Brother 'gainst brother :
Son against father flies,
Daughter 'gainst mother.
Strange contrarieties
Do rule men's reason :
Whilst England's enemies
Are hatching treason.
And driving on that plot,—
(They think we have forgot,)
'Cause they see we do not
Love one another.

If concord be the way
To peace and plenty,
Discord must needs destroy,
And make all empty.
Houses and kingdoms that
Are so divided,
Are in a desperate state,—
Grossly misguided.
The dangers of our land
We never can withstand
'Till we're united, and
Love one another.

Let us not mingle our
Faith with our fancies ;
And leave the substance for
Small circumstances.

Let love and reason work
In us, and on us;
Serpents in secret lurk
To over run us.
Their stinging pens are free
To raise conspiracie,
Which will be foil'd if we
Love one another.

If we do stir up hate
Against our brother,
We prove like fire-brands that
Burn out each other;
Clyents whom lawyers light,
Till they unstate 'em,
Or Dutch and English fight,
When French laugh at 'em.
In such conditions are
Men that love law and war,
And such are those that ne're
Love one another.

In what a doubtful state
Is all our nation:
Without us, Papal hate,
Within us, passion:
And causeless prejudice
Doth still possess us;
'Tis feared our enemies
Will much oppress us.

We shall in snares be caught
By this damn'd Popish plot,
If we in time do not

Love one another,

Let us with hearts and hands,

Joyn all our forces

Against the Romish bands,

Their foot and horses;

For if they get the best,

And overpower us,

We shall ne're live at rest,

They will devour us;

We must in sad restraints,

Be plung'd in woes and wants;

Then let true Protestants

Love one another.

Our unanimity

I' th' late election,

Shew'd that we well agree

In our affection;

Where all men did consent,

Without resistance,

'Twas a good argument

Of Gods assistance.

When men so well agree,

And so concordant be,

'Tis a plain sign that we

Love one another.

THE PLOTTING PAPISTS' LITANY.

FROM the same pageant as the previous song. Jordan tells us that the preceding one "being ended, they handle their instruments again, and play divers new ayres, which having done, three or four habit themselves according to the humour of the song, and one of them chanteth forth another song in the same tune with that last sung." The first verse alludes to the pretended Popish plot of the infamous Titus Oates, which set the nation at that time in a ferment.

THOUGH our plot be betray'd,
 Let us pursue it,
 We need not be dismay'd,
 We will renew it;
 Therefore, let us implore
 Those saints above us,
 Who have done so before,
 And, therefore, love us.
 Joyntly, then, wee'l agree
 To sing a Litany,*
 And let the burden be
 Ora pro nobis.

* Parodies on the Litany were, at this period, far from uncommon. Scarcely any collection of political poems or songs is without several. In Thompson's "Collection of one hundred and eighty Loyal Songs, all written since 1678," is printed "a Litany from Geneva," the ninth verse containing in its last line an allusion to the last of the city laureates, in the words:—

— "from brawny Settle's poem in prose,
 Libera nos domine."

Hone's celebrated defence on his three trials in Guildhall for a similar parody, may be consulted with advantage on the earlier

You that have been, as we,
 Engaged in dangers,
 Listen to us that be
 Heretick-rangers :
 Do you our suit prefer,
 And send unto us,
 Least Doctor Provender
 Do quite undo us.
 You that kings undertake
 To kill, for conscience sake,
 Clement and Raviliac,*
 Ora pro nobis.

You that were two of those
 Excellent members,
 Who did assist in the
 Plot of November's ;

and later history of the same practice. In his book on "Ancient Mysteries," he hints that the celebration of lord mayor's day by a mock Litany on the same spot, might have been among the serviceable precedents cited to the juries, had he been then aware of the existence of the one here reprinted.

* The friar Jacques Clement murdered Henry III of France, because he imagined that he favoured the Protestant party ; pretending business of importance, he gained admission to the king, and while he examined the letters he brought him, stabbed him in the bowels, a wound of which the king died on the following day, the 2nd of August, 1589. Francis Ravailiac, who had been a schoolmaster, murdered the succeeding sovereign, Henry IV, from the same motive, on the 14th May, 1610, in his coach, as he passed through the streets of Paris : his ideas having been strengthened by the infamous preachers of the League, who invariably justified the act of Clement.

What you did leave undone,
That we may do it;
Grant us your orison,
And prompt us to it.
Ye that like hooded hawks,
Wrought in dark lanthorn walks,
Digby* and Guido-Vaux,
Ora pro nobis.

Great Cataline, do thou
Aid and assist us;
That in what we shall do
None may resist us:
Brutus and Cassius,
Inspire us in season,
And qualify us with
Murder and treason.

You that have plotted more
Than men have done before,
Gusman and Gudemore,†
Ora pro nobis.

* Sir Everard Digby can only claim the dishonourable distinction of a mention with Guido Fawkes, to the neglect of such men as Catesby, from the circumstance of the leading position his wealth and connections enabled him to take in this celebrated conspiracy. A curious relic of the most courageous of the band exists in the Bodleian picture gallery; it is the lanthorn found upon Guido Fawkes when he was discovered in the vaults beneath the Houses of Parliament.

† Count Gondomar was ambassador from Spain to the court of King James I. He was greatly desirous of perfecting the proposed marriage of Prince Charles with the Infanta of Spain, and

Woolsey, that liv'd i' th' reign
Of old King Harry;
And you o' th' flaming train
To Phil. and Mary,
Teach us, that we with sticks,
Fire-brand, and fuel,
May burn all hereticks,
And prove as cruel.
You that consum'd by fire
Ridley and Latimer,
Bonner and Gardiner,
Ora pro nobis.

You that with arguments
Sophisticated,
Rais'd several discontents,
As 'tis related:
You that made subjects
Forsake their obedience,

his intrigues made him exceedingly unpopular in England. He was mainly instrumental in bringing Raleigh to the block, and obtained great ascendancy over that weak-minded sovereign, King James I, by flattering his weaknesses, until, as he boasted to the Spanish court, "he thought more of their interests than of those of his own family." James had an eager desire to parade his learning, and Gondomar was a good Latin scholar, and, as one means of ingratiating himself with the king, used to talk bad Latin in his presence, that he might have the pleasure of publicly correcting him, Gondomar loudly protesting he spoke it on the authority of most learned teachers. "He was," says Hume, "a man whose flattery was the more artful, because covered with the appearance of frankness and sincerity; whose politics were the more dangerous, because disguised under the masque of mirth and pleasantry."

And taught them to abhor
 Oaths of allegiance :
 You that could souls trappan,
 With disputes off and on,
 Parsons and Campion,*
 Ora pro nobis.

You Irish champions, that
 In warlike manner,
 Against the Church and State
 Advanc'd your banner ;
 Raise up our spirits, we
 May be courageous ;
 England's o'erthrow will be
 Much advantageous :
 Fitz-Gerald† and Tyrone,‡

* Executed with other Romish priests during the reign of Elizabeth, for a pretended conspiracy against her life ; the writing and distributing of works favourable to the Church of Rome was all that could be clearly proved against them.

† The rebellion of Lord Thomas Fitzgerald occurred during the reign of Henry VIII, in the year 1533, upon a belief that his father, the Earl of Kildare and lord deputy of Ireland, who had been summoned to England, had been executed in the Tower for treason, a charge of that crime having been made against him by his enemies the Butlers. Lord Thomas and his five uncles had possession of the six strongest castles in Ireland, and their insurrection became most formidable ; after defeating the English forces he was ultimately obliged to surrender to them on their promise of a free pardon. "The five brethren," his uncles, were treacherously seized at a banquet, and after a long and cruel imprisonment in the Tower of London, they were all beheaded with their nephew, the young Earl, in February 1537.

‡ The Earl of Tyrone headed the Irish rebellion in the latter years of the reign of Elizabeth, in which he was much assisted

To you we cry, O hone!
Gregory and Pope Joan,
Ora pro nobis.

Hubert, whose fatal brand
First fir'd the city,*
By hereticks' command,
Dy'd without pity:
Coleman,† that great statist,
Whose brains were working,

by the Spanish king, in revenge for the assistance that queen had given to the States of Holland, who had revolted from their allegiance to him in the early part of her reign. Tyrone was finally defeated on Christmas Eve, 1601, when he advanced against the English army, under Lord Mountjoy, at Kinsale, with a force of 6000 native Irish, and 400 foreigners, to the assistance of Don Juan D'Aguilar, who was in that town with 4000 Spanish troops. This victory, and the ravages of famine, brought the Irish to extremities, and Tyrone, after flying from place to place, surrendered to Mountjoy at the end of 1602, on a promise of life and lands, which the queen reluctantly obeyed. During the reign of James I, he was suspected of engaging in a new rebellion, and fled into Spain, leaving his enormous possessions as a forfeiture to the crown.

* This Hubert was a Frenchman, who was notoriously insane, and he accused himself of having, with two others, set fire to the first house burnt in the great fire of 1666. There were none to prosecute or accuse him, and his confession was so disjointed, and so clearly betrayed the state of his intellects, that the chief-justice told the king he could not believe him guilty. He was evidently a poor distracted wretch, weary of his life, and anxious to part with it in this way. Yet the jury found him guilty, and the king and judges, notwithstanding their conviction, allowed him to be executed.

+ Coleman was the secretary and confidential agent of the Duke of York, afterwards King James II, and was accused in

Whilst Jesuit and priest
 In holes lay lurking ;
 This plot to pass to bring,
 Stout Grove and Pickering,*
 Employed to kill the king,
 Ora pro nobis.

You that in bloody ways
 Have lately trod free,
 Who set an end to th' days
 Of justice Godfrey,†
 Though a prais'd magistrate,
 He was against us,
 And did deserve our hate,
 And much incens'd us :

1678, by the infamous Titus Oates, as the chief conspirator in the famous Popish Plot for the destruction of Charles II, and the introduction of the Romish religion. It was proved from his own letters, (perhaps to the surprise of Oates), that he had applied both to the Pope and others for money and assistance in "the utter ruin of the Protestant Party," and he was executed as a traitor.

* These two were the men who, according to Oates and Bedloe, were employed by the Popish party to shoot Charles II. Upon the perjured and contradictory evidence of these two scoundrels they were found guilty and executed. They died professing their innocence, but the received opinion about Jesuitism prevented alike any belief, and any pity.

† Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, who had taken the depositions on the Popish plot, and excited himself greatly in the matter. He was found murdered immediately afterwards, a circumstance that inflamed the whole nation, and gave the greatest strength to Oates's perjuries.

Green, Bury, Hill,* that dy'd,
 Although for murther try'd,
 By us y'are sanctify'd.

Ora pro nobis.

Ireland and Whitebread,† too,
 Harcourt and Turner,‡
 For whom there is in woe
 Many a close mourner ;

* These three men, who were employed about the Queen's Chapel at Somerset House, (from whence Sir Edmundbury Godfrey had disappeared), were hung at Tyburn for his murder, upon the evidence of one Prance, a Catholic Silversmith, who had, it appears, been tortured to confess, and had accused these unfortunate men to free himself from prison, and save his life. Primrose Hill, near London, close to which the body of Godfrey was found, was at this time re-named "Greenberry Hill," from the names of the three supposed murderers. The smaller hill beside it, now formed into a reservoir, was previous to that change, called by the lower classes, "bloody hill," probably in reference to the same event.

† Both these men were accused by Titus Oates as the prime movers of the Popish plot to assassinate King Charles II. Ireland was a Catholic priest, and Grove and Pickering, who were to do the murder, acted under the direction of him and the others, it was said. Ireland was tried by Lord Chief-Justice Scroggs at the Old Bailey, December 17th, 1678, and was executed at Tyburn on the 2nd of January following. Whitbread, styled in his trial "Thomas White, alias Whitbread, Provincial of the Jesuits in England," was tried on the 13th of June, 1679, and was executed at Tyburn on the 20th of the same month.

‡ William Harcourt and Anthony Turner were tried with Whitbread for participation in the Popish plot, and executed on the same day with him. Harcourt was termed by Oates the popish "rector of London." Turner was also a priest.

Fenwick and Gaven,* and
 Langhorn the learned,†
 That plotted hand in hand,
 'Till 'twas discerned ;
 Who by the laws of late,
 And heretical hate,
 Did all submit to fate,
 Ora pro nobis.

THE PLANTERS' SONG.

THIS is another specimen of a *trade-song*; it occurs in Jordan's "London's Joy," for Sir John Moore of the Grocers' Company, who was mayor in 1681. It was sung in the last pageant that day exhibited, "an Indian Garden of Spices," emblematic of their trade;—"on this stage are several planters, tumblers, dancers and vaulters, all blacks, men and women, who are supposed to be brought over by the Governess, (*Fructifera*), to celebrate the day, and to delight his lordship with their ridiculous rusticity, and mimical motion; one of which crew having a song composed for the purpose, being endued with a melodious voice, doth in a proper posture extend his jawes, and chanteth out this madrigal to a pleasant tune."

* John Fenwick is called in the state trials "Procurator for the Jesuits in England." John Gavan, alias Gawen, was a priest, and these two men were also sacrificed to the perjury of Oates, on the same day as the others, and for the same pretended plot to murder Charles, and establish Popery.

† Richard Langhorn was a lawyer of the Temple, and, according to Oates, was employed as solicitor for the Jesuits, and in connexion with the enemies of the state and religion, both in Spain and St. Omer's. He was tried on the 14th of June, 1679, and executed at Tyburn on the 14th of the following July.

WE are jolly planters who live in the East,
And furnish the world with delights when they feast;
For by our endeavours this country presumes
To fit them with physic, food, gold, and perfumes.

Our trading is whirl'd
All over the world,

In vast voyages on the ocean so curl'd: [know
France, Spain, Holland, England, have sent men to
Where jewels are found, and how spices do grow;
Where voyagers with a small stock have been made,
By the wealthy returns of an East India trade.

From torments or troubles of body or mind,
Your bonny brisk planters are free as the wind;
We eat well to labour, and labour to eat,
Our planting doth get us both stomach and meat.

There's not better physic
To vanquish the phthisic,
And when we're at leisure our voices are music;
And now we are come with a brisk drolling ditty,
To honour my lord; and to humour the city.
We sing, dance, and trip it, as frolick as ranters;
Such are the sweet lives of your bonny brave planters.

Our weighty endeavours have drams of delight,
We slave it all day, but we sleep well at night;
Let us but obtain a kind hour to be merry,
Our digging and delving will ne'er make us weary.

And when we do prate
In reasons of state,

What's wanting in wit will be made up in weight;
They'll currently pass I do simply suppose,
At them no wise man will take pepper i' th' nose.
No vaunters, or flawnters, or canters, or ranters,
Do lead such a life as the bonny brave planters.

Of cinnamon, nutmegs, of mace, and of cloves,
We have so much plenty they grow in whole groves;
Which yield such a savour, when Sol's beams do bless
 'em,

That 'tis a sweet kind of contentment to dress 'em.

Our sugars and gums,

Our spices and plums,

Are better than battels of bullets and drums.

From wars and battalias we have such release,

We lie down in quiet and rise up in peace;

We sing it, and dance it, and jig it, and skip it,

Whilst our Indian lasses do gingerly trip it.

Our gracious good governess hath brought us over

To England and London, that we may discover

The generous triumphs that this year doth wait

To honour the day of their wise magistrate,

 A merchant of fame,

Let's love him for shame;

For *moor* is our nature, and *MOOR* is his name;

They feast him with dainties, in peace let him reign,

The more is his honour, the more is our gain.

God prosper the king and enthrone him with bliss,

And bless the lord mayor who his lieutenant is.

No ranters, or vaunters, or chaunters, or flaunters,
Doth lead such a life as the bonny boon planters.

SONG OF THE CLOTH-WORKERS.

PRINTED at the end of Settle's "Triumphs of London, prepared for the entertainment of the Right Honourable Sir Thomas Lane," 1694. His lordship was one of the Clothworkers Company, and this trade-song may be taken as a favourable specimen of its class.

COME all the nine sisters, that fill the great quire,
For here's a rich theme must the Muses inspire.

The Clothworkers' glory,
So fair lies before ye;

So famous and antient their honour begun,
When Adam first delv'd and our mother Eve spun.

Nor the gold, nor the pearl old England shall lack,
You send out your cloth, and the Indies come back.

On your fair foundation
The wealth of the nation,

Our wool and our web, the supporters of crowns,
'Tis wooll-sacks found bridges, and fleeces build towns.

Whilst thro' twelve starry signs, as Astronomers say,
To circle the year, drives the great god of day.

Thro' Aries and Taurus,
Triumphant and glorious,

Whilst the ram in the heavens does so splendid appear,
'Tis the Clothworkers' crest begins the fair year.

Two griffons of gold, your supporters so fair,
These compounds of lyon and eagle wait there.

The lyon, 'tis true, sirs,
In homage to you, sirs,
As lord of the land, and the eagle of the ayr,
To the Clothworkers glory their fealty bear.

The thistle, the Clothworkers servant so kind,
Long glitt'ring with gold in their scutcheon has shined;

The thistle, 'tis true, sirs,
To give her her due, sirs,
With the fair English rose, both of royal renown,
To the Clothworkers honour, the thistle and crown.

Since fortune's fleet wheel, and the great book of doom,
With life but a thread is the work of the loom,

The Fates, those dire sisters,
Our destiny twisters;
'Tis clothworking all. For living or dead,
'Tis he's only blest that spins a fair thread.

THE VINTNERS' SONG.

FROM Elkanah Settle's "Triumphs of London," for Sir Samuel Dashwood, of the Vintners' Company, mayor in 1702. Queen Anne dined in the Guildhall on this occasion, "with Prince George of Denmark, and the highest nobility of the kingdom." The song here printed occurs at the end of the descriptive pamphlet, and was sung in the Hall. No other pageant was ever publicly performed: that written for 1708 was not exhibited, owing to the death of Prince George of Denmark the day before. For that pageant no songs were written, so that this is the *last* song of the *last* city poet, and a better specimen than usual of his powers.

COME, come, let us drink the vintners' good health,
'Tis the cask, not the coffer, that holds the true wealth;
If to founders of blessings we pyramids raise,
The bowl, next the sceptre, deserves the best praise.
Then, next to the queen, let the vintners' fame shine,
She gives us good laws, and they fill us good wine.

Columbus and Cortez their sails they unfurl'd,
To discover the mines of an Indian world,
To find beds of gold so far they could roam:
Fools! fools!—when the wealth of the world lay at
home.

The grape, the true treasure, much nearer it grew,
One Isle of Canary's worth all the Peru.

Let misers in garrets hide up their gay store,
And heap their rich bags to live wretchedly poor;
'Tis the cellar alone with true fame is renown'd,
Her treasure's diffusive, and cheers all around:
The gold and the gem's but the eye's gaudy toy,
But the vintners' rich juice gives health, life, and joy.

FINIS.



THE
LIFE AND MARTYRDOM
OF
THOMAS BEKET,

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY,

FROM THE SERIES OF LIVES AND LEGENDS NOW PROVED
TO HAVE BEEN COMPOSED BY

ROBERT OF GLOUCESTER.

EDITED BY
WILLIAM HENRY BLACK,

ONE OF THE ASSISTANT KEEPERS OF THE
PUBLIC RECORDS.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,
BY T. RICHARDS, 100, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

M.DCCC.XLV.

THE

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THOMAS BEECHER.

ASSASSINATED BY THE

REBELS OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES

BY ROBERT OF GLOUCESTER

EDITED BY

WILLIAM HENRY BLACK

WITH A HISTORY OF THE REBELLION

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE FREE PRESS SOCIETY

BY T. WILKINS, 10, ST. MARK'S LANE

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1840

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PREFACE.

OF the legends in old English Alexandrine verse, which constitute a complete *Liber Festivalis* in metre, for the whole year, one has already been presented to the members of the Percy Society, by Mr. Wright, in the publication (No. XLVIII) for August 1844; namely that of Saint Brandan. That is distinguished above others by the singularity of its subject-matter: the present is one of those lives of saints, which relate to English history, and is by far the largest in the whole work. Not only does it afford such a view of the life and character of that remarkable prelate THOMAS BEKET, the far-famed Saint of Canterbury, as was popularly entertained from the time of his death to the Reformation, but it fixes the period of the authorship of these legends, and, above all, enables us to ascertain the name of their author.

Numerous copies of the whole, or of detached portions of this work, are extant in manuscript, and extracts from them have been given by vari-

ous authors; among whom may be mentioned Ashmole, in whose "Institution of the Order of the Garter"* are given five lines of the Life of Becket, from a valuable MS. in his own collection at Oxford, now marked No. 43. That copy contains no fewer than ninety-five articles, beginning imperfectly with Saint Wolstan, (whose day falls on the 19th of January,) and ending with Saints Oswald, Thomas of Canterbury, and Edward the Confessor: they are all in the order of the calendar except these last, whose days are 5th August, 29th December, and 5th January respectively. Two of them, therefore, are wrongly placed, and Becket's life is, of all the saints or festivals treated of by this author, the latest in the year. In the Harleian MS. 2277, which begins with Benedict Abbat (this copy being defective as far as 21st March),† the life of Becket is the latest which

* 1672, fol. p. 21.

† "Its imperfection at the beginning may have deprived us of the author's name, which after much search I cannot now retrieve; having little reason to believe him to be that John Goldestone mentioned by Pits, p. 407, who is said to have compiled *Sermones de Sanctis*, and to have flourished A.D. 1320, because it does not appear that he was poetically given, or that he wrote in the English tongue; and besides, the handwriting of this MS. seems to be older than that year."—"Although the name of our old English poet may at this time be difficult to find out, yet the thing itself is of

relates to *saints*; but legends of Judas Iscariot and Pontius Pilatus follow. It is from this latter manuscript that the text of the following pages, as well as that of Saint Brandan's legend, is printed: both manuscripts are of one age, the latter part of the reign of Edward I., having been written (as nearly as can be conjectured) about the year 1300. The Editor has not found opportunity of using any other manuscript, except some parts of the Arundel MS. No. 8, in the Heralds' Office, which is as late as the middle of the fifteenth century, and contains only the legends of Michael the archangel, and Thomas Beket, following a copy of the Brute Chronicle, which terminates with the death of King Henry V.

In his description of the last mentioned manuscript, the Editor first put forth an opinion, in 1829, that these legends "were evidently written in the time of Edward the First, and very probably by the author of the Chronicle called Robert of Gloucester's, the style and metre of which bear a considerable value, not only upon account of its rarity, (I not remembering to have met with any other exemplar of it), but also for the purity of its language, its age considered, and the correctness of him who wrote it."—(Wanley, *Harleian Catalogue*, II. 637, 639.) There are, however, several MSS. in the Bodleian, especially the Vernon MS., and at Cambridge, beside Harl. 2250 in the British Museum, which last does not contain the life of Beket.

complete resemblance to these compositions.”* In the same year, Sir Frederick Madden avowed the same opinion, in his edition of *Havelok the Dane*, which passed through the press at the same time as the Editor’s work here quoted. Shortly after, the Editor had the opportunity of confirming that opinion, by perusal (among others) of the poem contained in these pages, which affords demonstrative proof of the identity of authorship between the *Chronicle of England* and the *Lives and Legends*. When therefore the Ashmolean MSS. passed under his review, for a critical description of their contents, in 1831 and following years, he hesitated not to intitle the before-mentioned manuscript (No. 43), thus:—
 “Lives of Saints and Legends of the Festivals, in the order of the English calendar, composed in Alexandrine verse by ROBERT OF GLOUCESTER, the author of the antient Metrical History of England.”†

A scanty acquaintance with our early language is enough to refute the erroneous opinion of Warton, (who has quoted the first lines of

* “Catalogue of the Arundel Manuscripts in the Library of the College of Arms, 1829. Not published.” (London, 8vo.) p. 14.

† Catalogue of the Ashmolean MSS. by W. H. Black, (Oxford, 1845, 4to.) col. 64-68.

Beket's Life from a Bodleian MS.)* that this work was written in the time of Richard I.; the notice of the translation of Beket, from his grave to a costly shrine, which took place in 1220, disproves it at once. Moreover, there is the life of one English Saint contained in the series, who was the *seventh successor* of Beket in the see of Canterbury, and died so late as 16th November 1242,—namely Edmund, commonly called of 'Pounteney' or Pontigny, from his burial-place in France.† This Archbishop was canonized in 1246: therefore the work could not have been written till the middle of the thirteenth century, about which time Robert of Gloucester flourished. His Chronicle comes down to the year 1270;‡ and if the last leaf of the Cottonian MS. had been preserved, it would doubtless appear to have terminated with the death of King Henry III, in 1272, or the coronation of Edward I. Unfortunately we know nothing certain about the author, except one autobiographical notice in his Chronicle: for the manuscripts of that work are as destitute of title or colophon, as those of the Legends

* History of English Poetry, (8vo. ed.) i. 19.

† Harl. MS. 2277, f. 155. Ashm. MS. 43, f. 177. See also Hearne's extracts from Mr. Sheldon's MS., in his Glossary to Robert Mannyng, ('Langtoft's Chronicle'), pp. 607-609, and 611.

‡ See p. 570 of the printed copies.

are. The only authentic manuscript, which is in the Cottonian Collection, Caligula A. XI., has this modern heading, "*Historia Regum Angliæ ad Henricum Tertium, a Roberto Glocestrensi, qui eodem tempore floruit,*" which is not older than Sir Robert Cotton's time; and, whatever evidence might then have existed for that name, certainly none of a direct nature is now known, although the passage alluded to strongly confirms it. The author describes a great darkness which happened on the day of "the murder of Evesham," ("for battle it was not," says he); and adds "*for thirty miles thence, this saw ROBERD, who first this book made, and was well sore afeard.*"* The event happened on the 4th of August, 1265. The distance of Evesham from Gloucester, being about twenty-five miles, well agrees with the supposition, (if it were no more than a supposition,) that this Robert was a man of Gloucester; and the dialect of his work agrees equally well with that of the county.

It has already been shown that the exact similarity of versification, style, phraseology, and dialect, first led the Editor to consider both works to be the production of one and the same author: but the *proof* of this opinion consists in the identity of considerable portions of the Life

* Printed text, p. 560; and Hearne's Preface, p. lxviii.

of Becket with the text of the Chronicle. The most remarkable of these is the description of the murder, where thirty successive lines are alike in both poems; but neither these nor any other passages, which exactly correspond, can be considered as interpolations, but are evidently as genuine portions of the Chronicle as they are of the Legend. For the better manifestation of the fact, all that portion of the Chronicle, which relates to Becket's life and disputes with the King, his murder and its consequences, and his translation, is given in the Appendix, from the Cottonian MS.,* and such references are made in the notes, from one text to the other, as will enable the reader easily to find the corresponding passages, and to arrive at the inevitable conclusion, that they have both proceeded from one mind and one pen. It might indeed be said that they are inseparably parts of each other, but for the fact that the details of Becket's history are omitted in the great compilation, founded on the basis of Robert of Gloucester's "Englysshe geste in ryme," which was finished on the 6th of August, 1448, and is preserved among the MSS. in the

* It will be seen in the Appendix that one whole line, omitted by Hearne, has been restored, by following the MS. rather than the printed text.

Heralds' Office.* In that copy, after the eighth line of the portion quoted in the Appendix, no fewer than eight pages and a half of Hearne's text are left out, and the following lines are inserted in the stead, amongst the prose additions made by compiler of that historical manuscript:—

“And many other thingus mo, of Seynt Thomas dedes,
That felle by twixt him and the Kyng, in his Lif may me
rede.

In the xj. C. yere of grace, this good man, Seynt Thomas,
And lxxj. thus imartired was.” (Fol. 246.)

Let it not be supposed that these are genuine lines of the original poet, for the compiler of that manuscript has taken the liberty of altering Robert's text throughout, and of adding or omitting *ad libitum*. The variations, at the foot of Hearne's pages, are a proof of this; although they afford no adequate idea of the extent to which the original work has been altered, by the anonymous historian. It is remarkable that he refers, in the lines here quoted, to the “Life” of Beket, which in all probability was the poem contained in these pages: for, although numerous Latin historians are quoted by name, in the prose additions, the only reference to a written testimony occurring in the old *ryme*, is to the metrical ‘romance’ of

* Fully described in W. H. Black's Catalogue of the Arundel MSS., No. 58, pp. 104-110.

Richard Cœur de Lion, which is given at full length in the Heralds' MS., while here, probably by reason of the greater frequency of copies of the Saints' Lives, he contents himself with referring to the Legend of Thomas; and this reference may, perhaps, be regarded as the indication of an acknowledgment that the two works had proceeded from one author.

There are fifteen or sixteen Lives of other English Saints contained in the work from which this of Becket is taken; among which may be traced some other correspondences with the same author's Chronicle. These, being short, may occupy the pages of some future publications of the Percy Society, and serve to throw some farther light on the interesting question of their authorship. Certainly they would greatly contribute to illustrate an edition of the metrical Chronicle, from the contemporary manuscript in the Cottonian collection, part only of which has been printed by Hearne, and that without the opportunity of collating his printed sheets with the original, by reason of his distance from London. Should the Editor's time permit, and the Council of the Society approve, he would gladly undertake the performance of what is due to so venerable a writer, and one who has for almost half his life been one of his favorite authors.

The text of the following pages is taken from the Harleian MS. beforementioned, written little later than the author's own time. The Editor has thought proper to preserve, in every line, the *colon* which marks the *cæsura*, as in that and other antient copies: in the best manuscript of the chronicle a single point occurs, both in the middle and at the end of every line. In addition to a modern punctuation in other respects, he has carefully marked those syllables which need to be peculiarly accented or distinctly expressed, for the completion of the metre, which will be found tolerably regular, and equivalent (if each couplet were divided into four lines) to the later ballad-measure, or the 'common metre' and 'short metre' of modern psalmody. Hearne's glossary to the chronicle will serve equally to explain this legend, to those who are unaccustomed to the language of the thirteenth century.

The portrait of Becket, prefixed to this work, is copied in facsimile from an antient drawing with pen and ink, among other religious pictures, in the Black Book of the Receipt of the Exchequer, preserved in the Public Record Office, Rolls House; where it follows a Calendar of Saints' Days, and extracts from the Gospels, formerly used in the administration of oaths in the Court of Receipt. This picture is not less remarkable

for its apparent authenticity (being at least as old as Becket's translation in 1220) than for the singular fact of its escape from the destruction levelled by King Henry VIII against every relic and vestige of the saint that his fury could reach, not excepting his very name. The Society is indebted to the kindness of Mr. Fairholt, for the gratuitous execution of the engraving.

W. H. BLACK.

Mill Yard, London,

27th June, 1845.

THE LIFE AND MARTYRDOM

OF

THOMAS BEKET,

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

GILBERT was Thomas fader name: that truë was and
god,

And lovede God and holi church: siththe he wit un-
derstod.

The croicë to the holie lond: in his 3unghede he nom,
And mid on Richard, that was his man: to Ierusálem
com.

There hi dude here pelrynage: in holi stedës faste,
So that among the Sarazyns: ynome hi were atte laste,
Hi and other Cristene men: and in strong prisoun ido,
In meseise and in pyne ynou3: of hunger and chile also.
In strongë swynchë nizt and dai: to ofswynche here
metë stronge:

In such swynch and hardë lyve: hi bilevede (hem
tho3të) longe. 10

For ful other half 3er: greate pyne hi hadde and schame,

In the Princes hous of the lawe: Admiraud was his
name.

Ac Gilbert of London: best grace haddē there,
Of the Prince and allē his: among alle that ther were.
For oftē al in feteres: and in othe[r] bende,
The Prince he servede atte mete: for him thoȝte hende.
And ofte the Prince al so god: in consail him wolde
drawe,

And of the manere of Engeland: him eschce, and of the
lawe.

So that me wolde his felawes: moche god oftē do,
For his love, and hi furde: the bet for him also. 20
And nameliche thurf a maide: that this Gilbert lovede
faste,

The Princes douȝter Admiraud: that hire hurte al upe
him caste;

That lovede him in durnē love: in gret murnynge
and in wo.

For the Princes heir heo was: for he hadde children no mo.
Of hire he hadde lutē blisse: and lutē harm hit was,
For heo com to betere ende: as ȝe schulle ihure that cas.
This maide that lovede so: this man durnēliche,
Heo spac tho heo seȝ hire tyme: with him priveiliche;
And eschtē him of Engēlonde: and of the manere there,
And of the lyf of Cristene men: and what here bile-
vē were. 30

The manere of Engēlonde: this Gilbert hire tolde fore,
And the toun het Londone: that he was inne ibore;
And the bileve of Cristene men: this blisse withouten
ende,

In hevene schal here mede beo: whan hi schulle hennē
wende.

“Woldestou,” quath this maide tho: “ho so it wolde
bede the,”

Tholie deth for thi Louerdes love?” this Gilbert seide “3e;”
And that him werē swithē leof: ho so him therto brou3te.
Tho this maide him ise3 so stedefast: heo stod longe in
tho3te.

“Ich wole,” heo seide, “al mi lond: leve for love of
the,

“And Cristene womman bicomē: if thu wolt spousi
me.” 40

Tho Gilbert ihurdē this: he stod in gretē tho3t,
And feignede his word her and ther: and ne grantede
no3t.

And seide he was al to hire wille: bote he moste bithenche,
For he was stronge adrad 3ut: of wommanes wrenche.
He drof hire evere biheste: this maidē longede sore,
And lovede him durnēliche: evere the leng the more.
Gilbert and his felawes siththe: as God the gracē sende,
Prisoun brekē and by nizte: out of the londē wende.
Thereve amorwe that hem scholde: to herē labour lede,
Nuste he tho he mistē hem: what him was to rede. 50
Faste he sude after hem: he and othere mo,
Ac er hi come to Cristene men: me ne mi3t hem no3t
ofgo.

Ac whan hi ne mi3te no3[t] hem oftake: a3en hi turndē
tho,

And dude here beste a3ē the Prince: ac evereft he
was wo.

The maidē makede deol ynouȝ: that heo was evere ibore,
For al the ioye of thisse lyve: hire thuȝte heo hadde
forlore.

Heo wep and makede so moche deol: that me ne hurde
nevere more,

Ne telle of womman that me wiste: that love abouȝte
so sore.

For bi niȝte heo wende alone: heo nustē whoderward,
And of spensē with hire nom: to sichē Gilbard. 60

And bilevede al hire grete heritage. and hire cun also,
And ne sparede for no sorewe: that miȝte come hire to;
Ne for siknisse, ne for deth: ne for sorewe, ne for wo,
Ne for peryl in the see: na londe nothe mo;

Ne that heo scholde among Cristene men: vilere than
an hound beo,

Ne that hi ne knewe hire spechē noȝt: ne heo nuste
whoderward teo;

Ne whar he scholde alyve: this Gilbert fyndē oȝt,
Ne whar he wolde hire spousi: whan heo him hadde
al isoȝt.

And nathēles heo wendē forth: with wel god pas.
Hou thinȝth thou, nas heo hardi noȝt? for gode me
thinȝth heo was. 70

Heo nom and eschte to Engēlonde: and gret peryl
an hondē nom,

So that in pyne and wo ynou: atte laste heo com.

And tho heo was alles thider icome: heo ne couthe
Englich word non,

Bote "Londone, Londone:" to esche whoderward gon.

And therthurf me taȝte hire the wei: so that heo thider
com,

And ȝeode aboutē as a best: that ne couthē no wysdom,
 As heo were of another wordle: that folc thicke
 ynouȝ,
 To biholde such a mopisch best: aboute hire ther drouȝ.
 And nameliche ȝungē childerne: and wyldē boyes also,
 For the wonder suede hire: and scornede hire
 therto. 80

So that mid noyse and cri ynouȝ: attan ende bi cas,
 Tho heo com aȝē thulkē hous: ther this Gilbert was,
 As Seint Thomas was inne ibore: joyful was that cas,
 Ther is nouth an hospital: arerd of Seint Thomas.
 As Richard therinnē was: the noyse he ihurdē there,
 Out he ȝeodē forte awaite: what that wonder were.
 He stod, tho he hire ikneu: as a man that were forlore,
 In gret wonder he orn in: and tolde his louerd fore.
 This Gilbert thoȝtē wonder gret: ac thenchésoun wel
 he thoȝte;

He het Richard that he hire nome: and amid a god
 wyf broȝte 90
 Ther biside, that faire ynou: and with fair semblant
 hire nom.

Attan endē tho this Gilbert: bifore this maidē com.
 This maidē ful upriȝt iswoȝe: tho heo him iseȝ,
 That deol was among al that folc: that ther was tho
 neȝ.

This Gilbert him huld somdel stille: as him nothing
 nere;

Ac six Bischopes thulkē tyme: at Seint Poulēs were,
 As hit were at a parlēment: for neodēs of the londe,

This Gilbert in this wonder cas: him gan understonde,
 And ȝeode and toldē everechdel: red alto afonge. [100
 Therof hem wondrede alle: and in consail stodē longe.
 The Bischop furst of Chichestre: his avys seidē thanne,
 That hit was a bitokninge: of God and noȝt of manne;
 And that God wolde that hi were ispoused: and such
 cas sende therfore,

And that ther mizte sum holi child: bituene hem beon
 ibore.

Therefore alle hi radde: and bituene hem gonne biseo,
 That this Gilbert hire scholde spousi: if heo wolde
 Cristene beo.

So that this maide amorwe: tofore this Bischops com.
 Hi radde hire for Gilbertes love: afongē Cristendom.
 "Wel fawe," quath this maidē tho: "if he me wolde
 spousi oȝt.

"For ȝe mowe alle understonde: if y nadde that ithoȝt,
 "I nadde bileved al mi cun: and so wide him isoȝt, [110
 "Ne mid hunger and other wo: him so deore aboȝt."

This maide ibaptized was: among the Bischop[s] echon,
 And heȝe men therate of the lond: ther were menion.
 For reverence of the heȝē cunne: and the gentyl blod
 also,

Of wham heo com, and for heo was: semee and fair
 therto.

Of this Bischops hi were anon: ispoused in the
 place.

Ech man mai siggē wel: that ther was Godēs grace.
 For the furste niȝt afterward: bituene hem bizute was

The godē child of wham we speketh: the holi Seint
Thomas. 120

This Gilbert amorwe: so gret wille him com to,
To wende eft to the holi lond: that he nuste what do.
Of his wyf was his mestē care: hou scholde fram hire
beo ibroȝt,

That was so ȝung, and heo ne couthe: of the londes
lawe noȝt.

So moche he carede durnēliche: that hit was care
to iseo,

His wyf was eke in gretē thoȝte: wherfore hit miȝtē beo,
And draddē that hit were for hire: for hi were is-
poused so.

Ne mai no man clenē telle: of here beire durne wo.

This ȝunge wyf noldē fyne: on hire louerd to grede,
Forte thenchésoun of his sor: al clenliche he hire
sede; 130

And hou his care was al for hire: to the holie londe to
wende.

“Sirē,” seide this godē wyf: “oure Louerd his grace
the sende!

“Lute we habbeth to gadere ibeo: and lutē joye afonge,
“And if thu wendest thanē wey: oute thu worst wel
longe.

“Ac noȝt for than ic biddē the: if thu haste wille
and thoȝt,

“In oure Louerdes servise to wende: ne lef hit for me
noȝt.

“For ich hopie that mi Louerd: that me hath iwist
herto,

"The while that y ne kneu him noȝt: ȝut he wole also.

"And eke nou ic am of his: therfore ic biddē the,

"If thu wolt wende in his servise: ne lef it noȝt for
me. 140

"Ac bilef me Richard thi man: that mi wardeyn
mowe beo,

"That knoweth me and mi langage: forte ic the eft
iseo."

Gilbert tho heo hurdē this: in gret ioy was ido,
He ordeyned wel his hous: and his meyné also;
And his wyf hou heo libbē scholde: fortē God sende
other sonde,

And wendē forth a Godes name: to the holi londe.

And was oute threo ȝer and an half: er he aȝē com.

Tho he com he fond his sone: a god goinge grom.

Theonige fair and manliche: as eni child miȝte beo,

Ech man tolde of him pris: that him miȝte iseo. 150

Wel he wax and itheȝ: and to eche godnisse drouȝ,

ȝung he was to skole iset: and spedde wel ynouȝ.

His moder him wolde aldai rede: and oftē on him crie,

To ledē chast lyf and clene: and fleo lecherie.

And lovie tofore allē thing: God and Seinte Marie,

And servie hem and holi churche: and leve alle folie.

This child theȝ hit were ȝung: wel hit understod,

For seli child is sone ilered: ther he wole beo god.

Tho this child was bot in elde: of tuo and twenti ȝer,

His moder wende out of thisse lyve: that so wel him
loved er. 160

This child wold leng to scolē go: ac his fader him nolde
fynde.

For child that hath his moder ilore: his help is moche
bi hynde.

This child thurf his fader heste: as man that no red
not,

Servede a burgeys of the toun: and his accountës wrot,
So longë that he com to court: and was in god offiz
With the Archebisshop of Canterbury: Sire Thebaud
god and wys.

He servede him so hendëliche: that in a lutë stounde,
He makede him his consailler: so stedefast he him
founde.

His Arcedekne he makede him siththe: and dude al
bi his rede.

Swithe wel gan this Arcedekne: holi churchë lede, 170
And stifliche huld up hirë riztes: as meni men iseye,
And therof noldë tholie wrong: theȝ he scholde ther-
fore deye.

Wel ofte he wende to Rome: for holi churche also,
(Suche prelatȝ nou an urthe: to fewe ther beoth ido,)
So that the Duc of Normandie: ymaked was al in pees,
Henri Kyng of Engëlund: after Stevenne the Belees.
He lovede mochë wel to do: and gode men to him nom,
This Henri the godë Kyng: tho he to londë com;
And fondede to habbe god consail: and wys thurf al his
myȝte,

Forto holdë riche and pore: and echë man to rizte. 180
Of the Ardekne Thomas: me tolde him sone ynouȝ,
Hou he stable and wys: and to eche godnisse drouȝ.
Thurf the Archebisshopes grant: he makede him
Chanceler,

For evere me mountez him above: that haveth mest poër.
 Tho Seint Thomas was iturnd: fram offiȝ of holi churchē,
 To a gret offiȝ of the wordle: therafter he moste wurche.
 Alto nobley of the worlde: his contenance he brouȝte,
 That me ne huld non so prout: theȝ other were in his
 thoȝte.

With more noblei he rod ynouȝ: than he was woned
 to do;

His loreyns weren of golde: stiropes and spores also.¹⁹⁰
 Thepley he suede of houndes: and of hauekes also ynouȝ,
 As men thoȝte in echē poynte: alto prute he drouȝ.
 Ac in his hurte hit was another: hou so he him evere
 bere;

[And ever chastethurghe althyng: how so ever it were.]
 And evere he was for holi churchē: and for pore men
 also,

Aȝen the proutē conteckours: that wolde aȝen hem
 oȝt do;

To holde up the riȝtes of holi churchē: so moche wo he
 gan dryve,

Aȝen the lithere conteccours: that nuyede him of his
 lyve;

As the Archebischoȝ tolde: wepingē wel sore,
 And othere ofte in priveité: that lovede him the
 more. 200

He wilnede mest of allē thing: and on oure Louerd gan
 crie,

That he moste with onur: levē thulke baillie,
 And ech other service of court: bi the Kynges gode
 wille,

For he ne miztē paye his court: bote he scholde his
soulē spille.

Ac the King him fond so stable: and so god consailler,
That he nolde maki for no thing: another chanceler.
He ne triste to non so moche: ne ther nas non so heȝ,
That so moche wiste his priveitez: ne that him was so
neȝ.

So moche he caste his hurte on him: that on his warde
he gan do

His eldeste sone Sire Henri: and his heire also; 210
That he were his wardeyn: and his ordeynour,
To wissē him after his wille: and to the Kinges honour.
The King wende to Normandie: to seo tourney there,
And bilevede his sone with Seint Thomas: that he his
wardeyn were.

Bothe the fader and the sone: so moche here lovē caste,
Upē Seint Thomas the holi man: the while it wolde
ilaste;

Ther nas non in Engēlonde: that hadde so gret poēr,
Of the kynedom as Seint Thomas: that was Chanceler.
Hit biful siththe that Sire Tebaud: (as God the gracē
sende,)

Tharchebischop of Canterbure: out of this wordle
wende. 220

The crie was sonē widē couth: among thue and
freo,

That Seint Thomas scholde after him: Archēbischop
beo.

The King also in Normandie: tho me tolde him the cas,
Anon bar his hurtē mest: to do ther Seint Thomas.

The Covent of Canterbury: desirede him also;
 So as men wolde: ibrouȝt hit was therto.
 At Westmynstre he was ichose: to thulkē heȝe poēr,
 The vyfte ȝer that he was: ymaked Chanceler.
 Of elde he was thulkē tyme: of four and fourti ȝer;
 His owe deth he afeng: and his owe martirdom ther.
 For the Kyng was in Normandie: ipresented he [230
 was
 To his ȝunge sone in Engēlonde: for non other Kyng
 ther nas.
 Ac theȝ hit were aȝen his wille: he nolde hit noȝt forsake,
 Ac he eschte in whiche manere: he scholde the croicē
 take.
 Me seide him that scholde afonge: holi churchē so freo,
 That heo ne scholde under no man: bote under the
 Pope beo;
 Ne nothing thenche bote holdē up: holi churchē lawe.
 “In thisse manere,” quath Seint Thomas: “ic hire
 afongē fawe.”
 A Witsonedai this was: that this dede com to ende,
 This gode man toward Canterbury: anon him gan wende.
 Al the contray with onur: to him com and drouȝ; [240
 Ther was for him in Canterbury: ioȝe and blisse ynouȝ.
 The dai of the Trinité: isacred he was,
 And afeng his digneté: the gode man Seint Thomas.
 Sire Henri the Kynges sone: was at his sacringe,
 And sixtene Bischops ek: this dede to endē forto bringe.
 Tho this dede was ido: hi gonne to sendē sone,
 After his pallioun to Rome: as riȝt was to done.
 The Pope Alisandre: was tho at Montpailers,

Thider wende this wisē men: that were messagers.²⁵⁰

The Abbot Adam of Evesham: to here cheveteyn hi
nome,

To the Pope Alisandre: to Montpaillers hi come.

Here erande hi haddē sone: for he hem nothing ne
wornde,

Hi neme of him here leve: and hamward a3é turnde.

And this pallioun was: to Seint Thomas ibrou3t:

This gode man hit afeng: with wel myldē tho3t.

Tho he was in his digneté: al clanliche ido,

He gan to changi al his lyf: and his manere also.

The here he dudē next his liche: his flesches maister
to beo,

Schurte and brech streit ynou3: adoun to the kneo.

For he tho3te he mi3tē wel: of othere habbe maistrie,

If he hadde of his owe flesch: thurfout seignurye. ²⁶²

If his soulē maister were: and his flesch hire hyne,

Him tho3te he mi3te his digneté: bringē to god fyne.

Above the herē siththe: thabyt of monek he nom,

And siththē clerkēs robe above: as to his stat bicom.

So that he was withinne monek: withoutē clerk also,

Thurf thabyt that he hadde on him: priveiliche ido.

In penance and in fastinge: he was ni3t and dai,

And in oreisoun bote the while: he aslepē lai. ²⁷⁰

Evere wan he massē song: he wep and si3tē sore,

Faste he hastede therwith: ne mi3tē no man more.

Faire me fedde him attē mete: with great noblé and
prute,

And of the beste him silve he at: swithē scars and lute.

Of his ordres he was wel streit: and he was in greeete
fere,

Forto ordeini eni man: bote he the betere were.

Idel nolde he nevere beo: bote evere doinge he was,

Of eche manere of betere lyve: nevere bischop nas.

Sire Henry the Kinges sone: that with him was ibroȝt,

Levede evere in his warde: fram him he noldē noȝt.²⁸⁰

The love that bituene hem was: such nas nevere
iseȝe,

Ne this child naddē of no man: more love ne fairere eye.

Siththe that hit biful that the King: fram Norman-
die com

To Engēlond, to loke the stat: of his kynēdom.

Seint Thomas nam with him: Sire Henri his sone,

And wendē faire aȝen him: anon to South Hamptonne.

Ther was ioȝe and blisse ynouȝ: tho hi togadere come,

Hi custen hem faste and clupte: and herede God ilome.

The King bilevede in Engēlond: to loke his kynēdom,

And to al his privei consail: Seint Thomas he nom;

And huld him evere as he dude er: his heȝiste [²⁹⁰
consailler,

And nolde his thonkes habbe ihaved: non other chanceler.

Ac natheles whan he eni thing: dudē aȝen riȝte,

Seint Thomas was ther aȝen: evere bi al his myȝte.

Siththe hit biful that the Bischoȝ: of Wircestre ded
was,

And Sire Gilbert Foliot: (as God ȝaf that cas),

That was Bischoȝ of Hereford: ibroȝt was ȝut to more,

And ymaked Bischoȝ of Londone: that ne reude him
noȝt sore.

So that both the bischopriches: fulle bothe in the
Kynges hond,
Of Wircestre and of Hereford: as lawe was of lond.
The Kyng ne gaf hem noȝt anon: ac he huld hem
inne longe, 301
In his hond that he myȝte: the more prou afonge.
Hit ne likede noȝt Seint Thomas: that holi churchē so,
Scholde for a lute coveitise: in the Kinges hond beo ido.
Him thoȝte that hit was wel mochel: aȝen oure Louerdes
wille,
And that the Kyng myȝte so: holi churchē spille.
In faire manere he bad the Kyng: that he ne scholde
bileve,
That thulke tui bischopriches: sum god man he ȝeve.
The Kyng anon myldliche: grantede his bone,
And this bischopriches he gaf: tui gode men wel sone.
Sire Roger he makede a god man: Bischof of Wircestre,
Sire Roberts sone that was: Eorl of Gloucestre. 312
Bischof he makede of Hereford: a good man ynouȝ,
Sire Robert of Mulnes: that to alle godnisse drouȝ.
Anoȝt Seint Thomas thoȝte wel: that he ne miȝte
all paye,
The King ne his consail, bote he wolde: holi churchē
bitraye.
In care and sorewe he was ynou: hou he miȝte bestē do,
For he ne miȝte noȝt pae the Kyng: and oure Louerd
also.
Seint Thomas halewe thulke ȝer: the churchē of
Redinge,
That ifounded was and arerd: thurf Henri oure Kyng;

That lyth ther faire ibured: Williames sone Bastard. 321
 In thulkē 3er Seint Thomas ek: schryned Seint Edward,
 At Westmynstre as he lith: that bifore Kyng Williem
 was,

Bote King Harald him was bituene: for his poēr no
 leng nas.

The love was evere gret ynou3: bituenē Seint Thomas
 And the King, forte the devel: hit desturbede, allas!
 Lute and lute the contek aros: for porē manes ri3te,
 For paye oure Louerde and the King: no man ne mi3te.
 The furstē tyme that Seint Thomas: outliche him
 withsede,

Was for pouere men that the Kynge: dude an unri3t
 dede. 330

The King nom thurf al Engēlond: fram 3ere to 3erē
 wide,

After his wille a summe of pans: ideld in echē side.
 And siththe he let thurf enqueste: thurf the contray
 enquere,

Hou moch echē man scholde paye: and what here ri3t
 were.

So longe that he nom it to taillage: and eschte hit
 attē laste,

Eche 3ur thurf a certeyn rente: thurf al Engēlondē
 faste.

What for eye, what for love: non him ne withsede,
 Ac evere tho3te Seint Thomas: that hit was an unri3t
 dede.

He tho3te on God and on his soule: and bilevede man-
 hede,

And to the King wel baldēliche: wende withoutē
drede. 340

“Sire,” he seide, “if hit is thi wille: thu ert riche and
hende,

“And Kyng of gret poër ynouȝ: oure Louerd thé morē
sende!

“A taillage thu hast ech ȝer: thurf out al thi londe,

“And eschet hit for a certeyn rente: with unriȝt ich
understonde.

“For certeyn rente schal beo itake: ech ȝer at a cer-
teyn day,

“And siththe a certeyn assigned: as thu wost by riȝtē
lay.

“Ac this nas noȝt certeyn itake: eche ȝer assigned is,

“Thurf enqueste of the contray: as taillage, iwis.

“Whar thurf me thinȝth a certeyn rente: thu ne miȝt
noȝt make,

“Ac a taillage and sumdel: with unriȝt itake.” 350

“Thomas, Thomas,” quath the Kyng: “thu ert mi
Chanceler.

“Thu auȝtest bet holdē up: than withsiggē mi poër.”

“Sire,” quath this holi man: “ich habbe ibeo with thé,

“And thu hast (God hit thé ȝulde): gret god ido me;

“Ac another baillie ich habbe afonge: theȝ hit were
aȝen mi wille.

“And ynemai noȝt bothē wel: bote ich mi soule aspille.

“For ich am alto lutē worth: that on forto loke.

“Thanne dude he gret folie: that morē me bitoke.

“Therefore ich ȝuldē thé up here: al clene the chan-
celerie,

“And takē me to holi churchē: to God and Seinte Marie.” 360

Tho was the King wroth ynouȝ: wrothere than he evere was;

Ac nathēles his hurtē bar: evere to Seint Thomas.

The thridde thing ȝut mest of alle: in contek hem brouȝte.

A preost ther was a lither man: that of God noȝt ne rouȝte,

That of manslaȝt was biclipēd: and ynome also,

And in the Bischopes prisoun was: of Salesbury ido.

The manēs freond that was aslawe: suēde up him faste,

So that the preost to jugēment: ibroȝt was attē laste.

Me acusede him faste of the dethe: ac he nanswerede noȝt therto,

And huld him faste to holi churchē: and upe non other nolde hit do. 370

Iloked he was to purgi him: thurf clergie if he miȝte,

And therof him was dai iset: thurf holi churchē riȝte.

Tho the dai him was icome: he ne miȝte him purgi noȝt;

He was sone ilad aȝen: and in prisoun ibroȝt.

Thanne was the Bischop in gret doute: what were therof to done,

Forto habbē wisere red: to Seint Thomas he sendē sone.

And he sendē worde aȝē: that he scholde the preöst take,

And desordeyni him of his ordre: and a lewed man of him make;

And siththe in strong warde him do: that he nevere out ne wende,

In penance and in pyne ynouȝ: his synne forto amende.
 The Bischop of Salesbury: dude Seint Thomas heste,³⁸¹
 So that this preöst was ibroȝt: in turmentȝ with the
 meste.

So that the tethingē therof: to the Kyngē com,
 That a lither theof and a manquellere: haddē so liȝt
 dom.

Him thoȝtē that hit nas noȝt lawe: ne that hit miȝte
 beo so;

And Phelip de Boys a canoun: him haddē eke misdo.
 Therefore was ech other clerik: the more aȝen his wille,
 Him thoȝtē such lawe scholde: the pays of londe aspille.
 He wilnede as god Kyng: pays in his londe,
 And in god ententē wel hit do: he dude ech under-
 stonde. 390

For the pays of the londe: he wolde holdē also fawe,
 As Seint Thomas in his manére; holi churchē lawe.
 He seidē that the develes lymes: that ycrouned werē so,
 That miȝtē so al longē dai: aȝen his pays do.
 For the jugement was so lute: the lasse hi woldē doute,
 And do theofthe and robberie: in al the lond aboute.
 To Westmystre he let sumni: the Bischopes of his londe,
 And Clerkes that grettest werē ek: and heȝist, ich un-
 derstonde.

“Beaus seignurs,” he seide: “ynot what ye habbeth
 ithoȝt:

“If ȝe goth forth mid ȝourē wille: oure pays ne worth
 riȝt noȝt. 400

“If a clerk hath a man aslawe: other gret theofthe
 ido,

“And heo mowe be desordeyned: and come to fynē so;

“Misdo hi wolleth al longē day: and theruppē beo
wel bolde,

“And so schal the pays of the londe: wol uvele beon
iholde.

“For lute hi woldē recche: to loose here ordre so,

“Whan for here ordre hi ne sparieth: theofthē forto do.

“Ac evere the hezire here ordre is: me thingth, bi
pur lawe,

“The strongere scholdē here dom beo: whan hi wolde
to theofthe drawe.”

“Sire, sire,” quath Seint Thomas: “(if hit is thi
wille),

“Loth ous were do eni thing: thi pays forto aspille.

“Ac clerkes that beoth yordeyned: thu wost hi bereth
a signe, 411

“That hi beoth lymes of holi churche: that so worthi
is and digne.

“If hi were thanne with thulkē signe: to uvele dethe
ido,

“Aviled werē and ischend: holi churchē so.

“If hi beoth furst desordeyned: for thulkē silvē dede,

“And siththe thurf dom to dethe ido: hit nere noȝt
wel to rede.

“For hit nas nevere lawe ne riȝt: doble dom to take,

“For o trespas as thu wost: and sinne hit were to make.

“And unworthere than a lewed man: holi churche were so,

“For a lewed man for o trespas: nis bote o jugement ido.

“Therefore thi gracē we bisecheth: (if hit is thi
wille,) 421

“That thu ne rere no nuë lawe: holi churchē to spille.
“For we biddeth nizt and dai: as rizt is that we do,
“For thé and for thi children ek: and for thi kynedom
also.”

“Beau sire,” quath the King tho: “thu saist wel
ynouȝ:

“Ich hadde loth bi myne conciēce: do holi churchē
eni wouȝ.

“Ac lawes ther beoth and custumēs: that evere hab-
beth ibeo iholde,

“Of bischopes thurf al Engēlonde: as oure ancestres
habbeth itolde.

“And bi the Kyng Henriës dai: that oure ancēstre was,
“Iconfermed were and iholdē ek: that no man ther
azé nas. 430

“Woltou thulke lawēs holde? do me to understondē
sone.”

“We schulle do, sire,” quath Seint Thomas: “al that
is to done.

“Alle the lawes and custumēs: we woleth holde bi
ourē mizte,

“That beoth to holde and habbeth ibeo: sire, sauvé
ourē rizte.”

“Sauf ȝourē riztēs?” quath the Kyng: “beau sire, whi
saistou so?

“Inē scholde nothing bi that word: azé thi willē do

“Thatthu noldest siggē that hit were: aȝen holi churchē
rizte;

“And bringē so al mi lond: in contek and in fizte.

“Ac therwithoutē oldē lawes: siker ich understonde,

“That hit beo venymous: to the pays of mi londe.”⁴⁴⁰

“Sire, sire,” quath this holi man: “ne meve 3e 3ou ri3t
no3t:

“Wel thu wost that ech of ous: er we were herto
ibro3t,

“Trunisse thé sworē, as ri3t was: and urthlich onur also,

“Sauvé oure ordre and oure ri3t: ac that was out ido.

“Hou scholde we nouthē other do? ne au3te 3e ous no3t
beode.

“For Godes love hold ous to ri3te: for 3e nabbeth non
other neode.”

“Ich iseo wel, Thomas,” quath the King: “wharto
thu wolt drawe:

“Thu ert icome to latē forth: to bynyme ous ourē lawe.

“Thu woldest me make morē wrecche: than evere eni
kyng was:

“Thu ert icome therto to late: thu hast icast ambezas.”

The Kyng aros mid wraththe ynou3: and let hem sitte
echon,

451

And to his chambre wend forth: and no grettē no3t on.

Fram Londone he wendē sone: in wraththe as the3 hit
were:

He ne seide no man of his tho3t: ac bilevedē hem there.

Tho Bischopes tho3tē tho anon: that he was wroth ynou3,

Ther werē fewe bote Seint Thomas: that toward him
ne drou3.

On Seint Thomas hi cridē faste: his tho3t forto wende,

Other he wolde al that lond: with thulke worth aschende.

Knyghtes and othere eft come: that with the Kingē
were,

And bedē him ententifliche: that he thulkē word forbere;
And that him werē gret folie: the King in wraththē
 bringe, 461

And desturbi al that lond: for so lutē thinge.

Seint Thomas in thoȝtē longe: "Leove bretheren," he
 sede,

"Nevere aȝē the Kynges honour: ynellē do no dede.

"Ac ech word ich wole bileve: that aȝē the Kynges
 honour is."

Tho were thothere glad ynouȝ: tho hi ihurdē this;
And radde him wendē to the Kyng: his wraththē for-
 to stille.

"Leof me were," quath Seint Thomas: "mid riȝtē do
 his wille."

To the Kyng he wende to Oxenford: and with him
 ther he fond 471

Gretē Eorlēs, and Barouns: the heȝiste of the lond.

The King him welcomedē so: mid wel lutē chere.

Bischopes he let clipie: and Eorlēs that ther were.

"Beau sires," quath the King: "ich am Kyng: with
 riȝtēs of this londe:

"Custumes ther were bifore: yused ich understonde.

"And so moche wrecchē nam ynoȝt: that ynelle the
 lawēs holde,

"Thatoure ancēstres huldē wyle: asoure counsailou[r]s
 tolde.

"Therefore ich wole that thulkē lawes: iconfermed beo
 echon,

"Of myn Eorles and of myne Knyȝtes: that hi ne
 withsigge noȝt on.

“ Therefore ich hotě 3ou echone: that 3e beo thulkě day,
 “ At mi manèr at Clarendone: withoutě ech delay, 480
 “ To confermi thulkě lawes: upe peyne that ich wole
 sett,
 “ Ich hote that 3e beo ther echon: that nothing 3ou ne
 lette.”

Siththě departedě this court: to his inne ech drou3,
 And evere was Seint Thomas: in care and sorewe
 ynou3.

The Bischops and the Barouns: come allě to the daye,
 To Clarendone in Wiltěschire: the Kyng forto paye.
 The parlément him was iholde: in the ellevethe 3ere
 Of the Kyngěs corónement: that so moche folc brou3te
 there.

And elleve hondred 3er: in the furthe and sixti 3er ri3t,
 Hit was after that oure Louerd: in his moder was alizt.
 Noble was the parlément: of this Clarendone, 491
 For ther were, furst and aforeward: the Kyng and his
 sone.

And the Archebischop of Canterbury: and Sire Roger
 also,

Tharchebischop of Everwyk: for nere ther bote thei tuo.
 And Sire Gilbert Foliot: Bischop of Londone,
 And the Bischop of Lincolne: were alle at Clarendone.
 And Sire Neol, Bischop of Ely: and the Bischop of
 Wircestre,

Sire Roger, and Sire Hillari: Bischop of Circestre.
 The Bischop William of Nortwich: and the Bischop of
 Wy[n]chestre,
 Sire Henri, and Sire Bartlomeu: Bischop of Chichestre.

Sire Osbern, and Sire Godēfrai: Bischof of Excestre,⁵⁰¹

Sire Austin, and Sire Blas: Bischof of Wircestre.

The Bischof of Salesbury: Jocelyn, and Robert,

The Bischof of Herford: and also Sire Richard,

The Bischof of Chestre: this Bischops echon,

Were at this parlēment: and Eorles meni on.

Sire Renald Eorl of Cornwaille: and the Eorl of

Leicestre,

Sire Robert, and Sire Roger: Eorl of Gloucestre.

Sire Conan Eorl of Bretaigne: and the Eorl John of

Angeo,

Sire Godefrai Eorl de Maundēvyle: was ther also. ⁵¹⁰

Sire Hughē Eorl of Chestre: and Eorl Williēm of

Ferērs,

Were at this parlēment: stout ynou and fers.

Barouns ther were meni on: as Sire Williēm de Lucy,

And Sire Renaud de Wareyne: and Sire Renaud de

Seint Walry.

Sire Roger Bigod also: Sire Richard de Caunvyle,

Sire Williēm de Brewēsek: Sire Robert de Dunstanvyle.

Sire Neel de Mountbray: Sire Umfrai de Booun,

Sire Simon de Beauchamp: louerd of meni o toun.

Sire Jocelin de Baillolf: Sire Williēm de Hastinge,

Sire Hughe de Morevyle: that so wel was with the

Kynge.

⁵²⁰

Sire Williēm Malet: Sire Johan the Seneschal,

Sire Simon le Fiz Peres: gret man thurfout al.

Sire Williēm de Maudut: and Sire Godefrai de Veer;

Thus allē gretē louerdlings: and ȝut mo were ther.

Nou God helpē Seint Thomas: (for he was alone,)

That withseidē attē laste: this lordlings echone.

Tho hi bigonne this parlēment: the King him eschte anon,
Whar hi wolde the lawēs holde: as his ancēstres dude
echon.

“Sire,” quath Seint Thomas: “if hit thi willē is, 529

“Ech man mot spekē for him silve: and ich for me iwis.

“For my stat, and for holi churchē: ich ansuerie therto,

“That alle the gode old lawes that habbeth ibeo: and 3ut
beoth also,

Granti ich woli for holi churchē: and for to habbe
thin ore,

“Sauf oure riȝt and oure ordre: thu ne miȝt esche no
more.”

For that word the King was wroth: that gan him evere
mislike.

Seint Thomas wep in his hurte: and sorē gan to sike.

Alto blodi was that word: and deore hit was ibouȝt,

For therfore to dethe he was: attē laste ibrouȝt. 538

The Bischop of Northwich: and of Salesbure also,

Kneulede toforē him wepinge: that he scholde another do;

And habbē reuthe of holi churchē: and of hem echone,

That hi nere to groundē ibrouȝt: thurf thulkē word alone.

Heȝe men of the Kingēs curt: meni on ekē wende,

And kneulede toforē Seint Thomas: that word to amende.

“Lordlings,” quath Seint Thomas: “ich am 3ut 3ung
man,

“And lute while bischop ibeo: and lute theron ich can.

“Therfore of this oldē lawes: transcrit he me take,

“And ich wole ther uppe consailli me: which beo to
forsake.”

The Kyng him let transcrit make: of this custumes
echon:

Seint Thomas grantede somme: and withseidē meni on.
The lawēs that ich wole 3ou telle: he grantedē wel
fawe:— 551

If a bonde man hadde a sone: to clergie idrawe,
He ne scholde withoute his louerd's leve: not icrouned
beo,
For thu man ne mai noȝt bote his louerd: beo ymaked
freo.

Another lawe he grantede ek: that 3e mowe nou iseo:
If eni man of holi churchē: holdeth eni laifeo,
Persoun, other what he beo: he schal do therfore,
Servise that to the kingē falth: that his riȝt ne beo
forlore.

And in plaiding stonde in echē place: and jugēment also,
Bote ther man schal beo bylymed: other to dethe ido.
He grantede ek if eni man: the kingēs traytour were,
And eni man his catel: to holi churchē bere; 562
That holi churchē ne scholdē noȝt: the catel therē
lette,

That the kyng wel baldēliche: out of the churchē hit
felte.

For al that the feloun hath: the kyngēs hit is,
And eche man mai in holi churchē: his owē take iwis.
He grantede ek that a churchē: as of the kingēs ce,
In one stede evere and evere: ne scholde iȝevē beo,
As to hous of religioun: withoute the kingēs leve,
And that he, other the patroun: furst the ȝift ȝeve.
Seint Thomas grantede this: and felē othere mo, 571
Ac this othere he withsede: that dudē him wel wo:—

If bituene tui lewede men: were eni strivinge,
Other bituene a lewede man and a clerc: for holi
churchē thinge;

As for an avowisoun of churche: whether scholde the
churchē 3yve;

The king wolde that in his hond: the plai were idryve:
Fora[s]moche as a lewed man: that o parti was,
Clanliche was under the kyng: and under the bischop nas.
That other was, that no bischop: ne clerc nothē mo,
Ne schulde withoute the kingēs leve: out of Engēlonde
go, 580

And thanne hi schulde swerie here oth: upe the boc, iwis,
That hi ne scholde purchaci non uvel: the Kyng, ne
non of his.

The thridde was, that if eni man: in mansing were
ibrouzt,

And siththe come to amendement: and azé rihte nerē
nozt;

That he ne swore nozt upe the boc: ac borewes fyndē
scholde,

To stonde to al that holi churche: with rihtē lokie wolde.
The furthē was, that no man: that of the kinge huld ozt,
In chief other in eni servise: in mansinge were ibrozt;
Bote the wardeyn of holi churche: that brouztē him
therto, 589

The king sende other his baillif: what he hadde misdo;
And loke ther wer he wolde: to amendement hit bringe,
And bote he wolde bi herē leve: do thannē the mansinge.
The vyftē was, that bischopriches: and abbeyes
also,

That vacantz were of prelatz: in kinges hond were ido;
 And the king scholdē al that lond: in his hond take,
 Forte attē laste that him lustē: eni prelat ther make;
 And thulke prelat thannē sholde: in his chapel ichose
 [beo],

Of his clerkēs which he wolde: to prelat biseo;
 And thannē whan he were ichose: in his chapel riȝt
 there,

Homage he scholde him do: er he confermed were.⁶⁰⁰
 The sixtē was, if eni play: to chapitre were idrawe,
 And eni makede his appel: that me dude him unlawe;
 To the bischop fram arcedekne: his appel he scholdē
 make,

And from bischop to archebischof: and siththe non
 heȝerē take;

And bote the archēbischofes curt: to riȝte him woldē
 bringe,

That he scholde fram thulkē curt: biclipie to the kynge;
 And fram kinge no heȝere mo: and siththē attan ende,
 Plaidinge fram holi churchē: to the kyngē scholdē wende;
 And the king amendi scholde: the archēbischofes dede,
 And beo in the popēs stede: that Seint Thomas with-
 sede. 610

The sovethe is, that plaiding: that of dettē were,
 To ȝuldē wel with truthe ipliȝt: and noȝt iȝuldē nere.
 Al theȝ thurf truthē were the play: hit scholdē beon
 ibrouȝt,

Bifore the king and his baillifs: and to holi churchē
 nouȝt.

The eiȝtethē was, that in the londe: citacioun non nere,

Thurf bulle of the pope of Rome: ac al clene ileved
were.

The neoȝethe was, that Peteres pans: that me
gadereth meni on,

To the pope nere not on isend: ac to the king echon.

The teothe was, if eni clerk: as feloun were itake,

And for feloun iproved: and ne miȝte hit noȝt forsake;

That me scholde him furst desordeyny: and siththē

thurf pur lawe, 621

And pur jugement of the lond: bringe him out of
dawe.

The King thuse custumes pultē forth: and meni
other anon,

And het thurfout al Engēlond: holdē hem echon.

This was bfore the Candelmasse: the furthe dai ido:

The King het tho Seint Thomas: and other Bis-
chopes also,

On this chartre sette here seles: that non aftertalē nere,

Ac thurfout al Engēlond: that this custumes iholdē
were.

“Sire, sire,” quath Seint Thomas: “for Godēs love
thin ore!

“To consailli ous bet ȝif ous furst: er we speķē more.”

So that respit was izyve: and ech wende in his side:

Seint Thomas nom his transcrit: and nolde no leng abide.

To Winchestre he wendē thanne: with sorwe and care

ynouȝ, 633

Hou he myȝtē holi churche: schuldē fram his wouȝ.

Whan other men were faste aslepe: he wep and siȝtē

sore,

And bad God helpē holi churchē: and cride him milce
and ore.

He sez ther nas bot o wei: other he moste stif beo,
Other holi churchē was bynethe: mid riȝte that was so
freo.

Carful he was and sori: that he toc on so,
Forto entri in answare: ther ne scholde non do; 640
That he afeng the transcrit: and furst hadde ibede,
For him thoȝte al holi churchē: he misdude in the stede.
For holi churchē ne scholdē noȝt: in none stede stonde
to dome,

Ne answere to kyng ne prince: bote the pope of Rome.
The deol that Seint Thomas makede: no tongē telle
ne may:

“Louerd!” he seide, “allas, allas: that ich evere iseȝ
this day!

“That ich, the warde of holi churchē: so folliche
scholdē take,

“So freo as heo was er: so theu nou hire make!

“Heo that was so freo and heȝ: bi myn ancēstres daye,

“That ich scholde hire bynethē bringe: (allas) and so
bitraye! 650

“For this martirs that felē were: for hire to dethe ido,

“And heo is thu thurf me ymaked: allas! whi dude
ich evere so?

“Unworth ich am of holi churchē: wardeyn forto
beo,

“And of unworthe therto ynome: as meni man mai
iseo.

“For ynam (as riȝt were): fram non ordre ynome,

“Ac fram Kinges court to holi churchē: uvele wolde
hit bicomē!

“Of houndes ich was and hauekes: wardeyn with the
Kyng;

“And wardeyn am of soulēs nouthe: that ne vieth
nothing.

“Ich, that forsoc myn owē soule: the while ich was
Chanceler,

“So meni soulēn habbe to loke: allas what do ich her!

“Ich doute that God me habbe forsake: hou tok ich
on? allas!” 661

The deol that makede this holi man: withoute ende
euerē hit was.

He wep and siztē nigt and dai: he huld him silve for-
lore;

And if he mizte asoilled beo: to the Pope he wolthe
therfore.

So he wende toward Canterbury: sone the Kyng me
tolde,

That tharchēbischof nolde: noȝt his statutz holde.

To the see he wende: toward Rome: that no man hit
nuste,

Bote tueye that he tok with him: that of his consail
mest wiste.

Siththe whan his men him miste: and nuste whar he
bicom,

And seȝe that hi were louerdles: ech of hem his red nom.

Forto do everech his beste: to wende ech in his side,

As men that were louerdles: and nuste noȝt wher
abide. 672

This holi man wende forth: and dude him into schip
sone,

And wendē forthward in the see: as he thoȝte to done.

The wynd com, as oure Louerd hit wolde: and drof
hem aȝé to londe,

Siththe he wende him eft into the see: passage forto
fonde.

The wynd him drof eft aȝé: and ȝut in he wende,

And evere he was aȝen idryve: as oure Louerd the gracē
sende.

Tho iseȝ wel this holi man: that hit nas noȝt Godēs
wille,

That he the ȝut of londē wende: he turnde aȝé wel
stille. 680

On of his serjantz sat aniȝt: the whilē that men woke,

In his in at Canterbury: the chambre forto loke.

In theveninge he bad his knave: the dore to stekē
faste,

The knavē wende toward the dore: and his eȝen aboutē
caste.

Tho seȝ he Seint Thomas: in an hurnē stonde,

He orn and tolde his maister fore: and thonkede Godēs
sonde.

The serjant ne leovede hit noȝt: ac natheles up he aros,

And fon Seint Thomas in an hurne: sumdel him agros.

Ther was sone joye and blisse: that folc to him drouȝ,

And wolcome him and made feste: with joye and

blisse ynouȝ. 690

Hi leidē bord and spraddē cloth: and gonne to sopi faste.

Seint Thomas wel myldēliche: tolde hem attē laste,

Whoder he thoȝtē hadde iwende: and what cas God him
sende,

And hou hit nas noȝt Godēs wille: that he the ȝut wende.
Tethinges to the Kyngē come: hou this gode man
Seint Thomas,

Aȝen the statutz of Clarendone: of londe iwendē was.
For the statut was, that no bischop: scholdē for non
ende,

Withoutē levē of the Kyngē: out of londē wende.
The King sende anon his men: to seisi al his lond,
And tharchebischopriche also: as traitours, in his hond.
The baillifs come to Canterbury: as hi ihotē were;
Tho hi wendē hadde here wille: hi fonde Seint Thomas
there. 700

Nothing ne miȝten hi seisi tho: thanē wei hi hadde
forlore,

As hi come hi wende aȝē: and tolde the Kingē fore.
ȝut Seint Thomas thoȝtē eft: forto fondi more,
If he miȝte hadde of the Kingē: betere milce and ore.
He ȝarkedē him wel myldēliche: and to him thane
wei nom,

He fond him at Wodēstoke: and to him thider he com.
As his urliche louerd: he grette him faire ynouȝ,
The Kyng bihuld him al anhoker: and scornliche som-
del louȝ. 710

“Thomas,” he seide, “hou goth this: beo we so gretē
fon,

“That we ne mowe beo in one londe: Thomas, hou
schal this gon?”

“Sire, sire,” quath Seint Thomas: “so ne schal hit
nevere beo,

“Ac God sende holi churchē: betere grace to thé.

“And sende thé wille to loven hire bet: and God for
his mizte.

“Ne lete me nevere aȝen thi wille: do thing mid
unrizte.”

This Archebischof of Canterbure: fondede forto bringe
Acord and love, bi his poër: bituene him and the Kynge.
The King swor anon his oth: that non other acord he
nolde,

Bote the statutz of Clarendone: ech bischof holdē
scholde; 720

And nameliche theo for alle other: if a clerk hadde
misdo,

And for feloun iproved were: and for theof also,

That me scholde him anon desordeynen: and siththē,
thurf lawe,

The Kingēs baillyf delyvri him: to anhongē other to
drawe.

Seint Thomas iseȝ wel tho: that ther nas wei bote on;
Other he mostē withstonde: other his riztes forgon.

He thoȝt that holi churchē: he nolde nevere bitraye,

And that he nolde nevere in suche servage: bringe hire
bi his daye.

Rathere he wolde, as othere were: to martirdom beo ido,
Than holi churchē were to bynethe: iredi he was therto.
Nevere ne mizte the King and he: nothing acordi
there, 731

Ac departede al in wraththe: as hi dude ofte ere.

The King him makede wroth ynouȝ: that so ofte in
baret was,

For o man that him withsede: and non other azen him
nas.

In gretē wraththe he swor his oth: that he wolde of
him beo awreke,

If he moste abide the dai: and with tungē speke.

He let somni Seint Thomas: the nexte Thursdai that
ther were,

Before Seint Lukes dai, at Norhamptone: to ȝeve him
ansuere there.

Andalle the Bischops of the lond: and the Barouns also,
He het to beo ther thulke dai: al his heste to do. 740

Seint Thomas londēs ek: in his hond hi nome,

As to distreigny him: that to his court he come.

Nou God helpe Seint Thomas: for other help nadde
he non,

Among so meni tirantz to come: that allē were his
fon!

Bodi and soulē he bitok: Iēsus Godēs Sone,

And at his dai isumned: he wende to Norhamptone.

In the castel sat the curt: bifore the tirantz echone,

This holi man a Godēs name: wende among hem one.

“Sire King,” he seidē, “God thé loke: and sauve thi
digneté!

“Isumned ich am to this dai: to answère t o thé. 750

“Archebischof of Canterbure: nas nevere isumned so;

“Ne distreigned of nothing: ynot what thu thenȝst do.

“Inot what is thi nuē lawe: that thu gynst forth to
drawe,

“Bote hit beo on of Clarendone: that thu thenȝst
bringe to lawe.

- “On me nastou poër non: such distresce to do,
 “Imaked ich am wardeyn of holi churchē: theȝ ynē
 beo noȝt worthi therto.
 “Thi gostlich fader ich am: theȝ thu of me lutē lete;
 “Hit nas nevere ordre that the sone: the fader schuldē
 bete,
 “Ne that the disciple beote his maister: al this were
 azé lawe.
 “Al this (ho so riȝt bihalth): thu gynnest forth to
 drawe. 760
 “And the Bischops also god: that wardeyns beoth
 mid me,
 “To holde thonur of holi churchē: and the heȝe
 digneté,
 “Beoth aboutē hire to schende: and bringē to vylté,
 “Nou God ȝyve holi churchē: betere grace to thé!
 “If thu wolt ouȝt toward me: thu wost wel ynemai
 noȝt fiȝte,
 “Iredi ich am the deth to afonge: for holi churchē riȝte.”
 “Inele no man,” quath the King: “for holi churchē
 quelle.
 “Beau sire, thu spext as a fol: another thu most
 telle.
 “Com to morwe to spechē tyme: that thuthane dai
 ne breke;
 “And ich wole of other thinges: thannē to thé speke.”
 Thus ther departede the court: amorwe thane Fridai,
 Seint Thomas wendē thider azé: tho he thane tyme
 isay. 772
 The King sat anheȝ on his cee: and acopede him faste.

"Thu were," he seide, "mi Chanceler: alto longe hit ilaste.

"Ich thé lende vyf hondred pound: and thu ne 3olde nozt on:

"Sete me therof a schort dai: and thu me schalt paye echon."

"Sire," quath Seint Thomas: "God sende ous bet thin ore!

"Ině wende not of thulkě pans: 3ulde acountes no more.

"For ich haddě thulkě tyme: betere grace of ynou3,

"Of thé, than ich habbě nou: and that me thin3th is wou3. 780

"Godě grace ich hadde to thé: thu me lovedest ynou tho;

"And thulkě pans thu 3evě me: and 3ut thu woldest wel mo.

"Wel ich am therof iknowe: that ich hem feng of thé;

"And of thi 3iftě with gode hurte: for sikere thu 3ave hem me.

"And so he3 man as thu ert: hit miztě wel beo stille,

"To axi a thing that thu 3eve er: with thi godě wille."

The King him eschte if eni man: thulkě 3ifte isay,

And whar he mizte the 3iftě prove: "Sire," he seidě, "nay."

"Nou lordlings," quath the King: "wel 3e hureth this.

"Of the gareisoun he is iknowe: that ich him bitok, iwis:

"Ac the 3ifte ne mai he provi nozt: as 3e mowe alle iseo. 791

“Jugement ich axi of this curt: hou hit mai therof beo.”

The court him lokede, as he was: iknowe of the thinge,

That he schulde al the catel: 3ulde to the Kinge.

The King him het the pans 3elde: other sikernisse

him make;

Other his marschal scholde his bodi: into prisoun take.

Seint Thomas of his bischopriche: hadde wel lutē god:

As helples man among his fon: withoute consail he stod.

The marschals iredi were: to prisoun him lede anon:

Hi heten him sikernisse fynde: other he scholde with

hem gon. 800

This holi man nuste other red: bote suffrede alle here

wou3.

Somme gode men that ther stode: hadde of him ruthe

ynou3.

Vyf Knyztēs nomē hem to rede: and wendē to the

Kynge;

And nome anhond for Seint Thomas: al that ilke

thinge,

Ech of hem an hondred pound: for this holi man to

paye.

Tho was he al quyt ynou3: as to thulke daye.

Amorwe thanē Saterdai: a3en to court he wende,

Forto hure the Kyngēs wille: if his hurtē wolde

amende.

The King sat adoun in his see: Seint Thomas tofore

him stod.

“Belami! thu hast,” (quath the King): “istole me

mochē god. 810

“To longe thu were mi Chanceler: and haddest in thin
honde

“Abbeyes and bischopriches: and the more del of mi
londe;

“And ne zulde me none accountes: therof merueth sore,

“That of thritti thousand pound: thu schalt me and
more.

“Therefore make the zare inouȝ anon: thine accountes
to zulde,

“For siker thu beo, thu schalt hit do: if ich mai thé
welde.”

Alle that ihurdē this demande: in gret wonder hi
stode there;

And seide among hem ech to other: that hi ne hurde hit
never ere,

And that Seint Thomas was albynethe: and that he
upe the poyntē was,

To beo icast in prisoun: and non other wei ther nas.

Seint Thomas stod in thoȝtē longe: of that the King
him hadde ised, 821

And bad he moste him conseilli: and therof nyme his
red.

The Bischopes he nom to consail: the King ne wornde
him noȝt:

In a chambre faste iloke: alle hi were ibrouȝt,

That hi ne scholde ascapie noȝt: er hi respounsē sede.

“Nou lordlings,” quath Seint Thomas: “herof ȝe
mote me rede.

“For so God bringe me out of care: ynabbe therof
gult non;

“Ac me to schende he axeth hem: mid unrizte echon.

“For ich was er mid him wel ynouȝ: and that me
bringeth nou in teone;

“Therefore ne tok ich no witnisse: of that ous was
bituene.” 830

The Bischop Henri of Wynchestre: furst bigan him
rede.

“Sire,” he seide, “thus me thinȝth: thu miȝt do of
this dede.

“Thu miȝt sigge that thulkē tyme: that thu were mid
the Kynge,

“Ne tho thu wendest of his baillie: he ne axede thé
no thinge;

“And thu afonge the bischopriche: so clenē and so freo,

“That thu of non other thing: ne scholdest icharged
beo;

“And quath thé quit al clenliche: eche other curē ther.

“And thé neschte nothing of node: that thu haddest
ido er.

“Whar thurf me thinȝth that of nothing: thu ne schalt
ansuere noȝt,

“Bote to wardi holi churche: of alle othere thu ert
ibroȝt.” 840

The Bischop Gilbert of Londone: seide tho his avys.

“Sire,” he seide, “if thu theinȝst: as god man and
wys,

“What god the King thé hath ido: and to what poēr
ibroȝt,

“And hou lute god ther wolē come: of such wonder
thoȝt.

“And in which wo thu bringest ous alle: and holi
 church also,

“And peryl of thyn owě bodi: bote thu his willě do;

“If thu al this understode: me thencheth, iwis,

“That thu scholdest fondi him to paye: ellės thu dost
 amis.”

Tho seide the Bischop of Wircestre: “Sire Gilbert,
 beo stille!

“We suspendieth such consail: for hit nis noȝt worth a
 spille.” 850

The Bischop Hillari of Chichestre: bigan to spekě tho:

“Sire,” he seide, “mi consail is: hou so hit evere go,

“In faire manère to fonde: to paye this Kingės wille,

“With faire bihestě forte eftsone: that hit werě stille.

“Thanne we miztě, whan we were: of this destresce
 ibroȝt,

“The bet cheve of oure consail: for nou ne do we
 noȝt.”

The Bischop Robert of Lincolne: raddě wel therto:

“Sire Archebischof,” he seide: “for Gode thu must
 do so.

“Other thu lust thi bischopriche: other peráventure
 thi lyf;

“And thanně thu bizetest lute: (me thinȝth) with thi
 strif.” 860

The Bischop Bartholomeu: bigan to sigge his thoȝt:

“In sorwe of the wordle: and care we beoth ibroȝt.

“Betere hit were that on heved: in peryl him broȝte,

“Than holi church were bynethe: and ibroȝt to
 noȝte.”

The Bischop Roger of Wircestre: longe in thoȝtē
stod:

“Inele” he seidē “sigge on no other: for ynot what
is god.

“If ich rede forto abowe: to the Kyngēs wille,

“Mi owē mouth mi soulē demeth: al holi churchē to
spille.

“Ac if ich rede aȝen him beo: in this place som is,

“That wolē telle the Kingē fore: and make him mi fo,
iwis.”

870

Bi the Bischop of Londone: thulkē word he sede,

That aȝen Seint Thomas was: mid word and mid dede.

Therefore he seidē “on no other: ynellē sigge, iwis:

“God consail God ous ȝeve: for al need hit is.”

Hi alle ne couthē this consail: bringē to god ende;

Ne devise hi miȝtē best: out of chambre wende.

Attē last this consail al: moste upe Seint Thomas gon:

Tuei Eorlēs of the Kingēs hous: he let clipie anon.

“We habbeth,” he seide, “lordlings: ispekē of this
thingē;

“And as furforth as we mowe: we wolleth paye the
Kinge.”

880

“And for we nabbeth al iredi her: ourē consail clene,

“Forte nextē dai we biddeth furst: that ȝe granti ous
nou ene.”

Tho that furst was igranted: and ech wende in his weye,

Meni of Seint Thomas men: levede him for eye;

And Kniztes that were ek with him: al framward him
drowe.

Seint Thomas nom bi the wei: porē men ynowe,

And ladde hem hom to his in: and to the mete hem sette,

And servede hem his owë bodi: and mete ynouȝ hem fette.

“This beoth,” he seide “godë knyȝtes: other men me habbeth forsake;

“Thusë kniȝtes ich lovie more: to hem ich wolë take.”

The Sonedai there nas no court iholde: for the heȝë day: 891

The Monedai Seint Thomas: sorë sik lay.

The the uvel of mandeflanc: that oftë to him com;

And for the care that he was inne: wel the worse him nom.

Me seide him makede him sek: for he ne therste forth wende:

The King in gret wraththe ynouȝ: after him let sende.

“Wel ȝe seoth,” quath Seint Thomas: “that ynemai come noȝt:

“Ac certës tomorwe ich wole: hou so ich beo thider ibroȝt.

“Theȝ ich scholde beo thider ibore: in barewe other in bere,

“Thider ich wole, thurf Godës grace: God me helpë there!” 900

Amorwe thanë Tuësdai: oure Louerd him gan arere,

Thane morwe after Seint Lukes dai: as hit ful in the ȝere.

Thulke dai he auȝte understonde: and meni another also;

For bi custùme al his anuy: bi Tuesdai com him to.

Alle the Bischopes thane Tuësdai: erliche to him wende:
 “Sire,” hi seide, “in feble poynt thu ert: God thi stat
 amende!

“We habbeth therof with onē mouthe: oure red ynome
 echon;

“We redeth thé to paye the King: hou so hit evere gon;

“Other we wollethe thé bere anhond: that thu ert his
 traitour,

“And forswore, whan thu swore: to don him urthlich
 honour, 910

“And dost him nou a tricherie: as he thé wole bere
 anhonde,

“And bynyme thi stat bicas: and bringe thé of thi
 londe.”

“Mi leovē bretheren,” quath Seint Thomas: “3e sig-
 geth wel echon,

“That al the wordle gret on me one: and alle beoth
 mynē fon;

“And, that is mest reuthe 3ut of alle: 3e that myne
 bretheren beoth,

“And me (the3 ich sinful beo): 3oure fadere in tur-
 ment iseoth,

“And beoth myne mestē fon of alle: and also beoth
 al3are,

“In seculer court me to deme: and that nele no3t wel
 fare.

“For 3e habbeth among 3u, this tuei dayes: bispekē
 that ilome. 919

“Nou God helpe holi churche: and nymē therto gome!

“Ac in obedience ich 3u hote: that 3e ther ne3 ne beo,

“ If ich am ibrouȝt to jugement: ac rather that ȝe fleo.

“ And if eni man hond on me set: ich ȝou hote also,

“ That ȝe sentence of holi churchē: for suche violence do;

“ And holdeth up the riȝtes of holi churchē: that ȝou beoth bitake,

“ For ynē schal for no drede of deth: hirē riȝtes forsake.”

Tho Bischopes were tho wroth ynouȝ: and wende to court echone.

Nou God helpe Seint Thomas: for he was alone!

Bote the Bischop of Wynchestre: ther ne bilevede with him not on,

And the Bischop of Salesbury: that nere fram him agon. 930

Seint Thomas tristē al to God: and greithede him anon,
And song a masse of Seinte Stevene: er he com among his fon.

He song oftē thulkē masse: for, as heo doth bigynne,
The furste office is propre ynou: to the stat that he was inne.

The bigynning of thulkē masse: in Anglich is this,

“ For whan princes habbe isete: and aȝē me ispeke, iwis,

“ And lithere men pursuede me: Louerd, myn help thu beo!”

Meni seide that this ihurde: herbi me mai iseo,

That he singeth the masse for than one: for the King and for his;

For he halth hem allē lithere men: that aȝen him spek-
eth, iwis. 940

This word com to court sone: wher thurf hi were
echon,

In the more angusse aȝen him: and the more his fon.
And somme of the Kinges conseillers: to him oftē wende,
And seidē, bote he hulde him stif: al his lond he
schende.

If he grantede Seint Thomas: at thulkē tyme his
wille,

His poēr in his londē were: nevereft worth a fille;
Bote lete the clergie al iworthe: and holde him silvē
stille,

And clerkēs diȝtē al his lond: and al his reaume aspille;
And attē laste bi here owe wille: maki kinges and
cheose,

And so schulde ech king after him: his franchisē leose:
Therfor he moste him wel bithenche: and ne flecchi
noȝt. 951

Suchē wordes and meni other: apeirede moche his
thoȝt.

Tho Seint Thomas hadde his masse ido: his cheisable
he gan of weve,

And allē thother vestimentz: he let on him bileve.

Other armure nadde he none: for holi church to
fizde:

God almiȝti beo his help: bi daye and bi nyȝte!

Forth wende this godē kniȝt: among alle his fon:

Nou swete Iēsu beo his help: for other help nadde
he non!

The croice he bar on his hond: and arerde up his
banèr:

The Bischop Robert of Herforde: anon wende him ner.

“Sire,” he seide, “ich crie thin ore: thi chapeleyn
make thu me! 961

“Bifore thé let me bare thi croice: for hit ne falleth
noz̃t to thé.”

“The while ich hire bere,” quath Seint Thomas: “and
tofore me iseo,

Ině doutie of no man: the hardiere ymai beo.”

Tho seide the Bischop of Londone: that evere was his
fo,

“Ině redě noz̃t that thu: tofore the Kingě so go.

“For wraththe he wolde anon: awreke him in the
place.”

“Ich bitake me,” quath Seint Thomas: “al to Goděs
grace.”

“3e, al thi lyf,” quath this other: “a fol thu hast ibeo,

“And that neltou nevère bileve: as me mai nou
iseo.” 970

Seint Thomas thus, with his croiz: into court gan gon:

Tho he sez him comě so: he wraththede him anon.

“Lordlings,” he seide, “her 3e seoth: hou this man me
schent;

“In whiche manère is he in this court: among ous
iwent,

“As yně bileovede noz̃t in Cristendom: ne in oure
Louerdes name.

“Ne mot ich nede awrekě beo: whan he me doth such
schame?”

Tho seidē al the court anon: "Sire, ȝe mowe iseo,
"That he is prout and conteckour: and evere hath
ibeo.

"And in despyt of thé and thyne: this dede he hath
ido;

"And, if thu wolt, thu miȝt beo war: eft to take on so,

"To bringē in so gret poër: such on as he is, 981

"To the heȝiste of thi londe: as thu makest him, iwis.

"Therefore we ne bymeneth thé noȝt: for thu noldest
beo iwar bifore,

"That we sigge alle bi him: that he is purliche for-
swore.

"As bi a such man, do bi him: and as bi on of thi fon;

"For he swor thé urthlich onur: and he ne doth thé
non."

The bedēlēs and other schrewen: on him grenede faste;
And ibide the Kingēs heste: in prisoun him to caste.

The King let crie anon aboute: if eni so wod were,

That Seint Thomas consaillēde: and cumpaignye bere;

Ac as the Kingēs traïtour: me scholde him nyme anon.

Nou swetē Jesus beo his help: among alle his fon! 992

The Bischop of Excestre: to Seint Thomas ful akneo,

"Merci," he seide, "for Godēs love: for sorewe thu
miȝt iseo.

"Have reuthē of thé and of ous: other thu wolt ous
allē schende.

"We wortheth alle ibrouȝt to noȝt: bote thu thi thoȝt
wende."

"Sire Bischop," quath Seint Thomas: "thu miȝt as
wel beo stille;

“Go hunnēs; of thé ne kepe ynozt: do ech man his wille.”

The Bischops wende to gadere alle: and here consail nome,

And tho he hadde here forme iset: to the Kinge hi come. 1000

“Sire,” hi seide, “anuyed thu ert: and ous hit ofthinketh sore:

“Forzif ous that 3e ous bereth anhond: and we ne schulle misdo nomore.

“Wel we witeth hit is a wrecche: that scholde oure chief beo:

“Fals he is, and forswore: and that ech man mai iseo.

“For he swor to holde thé urthliche onur: and hath ibroke his oth,

“And that we schullē proven wel: ne beo he nozt so wroth.

“Forzif ous thi wraththe, we thé biddeth: and to Rome we woleth wende,

“To bynyme him his bischopriche: and as a wrecche him schende.

“Forswore we woleth him provi: sirē, bi 3oure rede.”

The King bihet hem gret honor: for do thulkē dede.

To Seint Thomas, ther as he was: hi wende alle anon; 1011

The Bischop Hillari of Chichestre: tolde for hem echon.

“Sire,” he seide, “oure gostliche fader: thu were her bifore;

“Ac for fader nou we forsaketh thé: for thu ert fals
and forswore.

“For thu swore him urthlich honor: and nelt him
do non,

“Therefore to the court of Rome: we biclipieth hit
echon.”

Nou, swete Iësus, beo his help: whan alle othere were
fon!

The King let clipie faste: that he come forth anon.
The Eorl Robert of Leicestre: and othere menion,
Come after him, and hete him sone: bifore the Kingē
gon. 1020

“Lordlings,” quath Seint Thomas: “3e witeth wel
echon,

“Hou wel ich was w[i]th the Kinge: the3 ich have nou
lither iwon.

“Archebischop he makede me: to sothe, a3é mi wille:

“For ich draddē for unconnyngē: mi soulē to aspille.

“Tho eschte ich tofore al that folc: in whiche manere
hi hit me toke,

“The maistrie of holi churche: to wardi and to loke.

“He me tok holi churche: in eche manère so freo,

“To beo quit of al other court: and mid ri3tē scholde
so beo.

“And whan holi churche is so freo: ynele answère the
Kinge,

“Ne non other of his court: of non urthlich thinge.

“For gold ne passeth no3t in bounté: so moche leode, iwis,

“As digneté of preösthod: passeth the lewed man
that is. 1032

“ And his gostliche fader ich am: if he wolde nymē
zeme;

“ And hit nere noȝt that the sone: his fader scholdē
deme.

“ Therefore ich siggē, at o word: ynele me nothing
take,

“ To jugement of Kinges court: ac outliche hit for-
sake;

“ And take me alto holi churchē: and to non other
dome,

“ And biclipie tofore ȝou alle: to the court of Rome.

“ Sauf the stat of holi churchē: and mi digneté,

“ That Jesu Crist hit sauvi: whan hit ne mai noȝt
thurf me. 1040

“ And ȝou bishops ich biclipie: to the court of Rome
also,

“ That ȝe honuryeth more an urthlich king: than ȝe
God almizti do.”

And so thurf riȝt of holi churchē: out of this court
gan wende,

To bringe this cause of holi churchē: tofore the Pope
to ende.

This holi man out of this court: wel myldēliche gan
gon,

That King and alle that with him were: wraththede
him anon,

With also grete noyse, as al the toun: biset were with
here fon;

This holi man him wendē forth: as stille as eni ston.

Hi ne miȝte makie morē cri: theȝ al the toun were
afure,

Than hi dude upe this holi man: that reuthe hit was to
hure. 1050

Nou God beo this holi manēs help: for he hadde ther
lutē rewe;

For in al his lyf he hadde: godē dawēs fewe.

Forth him wendē Seint Thomas: as him nothing ne
roȝte:

For more me schende Iēsu Crist: tho me him to dethē
broȝte.

He weith upe his palefrai: and to his inne wende so:

Unethe he miȝtē mid his hond: this threö thingēs do;

Blesci that folc, and bere his croice: and his bridel
wisse.

The simple folc orn him aboute: with joye ynou and
blisse.

For hi wende wel he hadde ibeo: at court faste ynome:

Hi herede moche Iēsu Crist: that he miȝte among hem
come. 1060

To his in, to Seint Andreuēs: he suede him faste ynouȝ;

Alle the pore men with him: to the mete he drouȝ;

And seidē, “Cometh forth mid me: for minē freond ȝe
beoth:

“Inabbe non other freond than ȝou: of allē men ȝe
seoth.”

He let hem fedē echone wel: ful his hous neȝ,

And him silve the gladdere was: that he ham iseȝ.

As Seint Thomas sat atte mete: theȝ he no wille
nadde,

This word that ourē Louerd het: his redere bifore him
radde:—

“If me pursueth 3ou in o toun: into another 3e fleo.”
This holi man tho3te bi him: this word mi3te wel beo:
And that hit was Godēs wille: into another toun
to gon, 1071

Anon as the godspel saith: to fleö alle his fon.
The hardiere he was tho: of londē forto wende,
Whan he mi3t ascapie wel: that God wolde the tymē
sende.

Tho hit was toward eve: tui serjantz ther come fram
the Kinge,
And sorē wepinge warnede him that me wolde: to
strongē dethe him bringe.

For the Kinges men hadde iswore: thurf heste of the
Kinge,
Whar so hi mi3tē fyndē him: to strongē dethe him
bringe.

Seint Thomas tho3te another: he let makie his bed
ani3t,

In the he3ē churchē: bituene tui wevedes ri3t. 1080
Tho other men were alle aslepe: and noman him
nas ne3.

He ros him up and bihuld: on than ymāge anhe3.

He ful adoun before the weved: and on oure Louerd
gan crie;

And seidē furst the set samēs: and siththe the letanye.
And wepinge ech halewe bad: his help forto beo,
And at ech halwe up aros: and sat siththe adoun
akneo.

Nou Crist in hevene beo his help: for neode he hadde
therto ynouȝ!

For him was to cominge sorwe ynouȝ: as ȝe schulle
ihure with wouȝ.

Tho he hadde ido his prière: stilliche he gan gon,
Alute bifore the cockes crowe: out of the church anon;
And wende him out of Engēlonde: that noman with
him nas, 1091

Bote o frere of Sympringham: that wel privei with
him was.

This gode man fleȝ al Engēlond: for holi churchē riȝte.
For al his wo ne ȝaf he noȝt: if he hit amendē myȝte.
The niȝt that fram Norhamptone: Seint Thomas thane
wei nom,

To on of his clerkes: in avisioun ther com

A cler voiz, that seide: of the sauter this:*—

“As hit were a sparewe: oure soule ibroȝt is

“Out of the hunteres bonde: and the bond is undo,

“And al defouled, and we: beoth delyvred so.” 1100

Of wham was this avisioun: bote of Seint Thomas,

That out of the bendes of his fon: tho delyvred was?

That word com of Seint Thomas: to the Kingē sone:

The heȝē men nome therof red: what hem were to
done.

The King and al his Baronie: and his Bischops
echon,

* “Anima nostra sicut passer erepta est de laqueo venantium.
Laqueus contritus est et nos liberati sumus.”—(*Psalm cxxiv.*)
This Latin quotation is in the margin of the Harleian MS.

That auȝtē with Seint Thomas beo: and were mest
his fon,

To his consail everechone: assentede attan ende,
That the King scholde of his heȝiste men: to the
court of Romē sende,

Aȝen him whan he thider com: and the Pope do
understonde,

That he is fals and forswore: and desturbour of the
londe. 1110

And to do this gretē neode: the wiseste men forth nome,
And that the King were al in pees: forte he aȝē come.
The Archebischof of Everwyk: and the Bischof of
Excestre,

To Romē wende for thissē neode: and the Bischof of
Cicestre.

The Bischof ek of Londone: and of Wircestre also,
And gretē Eorlēs and Barouns: and clerkēs therto,
To bere witnisse of this falshede: whan hi to courtē
come.

Noble ȝiftēs and gewels: mid hem also hi nome:
For therwith me mai ofte at court: the riȝtē bringe to
wouȝ. 1119

Nou Crist helpe this porē man: for he was pore ynouȝ!
None ȝiftēs he nadde to ȝyve: to holdē up his riȝte:
Fram Norhamptonē bar he ȝeode: for holi churchē to
fiȝte.

Fram Seint Andreues in Norhamptone: this holi man
forth wende,

With a frere of Simpringham: as oure Louerd the
gracē sende.

Vyf and tuenti mile he wende: to the toun of Gra[nt]-
ham,

Er he stintē meni stede: with the frere of Simpringham.
Al northward he drouȝ him forth: and framward the
see,

That the Kinges men ne founde him noȝt: to nymē ne
to sle.

Siththe he wendē fram Gra[nt]ham: fyve and tuenti
myle also, 1129

To the cité of Lincolne: er he wolde him to restē do.
The morwe upe Seint Lukēs dai: Tuēsdai hit was tho,
He departede fram the Kingēs court: in suchē sorwe
and wo.

Thanē Wendesdai aniȝt: out of the toun he nom;
Sone amorwe thane Thursdai: to Lincolne he com.
At a walkeres hous: his in he nom there;
Alle gate he nom his wei: bi niȝte that he awaited nere.
In watere he dude him at Lincolne: er God thane dai
sende;

And thanē Fridai fourti myle: al bi water he wende,
To an hermitage of Simpringham: that amidde the
watere is:

Ther he levede hardiliche: threö dayes, iwis. 1140
To Seint Botolf siththe he wende: that thannēs was
ten myle;

And ther he dude him eft in watere: and com, in a
lute while,

To the hous of Haverolt: that of Simpringham ek is.
The frere him ladde bi thulkē hous: the sikerer to beo,
iwis.

Therhanne he wende to Eystrie: his owe manère mid
rizte,

The Archebischop of Canterbury: if he were of mizte;
That was neȝ the see ynouȝ: he abod wel there;
Lokede forto passi: whan best tymē were.

Sovenizt he bilevede ther: forto Allē Soulen day,
In chambre rizt bi the churchē: dai and nizt he lay;
That noman ne scholde him underȝete: ne war of him
beo. 1151

Thurf the churchē wal he makede an hol: the sacringe
forto seo;

And forto hurē ther his masse: that hi, that to churchē
come,

Nuste noȝt that he was so neȝ: ne toke therof no gome.
Such an anker he was bcome: Louerd, that him
was wo,

Archebischop of Canterbury: that ne therste among
none men go!

An Alle Soulen dai, thane Tuēsdai: er God thane
dai sende,

He bitok God al holi churchē: and into the see wende.

Hi rewe forth al thanē dai: forte aȝen theveninge,

A myle hi aryvede: fram the havene of Graveninge.

Oye me clipeth the stede: as he com to londe, 1161

In the lond of Flandres: as ich understonde.

Forth he moste, this holi man: hors nadde he non;

For al his bischopriche: afote he mostē gon.

And that noman him ne knewe: thabit of frere he
nom,

And as a frere forth he ȝeode: tho he to Flandres com.

Blak was his cope above: his curtel whit blanket;
Upe his rug his cope he bar: forto go the bet.
The reyn was gret and swithē strong: the wei was
deope ynouȝ:

So weri was this holi man: that unethe his lymes he
drouȝ. 1170

So weri he was of the wei: and of the see bifore,
That he sat adoun and ne miȝte no fur: bote he were
ibore.

Tho ȝeodē forth on of his men: and hurede him a
mure,

For an Englisch peni, with an halter: this holi man
to bere.

This holi man his clothēs nom: and upe this mure
hem caste,

And werth upe above his clothes: and rod forth wel
faste.

A! weilawai! such a man: moche is Godēs miȝte!
So febliche wendē over lond: for uvele was hit his
riȝte.

Uvele bicom him to gon afote: other upe a suche best
to ride. 1179

Holi churche he aboutē dure: that me tiȝth on wide.
With this haltere upe this mure: forth rod this holi man,
As a frere, and let him clipen: frerē Cristian.

For he noldē liē noȝt: Cristenē he was;
And he was adrad to beon iknowe: if me clipede him
Thomas.

At a god manēs hous: his in a niȝt he nom,
He sat attē bordēs ende: as him noȝt wel bicom;

And his men sete alle withinne: as he the loweste were:
 The oste nom wel gode ȝeme: hou hi hem alle bere.
 He nom ȝeme of this holi man: attē bordēs ende,
 Hou mylde he was attē borde: and curteys and hende.
 Hou curteisliche he delde his mete: to hem that tofore
 him stode, 1191

And hou lute him silf he at: mid wel simple mode.
 His lymēs also he bihuld: hou gent hi were and freo;
 Honden faire, with longē fyngres: fairere ne miȝte
 none beo.

His facē long and brod also: his frount large ynouȝ;
 And bifore alle thothere evere to him: his hurte mest
 drouȝ.

Of tharchebischop of Canterbury: he gan him under-
 stonde,

That hit was couth into al that lond: that he was
 iwend of londe.

His hurte him ȝaf that hit was he: in gret studie he
 was ibroȝt;

He rounede in his wyvēs ere: and tolde hire al his
 thoȝt. 1200

His wyf, after thulkē tyme: that sothe also thoȝte,
 Heo servede this holi man: and of deyntés him broȝte.
 Applen, peres, and notēs ek: heo fondede in eche
 manère,

Among alle this other men: to gladie this seli frere.
 Heo bilevede to servi othere: and upe him was al hire
 thoȝt;

Seint Thomas hit underȝet: and ne paidē him with
 noȝt.

So that he bihuld aboute: anon after sopèr.

Wel myldēliche he bad his hoste: forto com him ner,
And to sitte bi him adoun: and soláci him astounde.

“Sire, merci!” quath this other: “ich wole sittē upe the
grounde.” 1210

He sat adoun at his fet: Seint Thomas him bad arise:
“Certēs, sire,” quath this other: yneschal in nonē
wise.

“Nolde God that ich bi thé sete: Louerd! ihered
thu beo,

“That thu mostest in myne housē come: and ich thane
dai iseo.”

“Lute deynté,” quath Seint Thomas: “of such a porē
man,

“A seli frere as ich am: ihotē Cristian.”

“Sire, thin ore,” quath this other: “wel ich under-
stonde,

“Archebischop thu ert of Canterbure: iwend out of
Engēlonde.”

“Whi saistou so?” quath this other: “thu hast selde
iseze,

“Tharchebischop of Canterbury: in suche manere
ride bi weye.” 1220

“Sire,” quath this other, “thu hit ert: as me saith
mi thoȝt,

“Ich bidde thé for the love of God: ne forsak hit aȝē
me noȝt.”

Seint Thomas him bithoȝte: that other he moste lie,
Other beo iknowe that he hit was: so thother on him
gan crie.

Attē laste he was iknowe: ac amorwe he nom
His hoste, and bad that he ne wreide him noȝt: er he
afur wei com.

He wende him forth wel er dai: in wel foulē weye;
Tuelf myle he ȝeode grete ynouȝ: to a grei abbeye,
That me clipeth Clermareys: of greye monekes, iwis,
That biside the castel: of Seint Omer is. 1230

To thabbey of Seint Bertin: fram thannē he wende,
And ther he levede til oure Louerd: other tithinge
him sende.

The Bischops of Engēlonde: and the Barouns also,
Toward the court of Romē wende: her erande for to do.
To the King of France hi wende: and lettres with
hem bere,

Fram the King of Engēlonde: that thus an Englisch
were:—

“To his louerd, thurf Godēs grace: Sire Lowes the
King,

“Henri King of Engēlonde: sent love and greting.

“Thomas that Archēbischof was: of Canterbure her-
bifore,

“Out of mi lond is awend: as traytour and forswore.

“Therefore, as myn urlich louerd: ich bidde thé, bi mi
sonde, 1241

“That thu ne suffri noȝt that he beo: receited in thi
londe.”

Tho this King this bone ihurde: awhile in thoȝte he
stod;

“Certēs,” he hem seide, “me thinȝth: this bonē nis
noȝt god.

“ So strong theof nis non in Engēlond: if he into
Francē come,

“ That he ne miztē levē ther: as me sizth ilome.

“ Nere he iproved so strong theof: other hadde that
lond forswore,

“ Ic ne mizte do hit for no thing: theȝ he him haddē
ther misbore.

“ And whatlokere scholde such an heȝ man: ne come
he noȝt so sone,

“ And nother ich ne he habbeth: with oure bischops to
done. 1250

“ For myne bischops with holi churche: ich lete here
willē do,

“ And fairere were the King, me thinȝth: lete him
iworthē so,

“ Than entremitti of holi churche: here riztēs forto spille,

“ And loki the pees of the lond: me thinȝth he doth
his wille.”

Ne mizte this heȝē men: non other word afonge;

So that hi wendē forth here wei: tho hi hadde abidē
longe.

Maister Herbad of Bozam: and othere siththē wende,

To the King of France: as Seint Thomas hem sende;

And tolde the King of al the wo: that Seint Thomas
hadde with wouȝ.

The King tho he hurdē this: wep and makede deol
ynouȝ; 1260

And tolde al hou the Kingēs men: were at him bifore,

And which answeere he hem ȝaf: here wei hi hadde
forlore.

This godē man with joye ynouȝ: here levē of him nome,
And fram him myldēlichē wende: to the court of
Rome.

For ther nere hi noȝt wolcome: for the schame bifore,
And the desclandre of Seint Thomas: that he was fals
and forswore.

Ac nathēlēs grace hi hadde: that hi to the Pop come
mizte.

Him silve hi tolde in priveité: al Seint Thomas wo with
unrizte;

Of the statutz of Clarendone: hou hi forth furst come;
Hou he was ibroȝt to Norampton: tofore the King to
done; 1270

Hou he wende out of Engēlonde: in which miseise
and wo;

And hou he changede his name: the sikerer forto go.
The Pope bigan to sikē sore: mid wel dreori thoȝt,
The terēs urne out of his ezen: he ne mizte hem wernē
noȝt.

He thonkede God that such prelat: under him miztē
beo,

So stedēfast to holi churchē: and that he mizte thane
dai iseo.

Amorwe come the Bischops: and the Barouns also,
To procuri him al the wele: that hi miztē do.

Tofore the Pope as he sat: myldēliche hi come,
And bifore the Cardinals: attē curt of Rome.

The Bischop of Londone: that evere lither was,
Bigan furst to telle his tale: azé Seint Thomas. 1280
He stod up tofore al the court: "Beau pere," he sede,

“ To thé we come to mene ous: of wrecchede that we
doth lede,

“ Ourë riȝtës up to holde: alle that godë beoth,

“ And folës bringë of folie: whan we eni iseoth.

“ A distance ther is ispronge: liztliche in Engëlonde,

“ That desturbeth al that lond: with unrizt, ich under-
stonde.

“ Tharchebischop of Canterbure: al aȝen oure wille,

“ A folie bigan in Engëlonde: al holi church to spille:

“ To bynyme the Kingës franchise: and his riȝtes also;

“ Ac he ne miȝte ous makë for nothing: consenti therto.

“ Therefore for wraththë siththe: for we nolde his
willë do, 1291

“ Upe ous he caste his owë gult: and upe the King
also;

“ And attë lastë, as hit were: the lond forto ablende,

“ That no man him strenȝthë dude: of lond he gan
wende.

“ For men that that sothë nuste: scholdë understonde,

“ That the King him dude unrizt: and drof him out
of londe.”

Tho he hadde his tale itold: and ymaked al his wise,

He sat adoun and the Bischof: of Cicestre gan arise.

“ Beau pere,” he seidë to the Pope: “ me thinȝth hit
falth to thé,

“ To desturbi thing that falleth: to harm of commu-
neauté; 1300

“ That o man ne beo isuffred noȝt: go forth with his
wille,

“To bringě al the lond to schindisse: and holi churchē
to spille.

“That hathoure Archebischof i wrozt: that is isene, i wis,

“Whan ech man of the lond: faste aȝen him is.”

The Archebischof of Everwyk: tho he his tyme iseȝ,

Aros up and gan to telle: his talē, al anheȝ.

“Sire,” he seide, “no man ne knoweth: so wel as
ich do,

“Thar archebischof of Canterbure: and thar archebischof-
riche also.

“The Archebischof is wilful: and whan he is alles
i brozt

“In a wil that is lute worth: he nele bileve hit noȝt.

“For man ne schal for nothing: bringe him out of his
thoȝt: 1311

“In suchē fol wille is he nou: that we habbeth deore
aboȝt.

“Ligtliche therinne he com: and he nele bileve
nevere mo,

“Bote ȝe pulte ȝoure hond therto: to bringe ous out
of wo.”

“Sire, sire,” quath the Bischof: of Excestre tho,

“This cas ȝe mote amendi: hou so hit evere go.

“If ȝe ne loeveth noȝt that sothe: as me doth ȝou to
understonde,

“Send with ous, fot with fot: a legat into Engēlonde,

“To enqueri that sothē ther: and let him thereafter
wirche.

“For certēs, bote ȝe other thenche: ȝe schendeth holi
churchē.” 1320

Tho aros up the Eorl of Arondel : man of gret
digneté,

“Sire,” he seide, “for Godës love: astounde herkne
to me.

“We lewede men that herë beoth: ne cunnë Latyn
non,

“Ne nothing nabbeth understonde: that 3e habbeth
itold echon.

“Ac in langágë that we cunne: such men as we beoth,

“(He3e Barouns and noble Kny3tes: that 3e bifor 3ou
iseoth,)

“Telle ich wole bifore 3ou alle: whi we beoth hider
iwend,

“Thurf mi louerd the Kinges heste: that ous hath
isend.

“No3t that we wraththi eni man: other eni man sigge
amis,

“And nameliche ourë alre hevede: that oure chiëf is,

“To wham al the wordle aboueth: (God holdë him his
mizte,) 1331

“That au3te ech man 3urnë bidde: to holde ech man
to rizte.

“Ac suchë kny3tës as we beoth: hider we beoth iwend;

“Oure louerd the King of Engëlonde: hider ous hav-
eth isend,

“To schewë furst the reverence: and the grete love
also,

“That he hath evere to 3ou ibore: and evere then3th
to do;

“ And that 3e sende him word bi ous: as 3e seoth ous
stonde,

“ Bischopes, Eorlēs, and Barouns: the he3iste of his
londe.

“ If eni he3ere hadde ibeo: hider he hadde iwend,

“ As to so he3 curt as this is: hider ous he hath
isend, 1340

“ To schewi furst in his name: as wide as the wordle is,

“ So true princē nis to Rome: ne that so moche 3ou
loveth, iwis;

“ Ne so moche honureth holi churchē: and evere
hath ido.

“ Tharchebischop of Canterbure: is noble man also.

“ That if o manere of him: as ich understonde,

“ Ther nerē lond of Cristendom: a3en Engēlonde,

“ Ne holi churchē so wel: ischuld from echē wou3,

“ Under swithē noble prince: and prelat god ynou3.

“ Ac the Archebischop Thomas: hath a lutē wille,

“ To apeiri moche his godnisse: and that lond then3[th]
aspille. 1350

“ His wille is such, that whan he is: icomē in fol
tho3t,

“ He nele thurf consail ne thurf red: therof beo ibro3t.

“ In suchē folie he is icomē nouthe: (oure Louerd his
tho3t wende!)

“ Bote me mowe him therof bringe: that lond he wole
aschende.

“ Therefore mi louerd the King 3ou bit: that 3e with
ous sende,

“ A legat to Engēlonde: to enquere therof than ende.

“Other certēs he is upe the poynte: al that lond to
spille,

“Bote ȝe chasti him thurf lawe: and bynyme his folē
wille.”

Off alle the clerkēs that ther sete: non of hem ther
nas,

That ne preisede moche this heȝē man: for he so rena-
ble was. 1360

“Lordlings,” quath the Pope: “ȝe iseoth wel ynouȝ,

“That ȝe to tharchebischop telleth: beo hit riȝt other
wouȝ.

“Ac we ne mowe no dom ȝyve: both he himsilf her
were,

“Ne juggi no man bihyndē him: for no riȝt hit nere.”

“Sire,” quath th[e] Eorl of Arondel: “ȝe mote bet
understonde:

“A certeyn dai ous is iset: to come to Engēlonde;

“And thane dai nethore we noȝt breke: for oure
louerd the Kinge;

“Therefore ȝe mote ous gracē do: somdel of thissē
thinge.

“We biddeth ȝou, if hit is ȝoure wille: a legat with
ous sende,

“And tharchēbischop hote also: to Engēlondē wende

“And as the legat ther enquereth: therafter he mai
do.” 1371

“Certēs, beau frere,” quath the Pope: “ynele noȝt
take on so.

“Inot whan tharchēbischop cometh: ne what he wole
forth drawe;

“And to deme a man bihynden him: thu wost hit nere
no lawe.”

“Certës, sire,” quath this other: “we nethore abidě
nozt.”

“Deperdeus,” quath the Pope: “doth as 3e habbeth
ithozt.”

This othere werě wroth ynou: wel faire here leve
hi nome,

And wende hem forth in gretě wraththe: and to En-
gělondě come.

Seint Thomas was tho in Flandres. in huding, as
hit were,

In the hous of Seint Bertin: for he him abussede
there. 1380

Attě laste he aros bi nyzte: and out of Flandres wende,
Al priveilichě into France: as God the gracě sende.

The King of Francě that tho was: Lowis, god and
hende,

Hurde telle of this gode man: he let after him sende.

Tho [t]his holi man to him com: gret joye he gan make;

He het him upon his lond: ynou3 of his take,

To spene, to him and allě his: whar so he evere come.

Nolde Seint Thomas abidě nozt: er he com to Rome.

The King him tok spense ynou3: to him and allě his,

And sendě with him god condut: to bringe him ther,

iwis. 1390

Tho this gode man to Romě com: he was faire
underfonge;

And somdel the Popě was anuyed: that he abod so
longe.

Me acusede him of the trespàs: that the Bischops
toldě there,

And bad him answare for his stat: and aleggi for him
hou hit were.

Seint Thomas woldě up arise: me bad him sitte
adoun;

Biside the Pope he sat: and seidě his reisoun.

“Sire,” he seide, “ich am iset: theȝ ich unworthi beo,
“To wardi the churche of Canterbury: as ȝe mowe
iseo.

“And theȝ ich ne beo noȝt worthi: such fol nam
ynoȝt,

“That the King scholde thurf me: in wraththě beon
ibroȝt. 1400

“For if ich wolde his willě do. and paye him of alle
thinge,

“Ine ne scholde for noȝt: in such contek him bringe;

“He me wolde lovie ynouȝ: and al his lond, iwis,

“Scholde at mi willě beo: and alle thing that is his.

“Ac mi professioun ich habbe: to Jesu Crist ido;

“And the biheste that ich habbe ymaked: ne suffreth
me noȝt so.

“And if ich wolde bileve: ynaddě noně neode,

“To no man to go ous bituene: myn erande forto
beode.

“Ac the churche of Canterbure: was iwoned to
schyně wide,

“And beo as the sonne among alle othere: of the west
side. 1410

“The sonne that was so briȝt: deork heo is bcome;

“Blodē clouden and stronge ynou: hire lizt hire hab-
beth binome.

“Overcast heo is with the clouden: that lizt ne ȝifth
heo non;

“Whar thurf the churchen of Engēlonde: idurked
beoth echon.

“For a cloude hire had overcast: that heo ne mai noȝt
lizte:

“The King that scholde hire governy: bynymeth al
hire riȝte.

“Ich that scholde hire wardeyn beo: therazē ich
mot fiȝte,

“And stonde aȝē and withsigge hire wrong: bi al mynē
miȝte.

“For theȝ ich hadde a thousand lyves: (as ynabbe bote
on,)

“Rathere than ich woldē tholie: ȝyve ich hem wolde
echon. 1420

“The custumes aȝē holi churchē: that the King hath
forth ibroȝt,

“Her ȝe mowe hem nou ihure: if hi beoth to granti
oȝt.”

He gan hem rede the lithere lawes: as he hem hadde
iwrite;

He wep that the teres urne adoun: that deole hit was
to wite.

Tho the Pope and his Cardinals: that seȝe him wepe
so sore,

And ihurde ek this lithere lawes: hi ne miȝte forbere
nomore;

And wope also pitousliche: and herede God also,
 That hi miȝte finde such a prelat: over holi churche ido,
 That huld hire so wel to riȝte: and ne suffredē ne
 wouȝ;

And thonkede God of such a man: and honurede him
 ynouȝ. 1430

The Pope het his clerkēs alle: thurf al Cristendom,
 Withsiggē suchē lithere lawes: whar so eni of hem
 com;

And that hi nere isuffred nowhar: hou so hi come to
 ende,

And that hi deide rathere therfore; than holi churche
 lete schende.

Tho spac him eft Seint Thomas: wepingē wel sore,
 “Inabbē noȝt so mochē wo: that me nere worthē more.
 “For thurf strenȝthe of urthlich man: in such poēr
 am ich ido,

“Ac ich douti aȝen Godēs wille: that ich unworthi beo
 therto.

“Therfore God, for riȝtē wreche: uvel ending me doth
 sende;

“Ac ich douti for mi wrecchē gult: that wors schal
 beo the ende, 1440

“For mi synne and mi unmiȝte: that ynemai hire
 wardi noȝt.

“Therfore, that holi churche: ne beo to grounde ibroȝt,

“Ich ȝyve ȝou up mi bischopriche: another ȝe mote
 ther do,

“That hit mowe wardi bet: for unworthi ich am
 therto.”

His ring he nom and tok the Pope: and ȝuld up the
bischopriche.

The Pope wel deolfulliche: and wel myldēliche gan
siche.

Therof conseilled al the court: what the beste red were,
To lete him leve therchebischopriche: other to do
another there.

“Me thinȝth,” quath a Cardinal: “in such cas as this
man is,

“Betere hit were to do another: in his stede, iwis,¹⁴⁵⁰

“Forto payē bet the King: and such cas miȝte bifalle,

“That the King wolde bileve and aswagi: the lithere
lawēs alle.

‘For betere hit were, in faire manère: ho so hit miȝte,
to endē bringe,

“Than contek holde in suchē lond: and nameliche aē
the Kinge.

“And me miȝte purveye the godē man: as god as
that is.

“Inot what conseil ȝe wolleth rede: ich wole redē this.”

Tho seide another Cardinal: “yne rede noȝt so, iwis;

“For that wolde ȝyvē men ensample: aldai to do
amis.

“For whan a king with a bischop: were wroth of eni
thinge,

“Anon to bringē him adoun: uvele lawēs woldē bringe;

“And so were holi churchē theu: that levedi scholde
beo.

1461

“Therefore this consail (me thinȝth) is feble: a bett[e]re
me mai iseo.”

The Pop nom tho Seint Thomas: and tok him aȝe
the ring,

To beo Archēbischof forth: stable thurf alle thing;
Stedēfast to holdē up: holi churchē riȝte,

And he him wolde aȝen ech man: helpē bi his miȝte;
And he ne scholdē noȝt the ȝut: to Engēlondē wende,
Ac abidē betere grace; if God woldē sende.

To thabbei of Pontenay: to sojourni there,

He sente this holi man: forte hit betere were. 1470

With lutel folc, and lutel ese: ther he gan to leve;
For he nadde silver non to spene: bote as hi him
ȝeve.

His men he brouȝtē in servise: here mete to wynnē
there,

Him silve he was alonē neȝ: heȝ man theȝ he were.

Lyf he werede hard ynouȝ: he werede hardē here,

Schurte and brech hard ynouȝ: harderē non nere.

The straples were istreynd harde ynouȝ: with knottēs
also,

The schurte tilde anon to his thies: the brech to his to.

The knotten wodē in his flesche: aboute in echē side:

Wel unesē was his brech: aboutē for to ride. 1480

Hardē miȝte he ligge adoun: and hardē sitte also.

Louerd! deore abouȝte he hevene: wel auȝte he come
therto!

The Bischops of Engēlonde: that aȝen him were
at Rome,

And Eorles and othere ek: tho hi to Engeland come,

Hi tolde the King al the cas: hou hi hadde isped.

So sori and wroth the King was: that he was neȝ āwed.

“Allas,” he seide, “thulke traitoure: that ich hadde
forth ibroȝt!

“That he me schal such schame do: ynemai hit tholie
noȝt.

“Whan he fliȝth out of londe: that ynemai to him
come,

“Ich wole me awrekē of his kyn: hi schulle abuggē
some.” 1490

He let sicke out al clene his freond: and his kyn echon,
And drof hem out of Engēlond: that hi ne bilevede
noȝt on;

Sik ne feble, ȝung ne old: ne wymmen mid chylde,
Ne chyl drene that sokinge were: moche he was un-
mylde.

In armes the moder bar the child: in herē wombē
some:

Ther hadde the King (me thinȝth): a feble wreche
ynome.

Ihaled hi were, in grete meseise: out of the lond,
allas!

Ech god man hadde reuthe of hem: that ihurdē of
that cas.

Among hem hi seide stillēliche: that he lithir King
was.

More schrewede the King bithoȝte: ȝut of Seint
Thomas. 1500

The men that he drof of londe: were hem leof other
loth,

He make hem swerie upon a boc: ech after other, an
oth;

That hi ne scholde in nonē stede: levē, nonē stounde,
 Er hi come to Seint Tbomas: ther as hi him founde,
 And toldē him hou hi were: out of londe ibroȝt,
 To bringe him more in sorewe: if hi miȝte turne his
 thoȝt.

ȝut he brouȝte a lither dedē more: upē Seint Thomas;
 He let hote, thurf al the lond: as wide as his poēr was,
 That no man ne scholdē for him bidde: in church ne
 ellēswhare;

As me for tharchēbischop doth: and ido hath ȝare.¹⁵¹⁰
 Louerd! moche was the schamē tho: that holi church
 bitidde,

Whan heo ne mostē for hire heved: among other men
 bidde!

That folc of Seint Thomas freond: thicke aboute
 him drouȝ,

Aldai that were iflemmid for him: in meseise and sorwe
 ynouȝ;

And wope and cridē dulfulliche: and tolde him al that
 cas,

Hou hi werē fram him dryve: and which here sorwe
 was.

Seint Thomas bihuld hem dulfulliche: and gan to sikē
 sore;

Nathelès he makede hem fair semblant: to conforti
 hem the more;

And sende this word to gladi hem: that men unde[r]-
 stondeth longe,¹⁵¹⁹

“Echē lond,” he seide: “is contray to the stronge.

“As ho saith, theȝ ȝe beo: in strange contray ibroȝt,

“If 3e beoth strong in Godës lawe: hit ne schal 3ou
grevi noȝt.”

Alle the heȝe men of the lond: that ihurde that cas,
Acursedě the King, and seide: that he lither was.

This seli men aboute him nome: for love of Seint
Thomas,

And fonde hem sustenance ynouȝ: in meseise non ther
nas.

Tho the tithinge to the King: of Engēlondě com,
That this men were underfonge: gret deol to him he
nom,

“Certēs,” he seide, “whan ynemai: his hurtě so buye,
“In more meseise ich wole him bringe: that his lyf
him schal anuye.” 1530

Greye monēkēs of Cisteaus: fram ȝere to ȝere,
A chapitle makede general: of Abbotes that ther were;
For monēkēs of ech grei abbei: to this chapitle come,
Withinne a termě, as ȝut doth: thurfout al Cristendome.
Tho the chapitle plener was: the Kyng thider sende,
To thabbotes plenerliche: that to the chapitle wende;
And sende him word that him thoȝte: wonder gret
ynouȝ,

That hi wolde him so moche misdo: uncundēliche and
wouȝ,

To susteyne his withere wyne: among hem, and his fo,
In the hous of Ponteney: that brouȝte him in such wo;
And bote hi him levede: and susteynede him nomore,
Alle the greye hous of Engēlonde: ofthenchě scholdě
sore: 1542

For if hi susteynede his fo: no wonder hit nere,

Theȝ he wreke him of thulkē hous: that in his lond
were.

Tho this lettres to Sisteaus: among this Abbotes come,
Of the thretinge hi doutede sore: and gret consail
nome;

So that hi bedē Seint Thomas: his bestē forto do;
For hi ne therste, aȝē the Kingēs wille: nomorē holde
him so.

Tho Seint Thomas this ihurde: he gan to sikē sore:
He bad Jesus him helpē tho: and cride him milce
and ore. 1550

“Lordlings,” he seide, “that me habbeth: susteyned
meni o dai,

“In mi grete neode, Jesu Crist: hit ȝuldē; ynemai.

“The King that threteth ȝou so faste: if ȝe me hold-
eth longe,

“If Crist wole, ȝe ne schulle for me: nevere harm
afonge.

“Whar so ich evere an urthē beo: fram ȝou I wolē
wende,

“That ȝe ne beo for me apeired: oure Louerd his
grace me sende!

“For ich mai ȝut mi metē bidde: ynam noȝt to god
therto:

“God that fedeth the wyldē best: me mai fede also.

“Ac hou hit evere bi me bifalle: God, if hit is thi
wille,

“Hold up the riȝt of holi churche: that heo fulliche
ne spille!” 1560

As this holi man in thoẏtē stod: whoder he miẏtē
wende,

The King of France, that was so god: sone gan his
word sende,

That he bilevede in al his lond: whar so his hurte best
drouȝ,

Cheose him silvē, and he wolde: him sendē spounse
ynouȝ.

Ther hit soth whan a man: in mest sorwe is and
teone,

Thanne is oure Louerdes help wel neȝ: as hit tho isene.

This holi man his levē nom: wel myldēliche and
softe,

And sorē wepinge wendē forth: and ȝoxede and siȝtē
ofte.

The Abbot of Pontenay: somdel forth him brouȝte;

He axede of him whi he were: in so deolful thoȝte.

“Ich wolē sigge,” quath Seint Thomas: “whi ich
carie so, 1571

“That thu ne tellē non fore: er myn endedai beo ido.

“Ich am siker that ich schal: [deye] in martirdom:

“For to niȝt in mi sleping: a wonder meting me com.

“In the churchē of Canterbure: me thoȝte ich stod,
iwis,

“And strivede for holi churchē: aȝen the King and his.

“Tho come ther four kniȝtes: and smyte me upe the
croune,

“Ech after other, that mi brayn: schadde on the
grounde adoune.

“For me ich thonki Jesu Crist: that ich schal deyē so;

“Ac for mi meynē ich sikē sore: that ynot what ich
schal do.” 1580

This holi man him wendē forth: with care and deol
bi weye,

Forto he com to Seneouns: tuelf myle fram Ponteneye.

Ther he levede in sojourn: as longē as he wolde:

The King him fond to spene ynouȝ: of silver and of
golde.

This holi man levede ther: in pays and rest ynouȝ;

Ac evere he carede for holi churchē: that me dude so
wouȝ,

And sende to the King of Engēlond: that he lete beo
stille,

That he ne werrede noȝt holi churchē: if hit were his
wille.

Siththe the King of Engēlond: as his wille him nom,

Passede the see, as God hit wolde: and into Francē com.

The King of Francē was aboute: (if God wold the
gracē sende,) 1591

To acordi him and Seint Thomas: if he hit miȝte
bringe to ende;

So that hi were togadere ibroȝt: to a dai that hi sette.

Seint Thomas com tofore the King: and as his louerd
him grette;

And to his fet ful adoun: and wep and cridē sore,

“Have reuthe,” he seide, “of holi churchē: and ne
werrē hire nomore,

“And ich wole do al thi wille: as ich seide er, bi mi
miȝte,

“Saf mi Louerdes honúr: and holi churchē riȝte.”

The King made him wroth ynouȝ for that worth; as
 he hadde ofte ibeo,

“Nou ȝe mowe,” he seide, “echone: his falshede iseo.

“For ynescholde, upe this word, do: nothing aȝen his
 wille, 1601

“That he ne scholde sigge that ich wolde: holi church
 aspille;

“And that ich were aȝen Godes wille: and in suche
 man re he miȝte,

“The lond desturbi, and bynyme: mi franchise and
 mi riȝte.

“Gode bischops ther habbeth ibeo: bifore, ȝe wite,
 iwis:

“That ȝe seo mi trunisse: and that the wrong is al his.

“As the wyseste and the beste bischops: that bifore
 him were,

“Aȝen the mestē fol King: biforē me hem bere,

“Do he so aȝē me: and ich paye me wel ynouȝ;

“And if he is aȝē this forme: me thinȝth he haveȝ wouȝ.

“Other him thinȝth, of bischops: so wys as he non nas;

“Other he halth me the mestē wrecche: that evere
 bifore this was.” 1612

Tho seide the King of France: and all that hurdē this,

“Certēs thu beodest him love ynou: the wrong is al
 his.”

Seint Thomas stod longe in thoȝte: and gan to sikē
 sore,

“Theȝ ich have ibeo in anuy: ȝut me is to comē more.

“If the archēbischops bifore me: haddo ido here miȝte,

“Hit nadde ibeo no neod nou: to contecki ne to fiȝte.

“For er this, hi were stable ynouȝ: bi godē manēs
siȝte,

“And custumes ne beoth to holdē noȝt: if hi beoth
aȝé riȝte. 1620

“And for the bischopes were to nesche: bifore me, as
ich hit fynde,

“Here folie ich mot nou abigge: other hit worth bi-
hynde.

“Ich wot wel ther habbeth ibeo bifore: custumes in
Engēlonde,

“Ac aȝen riȝte hi beoth: as ich understonde.

“Theȝ hi longe isuffred beo: and to custumēs idrawe,

“Ther ne mai no man to sothē sigge; that hit beo riȝt
ne lawe.

“For oure Louerd loveth soth and riȝtnisse: and uvele
custumes riȝt noȝt, iwis;

“And that he scheweth bi a word: that in the god-
spel is:

“For oure Louerd him silf him eveneth: to sothnissē
there,

“Ac he ne eveneth him nōwhar to custumēs: for aȝé
riȝt hit were. 1630

“Therefore me thinȝth that hit is riȝt: that we to soth-
nisse drawe,

“And uvele custumēs desturbi: that beoth aȝé lawe.

“Therefore ynele none custumēs: suffri, bi mi miȝte,

“That aȝen sothnisse beoth: and holi churchē riȝte.

“Her me mai iseo that none uvele lawes: no god man
ne schal afonge,

“Ac desturbi bi al his miȝte: theȝ hi beo holdē longe.

“For he that susteneth uvele lawes: as wel he haveth
the sinne,

“Bote if he hem alegge, if he mai: as he that hem
doth byg[i]nne.”

Tho the King of France ihurdě this: and othere that
ther were,

That Seint Thomas this withseide: nothing apaid hi
nere. 1640

“Sire Archēbischop,” he seide: “ich ihurě wel thi
wrong;

“The King the beodeth love ynouȝ: the strif is on thé
ilong.

“That woldest bynyme his lawes: that nere nevere
bynome,

“And habbeth ibeo iholde of Kinges: that bifore him
come.

“Gret maister thu woldest alondě beo: to moche were
thi poër;

“To moche ich have honúred thé: in mi londě her.

“Bote thu grantie the riȝte lawes: bicomē ich wole
thi fo;

“And if we beoth thine fon bothe: ynot whoder thu
wolt go.”

Seint Thomas huld him evere in on: the Kingēs werē
wrothe,

And departede fram him so: in gretě wrathě bothe.

Hi stode and makede noyse ynouȝ: Seint Thomas he
stod stille: 1651

For rather he wolde thaně deth: than herě lithere
wille.

Nou helpē Crist this holi man: for neode he hadde tho!
 Nou bothe the Kinges beoth his fon: whoder mai he
 nou go?

Iflemmed he was of Engēlonde: and of France also:
 His men made the deol ynouȝ: and nuste the
 what do.

And namliche his cunnēs men: that for him iflemmed
 were.

“Louerd,” hi seide, “allas allas: that we of lyvē
 nere!

“We beoth idryve of Engēlonde: and of France also,
 “What scholdē morē sorwe, Louerd: than is icome
 ous to?” 1660

Seint Thomas him made glad ynouȝ: and gladede
 also his men anon.

“Beoth stille,” he seide, “for ȝe makieth: neodles deol
 echon.

“ȝourē mete ȝe mowe aswynke: as gode men doth
 menion.

“Beo ȝe fram me, hi wollethe beo freondes: that nou
 beoth ȝourē fon.

“For ȝe nabbeth hate of noman: bote for me with
 wouȝ;

“And beo ȝe fram me iwend: me wole ȝou lovie
 ynouȝ.”

“A sire! merci,” quath this othere: “we witeth wel
 al this:

“For ous silvē nis ous noȝt: bote for thé, iwis.

“For we schulle wel oure mete iwinne: ac we nute
 what thu schalt do: 1669

“Bote thu schulle for hunger deye: louerd, whar thu schullē so.”

“Ich mai bidde mi mete,” quath Seint Thomas: “ynam to god therto;

“God ȝuldē alle that eni god: for his love me hath ido.

“Bituenē Burgoigne and Province: as me doth me understonde,

“Gode men beoth and almēsful: and of cundē londe.

“If ynemot in Francē beo: thider ich wolē wende,

“And bidde mi mete for Godēs love: if he hit me wolē sende.

“ȝut som god man me mai iseo: if hit is Godēs wille,

“And habbe reuthe of me, and helpē me: that meseise me ne spille.”

His men for him and for hem silve: makede deol ynouȝ:

This gode man among al his wo: confortede hem and louȝ. 1680

Allas the deol that ther was: that such aman bitidde!

That tharchebischop of Canterbure: scholde his metē bidde!

Deore abouȝte he holi churchē: and holi churchē riȝte!

Wel auȝte ech man her after drede: aȝen holi churchē to fiȝte.

As ech man his levē nom: aboutē forto wende,

And this holi man ek, in his half: whoder God him woldē sende;

Whoder God wolde, to bidde his mete: forte God him sende betere won;

God sende his grace among hem alle: that sori were
echon.

The Kingës messenger of France: to Seint Thomas
com gon,

And seidē that the King him bad: to him come anon.

Forth wende this holi man: ac he nuste for whichē
thinge, 1691

He tok him al to Godës wille: and com bifore the
Kinge.

The King anon, so he him iseȝ: toward him com gon,

And to his fet ful akneo: and cride merci anon.

“Blynd ich have ibeo,” he seide: “and that ich under-
stonde.

“Al mi lond to thi wille nouth: ich bitakē thé an
honde.

“The while ich am in Francē Kyng: ich wole thé
fynde ynouȝ,

“For ich understonde that sothē nouthe: that the King
hath thé wouȝ.”

To Seint Denys he sende azé: this godē man, iwis,

And fond him ther to spene ynou: him and allē his.

More he dude his miztē ȝut: and bituene hem sende his
sonde, 1701

To bringe acord bituenē hem: and the King of
Engēlonde.

At Mount Martre in France: this dai was ynome:

Thider were the Kingës bothe: and Seint Thomas
icome.

The King of Francē dude his mizte: that hi were at
one ibrouȝt

Ac tho hi hadde to gadere ispeke: al hit was for noȝt.
For the King swor evere his grete oth: that he nolde
acord non,

Bote the statutz of Clarendone: iholdē were echon.

And Seint Thomas swor, bi his day: that he nolde
holde noȝt on;

Rathere he wolde thane deth afonge: bote ther were
other iwon. 1710

Mid wraththē hi departedē: and nolde non other
do:

Seint Thomas gan to sikē sore: and inliche wepe also.

“Louerd,” he seidē, “help me nou: for thi swetē
wounde!

“Other holi churchē is upe the poynte: to beo ibroȝt
to grounde.

Maister Herbard of Bozham: that on of his clerkēs
was,

In priveité bituene hem tuo: seidē to Seint Thomas;

“Sire,” (he seide,) “the Mountmartre: this hul
iclipēd is,

“As hi habbeth ispeke of the pays: of holi churchē,
iwis;

“And as the name saith of this hul: ich douti on mi
thoȝt,

“Thurf thi martirdom holi churchē: worth to riȝte
ibroȝt.” 1720

This other seide, and siȝtē sore: “God ȝeve hit
werē so,

“That thurf mi deth holi churchē: were ibroȝt therto,

“That heo were in riȝtē lawe: and in god pees ibroȝt:

“ And if ich hit mizte bringe therto: of mi deth nere
me no t.”

Azen midsomer hit biful: that the King gan under-
stonde,

And in wraththe of Seint Thomas: azen wende to
Engēlonde,

To seisi Henri his sone: with al his kynēdom,

And to crouni him, and longe him thozte: er he therto
com.

And his consail that his was: mest of allē thinge,
Holi churchē and Seint Thomas: in unriȝt forto
bringe. 1730

For the archēbischofes riȝt: of Canterbury hit is,
To crouni the King of Engēlond: and non other, iwis;
And the King, in prejudice of him: to bynyme his
riȝte,

Let other Bischops crouni his sone: and cudde a lutel
mizte.

Four Bischops him crounede: azen riȝt and wone;
Tharchebischof of Everwyke: and the Bischof of
Londone;

And the Bischof of Salesbury: and of Roucetre also;
At Westmynstre, in Seint Peteres churchē: this dedē
was ido.

The fader servedē the sone: attē mete, aday; 1739

And with the reaumē seidē him: as al that folc isay.

This tethinges of this Kinges: to Seint Thomas come;

Of the unriȝt he sendē some: to the Court of Rome.

The Pope him sende his lettres azé: and his bulle, that
me scholde

Amansi the King and his consail: which tymē that he
wolde;

And suspendi the Bischops: that such unrizt dude
there;

And entrediti al Engeland: forto hit amended were.

Seint Thomas athuld the lettre: forte God the gracē
sende,

That he mizte the dedē do: whan he to Engeland
wende.

3ut com Henri King tholthe: oftsone into France,

And the King of France was anuyed: of his distur-
bance; 1750

And wende aboute to makie acord. and bituene sendē
faste,

So that, as God hit wolde: hi acordede attē laste.

A Seintē Marie dai Magdalene: ido was this dede,

In a stede, that me clipeth: Traitoures Mede.

Also furde thacord: as the mede icliped was:

For therafter in a lutē stounde: nothing isene hit nas.

Moche hi speke in priveité: and in grete love wende
atuo;

And Seint Thomas wende that the King: wolde al his
willē do.

Maister Herbard of Bozam: to the King siththē
wende,

Upe foreward that hi hadde: as Seint Thomas him
sende; 1760

And bad him hotē 3ulde azé: as furforth as he mizte,

That his ballifs in his bischopriche: nomē mid unrizte.

“3é,” quath he, “wolde he so? 3ut he schal abide.

“Ich wole furst lokē hou he wole: him bere in other side.

“Peraventure he mai so faire: him berē azé me,

“That ich him wole 3ulde ech ferthing: therfore cheosē he.”

Lo which acord this was: and hou sone ido!

The anuy that hadde Seint Thomas: nas noȝt yēnded so.

Maister Herbard wende azé: and tolde Seint Thomas fore. 1769

“3é,” thoȝte this holi man: “this pees is forlore.”

Him silf Seint Thomas siththe: to the Kingē wende,

To spekē more of this acord: if he hit miȝte amende.

The King him wolcomede as lizte: as he ne huld noȝt therto;

And wende him forth, and Seint Thomas: to hure his masse also.

He was iwoned to hure his masse: as hit ful to the day,

And tho nom he forth a soulē masse: that noȝt therto ne lay.

For he nolde cussē massēcos: to cussē Seint Thomas:

This holi man thoȝtē wel: whi thenchesoun was.

Wel narewe the King him bithoȝte: to dryve his lither thoȝt:

This acord was sone ido: and to feble ende ibroȝt. 1780

Tho the massē was ido: in consail longe hi stode.

Ofte the King up breide the he: him dude er of gode;

Hou loȝ man to him he com: and in which poēr he him broȝte,

And that he auȝte wel uvele aȝen him beo: if he him wel bithoȝte.

So hi were togadere longe: and tho hi hadde al ido,
 Theȝ hit lutē while ilaste: with love hi departede atuo.
 Seint Thomas gan to sikē sore: tho he him hadde un-
 derstonde,

That he hadde so longe ibeo: out of Engēlonde;
 Theȝ hit were aȝen his wille: him thoȝte hit a lither
 dede,

That his bischopriche hadde ibeo: withoute govern
 and rede. 1790

To the King of France he wendē furst: and to the gode
 men and hende,

And faire of hem his leve he nom: to Engēlonde to
 wende.

He thonkede hem of al onúr: that hi him hadde ido,
 And with fair condut and gret love: fram hem wendē
 so.

With gret honúr he wende of France: toward Engē-
 londe;

Attē havene he gan abide: that me clipeth Whit-
 sonde.

The lettres that he hadde of Rome: to Engēlond he
 sende,

To do the sentence al abrod: bifore him er he wende.

The Archebischof of Everwyk: in sentence he let do,

And the Bischof of Salesbure: and of Londone also;

For hi hadde icrouned the ȝungē King: aȝen his digneté,

With unriȝt in his bischopriche: he amansede allē threo.

Tho the tethinge to hem com: hi makeden hem wroth

ynouȝ, 1803

And thretnede this holi man: theȝ hit were with wouȝ.

Seint Thomas wende toward schipe: to Engēlond to
wende:

A man ther com fram Engēlond: aȝen him, god and
hende.

“A sire!” he seide, “for Godēs love: ne passe noȝt
ȝut the see;

“For knyȝtes ther beoth in Engēlonde: iredi thé to slee.

“At eche havene hi awaitieth: to kepe thé, meni on:

“If thu comest among hem ouȝt: thu worst aslawe
anon.” 1810

“Certēs, sire,” quath Seint Thomas: “ynele no leng
abide;

“To Engēlond ich wole nou drawe: itidē what bitide.

“Theȝ ich beo to drawe lyme mele: ynele abide namore:

“To longe ich have thannes ibeo: and that me reweth
sore.

“The soulēs that ich have to loke: six ȝer and more,
iwis,

“Withoutē warde habbeth ibeo: allas to longe hit is!

“Wel ich wot ich wordē ther: aslawe, er comē longe:

“Ich wole for holi churchē riȝt: thanē deth fawe
afonge.

“Ac biddeth for me to Jesu Crist: ich bidde, par charité.

“Ac tofore alle othere namēliche: o thing biddeth
for me, 1820

“That God, for his holi grace: to Canterbury me sende,

“That ich mote quik other ded: to myn owe churchē
wende;

“If ynemay noȝt alyvē come: er ich ymartred beo,

“That mi bodi motē ded: God hit granti me!”

His leve he nom dulfulliche: to schipe he wendē tho:
 He thonkede him al onúr: that he him hadde ido.
 And biteizte al Francē Jesu Crist: and blescede hit
 wel faste,

That folc makede deol ynouȝ: the sorewe longe ilaste.
 At Doverē werē Knyȝtēs ȝare: that ihurde of him
 telle,

As sonē as he come up there: iredi him to quelle. 1830
 Sire Renald de Warenne: and Sire Randolf de Broke,
 And also Gerveis the Scherreve: gret folc with him
 toke,

To kepe this seli man at Doverē: whan he come up of
 the see,

And, bote he wolde here willē do: al ȝarē him to sle.
 To the havene of Sandwich: that schip wel evene
 drouȝ,

And thother him abide at Doverē: with threting ynouȝ.
 In the schipēs seyl anheȝ: this holi man let do,
 A croicē that me fur iseȝ: isowed faste therto.
 That was signe of his banēr: for other ne kipte he
 non:

Men stode at Sandwyȝ, and bihulde: the croicē meni on.
 “We seoth nou hiderward,” hi seide: “oure Bischop
 Thomas.” 1841

The ȝut he was fur in the see: me wistē ho hit was.
 The cri was sonē widē couth: that folc orn swithe
 ynouȝ;

And er he were to londe icome: faste aȝen him drouȝ.
 Hi cride and thonkede Jesu Crist: that hi him moste
 alyve iseo;

Hi wolcomede him with joye ynouȝ: ne miȝte noman
more beo.

The thriddē dai of the Advent: bifore Cristēs masse
hit was,

That he cōm thus to Engēlond: this gode man Seint
Thomas;

The sovethe ȝer that he furst wende: out of Engēlonde,
For six ȝer and a month he was fleme: as ich under-
stonde. 1850

This was ellevē hondred ȝer: and sixti and tene,
After that God an urthe: in his moder alizte, ich wene.
The word to this Kniȝtēs com: to Doverē, of this cas,
Hou Seint Thomas the holi man: at Sandwych aryved
was.

To Sandwych hi wendē faste: Seint Thomas hi fonde
anon;

With lither semblant ynouȝ: hi wolcomede him echon.
Hi seide, “Hou havestou thanē wey: to Engēlonde
ynome,

“That desturbest the lond: as sone as thu er icome,

“And also al holi churchē: as we aldai iseoth,

“That amansest the Bischops: that thyne felawēs
beoth? 1860

“Thu auȝtest mid allē lawe: love pees and arere,

“And ther nas neverē alondē pees: siththe thu bischop
were.

“If thu thenchest wel to do: withdrauȝ thi dede, we
redeth, sone;

“Other me schal do bi thé: as bi such a man is to done.”

“Mi leovē freond,” quath Seint Thomas: “soth hit is
ynouȝ,

“That mansing ich let do: mid riȝte and noȝt mid
wouȝ;

“And bi mi louerdess leve, the King: that ech man
in riȝte were,

“That so gret trepás ne wendē forth: bote hit amended
were,

“And were eftsonē afterward: mid unriȝt and aȝé
lawe,

“In diserteisoun of mi churche: to custume idrawe.
Tho the Kniȝtes ihurde: that the King consentede
therto, 1871

Hi bilevede here gretē mod: and here threting also,
And in faire manere bede him: undo his mansinge,
To norischi love to his felawes: bituene him and the
Kinge.

So that respit bituenē hem: of this answer hi nome,
Forte Seint Thomas amorwe: to Canterbury come.

Seint Thomas amorwe: to Canterbure drouȝ;

The contrai aȝen him com: with joye and blisse ynouȝ.
Ech preost somnede his parosche: clanliche, in ech
ende;

To beo ȝare aȝen him: with processioun to wende;
So that with processioun: meni and faire ynouȝ, 1881
With croiz and with tapres: the contray aȝen him
drouȝ.

With croiz and with taperes: ne miȝte non morē beo,
Hi thonkede allē Jesu Crist: that hi miȝte him
alyve iseo.

Of bellen and of taperes: so gret was the soun,
Of instrument and of song: tho he com into the toun,

That me ne mizte ihure other thing: for the noyse so
gret;

More joye ne miztē beo: than was in the stret.

As oure Louerd a Palmsonedai: honúred was ynouȝ,

Tho he rod into Jerusalem: and toward his dethē
drouȝ; 1890

Also was Seint Thomas: as me mizte iseo there,

For oure Louerd wolde that his deth: ilichē to his were.

Er this holi man, Seint Thomas: to his churchē come,

The monekes with processioun: aȝen him thane wei
nome.

Of his palefrai he alizte adoun: and the monekes
echon,

To the heȝe weved myldēliche: hi ladde him up anon.

Tho he hadde at churchē ido: al that was to done,

With his men myldēliche: to his in he wendē sone.

Nadde Seint Thomas noȝt ibeo: at his paleys wel longe,

That this Kniȝtēs eft ne come: here answeȝe to
afonge. 1900

Hi beden as hi duden er: undo his mansinge,

And assoilli the Bisschops: that he let therinne bringe.

“Beau frere,” quath Seint Thomas: “that ne mai ich
do noȝt;

“For hi beoth in sentence: thurf the Pope ibroȝt.

“And ynemai noȝt undo his dede: ȝe wite, in nonē
place;

“Ac noȝt for than ich tristē wel: so mochē to his
grace,

“That ich wole assoilli hem: in thissē formē, fawe,

“That hi do surance forto stonde: to holi churchē
lawe,

“And to the heved of holi churchē: and in other
formē non.”

The Kniztēs tho hi hurdē this: faste hi chidde echon;
And tho hi nadde non other word: for wraththē forth
hem wende, 1911

And tolde the Bischops here answe: that hem thider
sende.

The Bischops hem makede wroth ynouȝ: and thret-
nede faste,

And nathēles the tueye of hem: withdrowe hem attē
laste.

The Bischop of Salesbury: and of Londone also,
To holi churchē woldē stonde: and to hire loking also.
Ac tharchebischop of Everwyk: anon him withsede:
“Daithat,” he seide, “that astonde: so folliche at ȝoure
rede,

“Forto don ous in his grace: that evere was oure fo.

“He hath ido ous meni schame: and thanne he wole do
ous mo. 1920

“Theȝ he habbe of ȝou poër: he nath non of me,

“For Archebischop ich am: ȝe wite, as wel as he.

“Ich wot ich have a lutē cofre: that stent hol and
sound,

“Ther beoth ȝut innē attē leste: eiȝtē hondred pound.

“ȝare ich am to spenē that: ȝut me thencheth to lute,

“Forto awreke ous wel of him: and alege his prute.

“Wende we to the Kinge anon: and telle we of this
dede,

“And that him ne tideth nevereft pees: bote he him
therof rede.”

This threo Bischops hastēliche: over see thanē wei
nome;

Alute biferē Cristes masse: to the King hi come. 1930

Hi fonden him in Normandie: hi fulle adoun akneo;

Hi beden him holden up his onúr: and here help to
beo.

Hi tolden him hou this gode man: tho he to londē com,
Desturbede al holi churchē: and the kynēdom;

And hou he hadde with gretē prute: in sentence ido

Alle that makede his sone Kyng: and assentede therto;

And hou he, in despit of him: dude suche lither dede,

And the lawes of his lond: alout riȝt withsede.

Theȝ King the he hurdē this: for wraththe he was neȝ
wod;

He ȝeode up and doun as witles: and ofte in thoȝtē
stod. 194

“If alle that makedi mi sone King: he manseth,” he
sede,

“Mid the furste he manseth me: for hit was mi dede.

“Ho miȝte in suchē sorinisse: such lyf longē lede?

“The traitour aspilleth al that lond: and bringth ous
in wrecchede.”

Ofte he cursede alle: that he hadde forth ibroȝt,

That hi of the falsē preost: his fo, ne wreke him noȝt,

That desturbed al that lond: and broȝtē in wrecchede.

As he ȝeodē up and doun: and this wordēs sede,

His Kniztēs, tho hi hurdē this: hi stodē sonē stille:

Hi bithoȝtē stillēliche: to paye the Kingēs wille. 1950

Foure that the mestē schrewen were: bithoʒten of a
gyle,

Sire Renald le Fizours: and Sire Hughe de Moreville,
And Sire Williem the Traci: and Sire Richard the
Brut;

Here namēs, for here schrewede: ne beoth noʒt forʒutē
ut.

Hi nome hem to redē stillēliche: to passi the see,
And forto paye the Kingēs wille: Seint Thomas to sle.
Stillēliche hi wendē forth: that no man hit nuste.

Hi were neʒwhat attē see: er the King hit wiste:
Tho the King hit underʒet: after hem he sende, 1959
That hi levede here folie: and aʒen to him wende.

Ac this messenger ne miʒtē noʒt: atake hem mid no ginne,
For er he com to the see: hi were fur with inne,
Tho makede the King deol ynouʒ: that hi were forth
iwend,

And that the messenger hem ne oftok: that he after
hem isend.

Seint Thomas at Canterbure: a Midewynteres day,
Stod and prechedē that folc: as meni man isay.

In his predicioun: he gan to sikē sore,
And deol and sorwe makede ynouʒ: ne miʒtē no man
more.

He wep and lokedē therto: hou the teres urne adoun;
Ther was ek meni weping eʒe: sone into al the toun.

“Mi leovē freond,” quath Seint Thomas: wepingē wel
sore, 1961

“ʒoure preost ich habbe awhile beo: ac ynemai nou
nomore.

“For myn endedai is neȝ icome: ynē worthē noȝt her
longe,

“Ich schal for holi churchē riȝt: quik thane deth
afonge.

“Biddeth for me, for Godēs love: and for holi churchē
also.

“That is almost ibroȝt to groundē: bote God nyme
ȝeme therto.

“Ac thane deth ich wole fawe afonge: whan hit is
Godēs wille,

“For the riȝt of holi churchē: rather than heo aspille.”

Boc and candle he nom anon: and amansedē riȝt there,
Alle that werrede holi churchē: and aȝen hire riȝtēs
were; 1970

And nameliche Sire Randolf de Broke: and Sire Ro-
bert de Brok also,

That the bischopriche of Canterbury: mid unriȝt
hadde misdo.

For the while Seint Thomas was out of londe: the
King Henri bitoc

The bischopriche, al to loke: to Sire Randolf de Brok;
And he makede Robert de Brok: his clerk that was
tho,

Wardeyn therof under him: that dude the lond wel wo.
He destruyde al the bischopriche: and to him nom and
drouȝ,

And let him gret bold arere: of that he nom with wouȝ.
Therinne a Cristēs massē dai: tho this mansing was ido,
He sat and et nobliche: and meni with him also. 1980
He castē houndēs of his bred: that bifore him lay,

And everech hound hit forsoc: as al that folc isay.
 Tho handlede he other bred: and let menge hit, attē
 laste,
 With other bred ther biside: and amonge the houndes
 hit caste.

Al that he ihandled hadde: the houndēs hit forlete,
 And chose out thother ther among: and clanliche hit
 ete.

The mansing was on him isene: anon thulkē day;
 Ther was gret wreche of God: as al that folc isay.
 Whan hi that bred forsoke: that tofore him lay,
 Bi a Fridai, thulkē 3er: was Cristēs massē day. 1990
 As this four lithere Kniztes: of wham we gonnē telle,
 To Engēlondē were icome: Seint Thomas forto
 quelle;

To the castel of Saltwode: a Seint Thomas dai hi come,
 Six myle fram Canterbury: and ther here in nome.
 And Sire Randolf de Brok: to hem com wel sone.
 Thulkē nigt hi nome here red: the lithere dede to done.
 Amorwe, a Childerne massē dai: (as God the gracē
 sende,)

Sire Randolf de Brok: to Canterburē wende,
 Forto enquere of Seint Thomas: whar hi him miztē
 fynde,
 That he ne drowe him nozt awei: ne huddē him bi-
 hynde. 2000

This Kniztēs thanē Tuēsdai: nolde no leng bileve,
 Ac wendē forth to Canterbure: wel er hit were eve.
 Aboutē tyme of evēsong: to Seint Thomas hi come,
 Thane wei, baldēliche: to his chambre hi nome.

Hi come, and fonden him stillliche: in his chambre
stonde,

With his privei clerkes: and gret consail hadde an-
honde.

Sire Renald le Fizours: grimliche forth wende:

“Sire,” he seide, “oure louerd the King: in message
hider ous sende.

“Fram him out of Normandie: an heste we habbeth
ibrozt,

“That thu do his comandement: that thu ne bileve
hit nozt; 2010

“And that thu wendē to his sone: that zung Kyng
ymaked is,

“And amende azen him that thu hast: his fader ido amis;

“And swere him oth to beo him true: and of the
baronye also,

“That thu holdest of him in chief: do that thu auztest
to do.

“The clerkēs that thu bringest with thé: if hi wolleth
her astonde,

“Swerie the King true to beo: other hi schulle out of
londe.”

“Beau sire,” quath this godē man: “ynelē thé nozt
lie:

“Ich wole do the King that ich auzte: for the baronie.

“Ac nolde God that holi churchē: underfote were
so,

“That ich, other mi clerkes: eni of hem do. 2020

“Thu wost wel that alle the lewede men: that beōth
in his londe,

“Ne swerieth noȝt thulkĕ oth: as ich understonde.

“Nou wolde ȝe holi churchē: in gret servagĕ do,

“In more than a lewed man: nai, ne worth hit noȝt so.”

“Me thingth wel,” quath Sire Renald: “thu nelt do
nothing,

“Of the heste that we bringeth thé: fram oure louerd
the King.

“We hoteth thé ek, in his half: that thu assoilli also

“The Bischof[s] that thu hast: in sentence ido.”

“Beau sire,” quath Seint Thomas: “hit nis mi dedĕ
noȝt:

“Ac thurf the Popĕs owĕ mouth: hi beoth in sentence
ibroȝt; 2030

“And, thu wost wel, ynemai noȝt: the Popĕs dede
undo.”

“Thurf the Pope,” quath Sire Renald: “ido? thurf
thé hit is so.”

“If the Pope,” quath Seint Thomas: “hath in sen-
tence ibroȝt,

“That habbeth mi churchē misdo: hit ne mispaeth
me noȝt.”

“In eche manĕre thu schewest wel:” Sire Renald seidĕ
tho,

“Forto anuye oure louerd the King: and thu ert his fo.

“Whar thurf we wel iseoth: thu wilnest him do wo,

“And bynyme his crounĕ, if thu miȝt: ac hit ne schal
noȝt go so;

“And king thu woldest beo in his stede: thu ne worst
nevermo.”

“ Certes, sire,” quath Seint Thomas: “ yně thenchě
nozt therto. 2040

“ Ac ich him wole rathere therto helpe: so mochě as
ich may,

“ And for him and his honúr: ich biddě nizt and day.

“ For ther nis non an urthe: that ich lovie more, iwis,

“ Than ich do him, sauf his fader: that mi louerd is.

“ A Seintě Marie dai Magdalene: (to sothe ich siggě
thé,)

“ Thacord was ymaked: bituene mi louerd and me;

“ And he seide me that ich lete amansi: alle that
habbeth misdo

“ Mi churchē, that is his owě moder: and that ich
habbe ido.”

“ Avoy! sire preost!” quath this other: “ to moche
thu spext nez,

“ Thu desclandrest thin owě louerd: thou nert
nothin[g] slez. 2050

“ Saistou that mi louerd the King: in mansing let do

“ Alle that made his sone King: ne consentede he
therto?

“ Nas hit al bi his owě dede: and bi non other maněs
lore?

“ Avoi! sire preost!” he seide, “ bithench thé bet:
ne sai thu so nomore.”

“ Sire,” quath Seint Thomas: “ thu wost wel hit was
so:

“ For thu were ther tho thé silf: and meni other therto,

“ Archebischops and Bischops: and other grete and
heze;

“ȝe, vyf hondred men and mo: as thé silf iseȝe.”

“Beo stille!” quath this lithere Knigt: “hold thi mouth, ich rede.

“Thumissaist foule thin owě louerd: daithat hit so sede.

“Ho miztě suffri such desclandre: bote he nomě wrecche? 2061

“Bi the fei that ich owe to God: me schal thé another teche.”

His felawes also everechone: here armēs abrod caste,

And furde as men that wodě were: and thretnedě faste.

To the monekes hi wende anon: “cometh forth,” hi sede,

“ȝe holdeth her the Kingēs fo: witeth him wel, ich rede:

“And her to the Kingēs wille: his bodi habbě ȝare,

“Other he schal ȝoure londes aboute: and ȝoure manērs make bare.”

“Sire Renald,” quath Seint Thomas: “wenestou ich wole fleo?

“Nai, pardé, noȝt ofót: for the King ne for thé!” 2070

“Bi Gode, sire preost,” quath Renaud: “bi than thu wost than ende:

“Thi fleoinge worth swithě schort: thu ne schal noȝt fur wende.”

This Knigtēs in grete wraththe ynouȝ: wendě forth anon,

And lete hem armi swithě wel: and come aȝé echon,

With swerdēs and with axes: and mid other armēs mo;

Robert de Brok, the lithere clerk: was with hem tho.

Into the cloistre of Canterbure: with grete noyse hi gonne weve:

The monekes songe compli: for hit was neȝ eve.
 Summe for this gretȝ nøyse: fulle adoun for fere;
 Summe bigonne to fleo aboute: as hi witles were. 2080
 Seint Thomas nom a croice anhonde: and other armēs
 non,

And therwith wel baldȝliche: ȝeode aȝen his fon.
 The monekes urnȝ to him sone: "Sire, merci!" hi sede,
 "For Godȝ love abyȝ ȝut: oure Louerd thé mai wel
 rede.

"Suffre that we helpȝ thé: other that we with thé
 deye."

Some wolde maki the dores: tho hi this iseye.

"Bileveth," quath this holi man: "ȝe ne doth noȝt as
 the wise:

"Singeth forth ȝour evȝsong: and oure Louerdes ser-
 vise.

"Me ne schal of holi churchē: castel mak non.

"Leteth foles astounde awede: and in here folies gon."

This Kniztȝ comȝ reken in: here folies forto do:

"Whar is," hi seide, "the traitour: and fals Bisshop
 also?" 2092

Seint Thomas nom the croiz anhonde: and answerede
 his fon:

"Her ich am, Godȝ preost: ac traitour nan ich non.

"Secheth him that wole ȝu fleo: other thredȝ ȝoure
 thretinge.

"No prestere ne beoth ȝoure swerdes: me to dethȝ
 bringe,

"That myn hurtȝ prestere nis: thane dethȝ forto take:

"For the riȝt of holi churchē: ynele thane deth forsake."

Ther wendē forth on, anon: and his hure of drouȝ,
And his mantel afterward: mid vyltē ynouȝ. 2100

Sire Renald le Fizours: pursuede him anon.

“Sire Renald,” quath Seint Thomas: “hou schal this
nou gon?”

“Ich have thé oftē god ido: thé and othere mo.”

“Thu schalt sone,” quath this other: “wite hou hit
schal go.

“Traitour! thu ert ded anon: other neli do!”

“To sothe,” quath [this] holi man: “prest ich am therto.

“For the riztes of holi churchē: of the deth ich am
fawe,

“If heo miȝte therafterward: in pees beo and in lawe.

“Ac ich bidde ȝu, if ȝe sicheth me: in ourē Louerdes
name,

“That ȝe ne come neȝ no man: him to no schame:

“For non other gulti nis: of that ȝe witeth me; 2111

“Alle gulteles hi beoth bote ich one: therfore siker
ȝe beo;

“And also gulteles as hi beoth: harmles leteth hem
wende.”

This gode man sat adoun akneo: tho he seȝ his ende:

And forto fongē martirdom: the heved he bed adoun,

And wel softe, as somme ihurde: seide his oreisoun.

“Oure Louerd and Seint Marie: and Seint Dionis also,

“And alle the avowes of the churchē: that ich an on
ido;

“Ich bitake mi soul here: and holi churchē rizte.”

ȝut he bad for holi churchē: tho he nadde non other
miȝte. 2120

Sire Renald le Fizours: mest schrewe of echon,
 Forto smyte this holi man: his swerd he drouȝ anon.
 Ac Edward Grim, that was his clerc: of Grante-
 brugge ibore;

To helpe his louerd, if he miȝte: his arm pulte bifore.
 He wondede his arm swithe sore: the blod orn adoun:
 With thulkě dint he smot also: Seint Thomas upe the
 croun,

That the blod orn bi his face adoun: bi the riȝt half
 of the wounde.

Loude gradde this lithere Kniȝt: "smiteth alle to
 grounde!" 2128

Edward Grim and alle his men: that aboute him were,
 Urne aboute ech in his side: upe the wevedes for fere.
 As hit bi oure Louerd furde: tho the Gywes him nome,
 His disciples flowe anon: he nuste whar hi bcome.
 For in the Godspel hit is iwrite: as oure Louerd silf
 sede,

"Whan me smyteth the schephurde: the schep wolleth
 to sprede."

And oure Louerde bad me ne scholde: his disciples
 non harm do:

Theron thoȝtē Seint Thomas: and bad for his men also.
 Another Kniȝt smot Seint Thomas: in thulkě silvē
 wounde,

And made buye his face adoun: and loke toward
 the grounde.

The thridde in thulkě silvē stede: therafter him smot
 anon, 2139

And made him aloute adoun: his facē upe the ston.

In thulkě stede the furthě smot: that thothere hadde
er ido,

And the poynt of his swerd brak: in the marbelston
atuo.

For honour of the holi man: that therwith was
ismyte,

Thulke poynt at Canterbury: the monekes witieth ȝute.

With thulkě stroc he smot of: the sculle and eke the
croune,

That the brayn orn abrod: upe the pavēment ther-
doune.

The white brayn was ymengd: with red blod there;

The colour was fair to iseo: theȝ hit reuthě were.

And alround hit orn aboute his heved: as theȝ hit
were a diademe, 2049

And alround theraboutě lay: wherof me tok grete ȝeme.

For whan me peynt an halewe: ȝe ne seoth noȝt
bileved,

That ther nis ipeynt around: alaboute the heved;

That is iclepid diademe: as me seȝ ther a fair cas,

Bi the diademe of his heved: that he halewe was.

Tho this holi man was aslawe: this Kniȝtēs gradde
echone,

“This traitour is to dethe ibroȝt: wende we hunne
anon.

“Sueth ous the Kingēs men: and alle that with him
beoth:

“Of this traitour we beoth awreke: as we alle iseoth.

“He thoȝte beo heȝere than the King: and bynyme
his croune,

“And to noȝt bringe al that lond: and nou he lith ther-
doun!” 2060

As the Gywes dude bi oure Louerd: tho hi wolde him
to dethē do,

That he makede him king, and non nas: and Godes
Sone also.

Tho this lithere Kniztes: fram Seint Thomas were
agon,

Robert de Brok him bithoȝte: and aȝē turnede anon,
And thurf his scullē smot the swerd: fur with inne
the heved,

That the sculle al amti was: and no brayn therinne
bilevede.

As the Gywēs smyte oure Louerd: into the hurte
grounde,

After his deth, with a spere: and makede him the
vyftē wounde.

This lithere men alle in o stede: smitē Seint Thomas,
In the sculle evene abrod: as the crounē was. 2070

He nas noȝt the man that wolde: his heved enes
withdrawe,

Ne fondē forto blinche a strok: ne his fot aweiward
wawe;

Ne enēs grone ne makie cri: ac myldēliche and softe
His heved huld eveneforth: theȝ hi smyten ofte.

This lithere Kniztēs wende anon: to his tresorie,
And breke his dorēs and his cofres: and dude here
robberie;

Hi nome his clothēs and his hors: and his tresour
also,

Chartres and other privei writes: that in his cofres
were ido.

Hi bitoke hem Sire Randolf de Brok: that he to the
Kingē wende, 2079

Therwith into Normandie: and sigge that hi him sende,
That he dude therwith what he wolde: and if ther eni
were,

Aȝen his franchise and his wille: that he hit sone to
tere.

Among his tresour hi fonde ek: tui wel strongē here,
Wel vylliche hi hem nome and caste awei: as hi noȝt
worth nere;

And natheles hi bithoȝtē hem: and were somdel in
fere,

And bispeke bituene hem stillēliche: that he god man
were.

Sire Williem de Traci siththē tolde: of this gode man
Seint Thomas,

The Bischop of Excestre in schrifte: as he ischryvē
was,

That tho Seint Thomas was islawe: and hi outward
were,

Hem agros so sorē that hi were: neȝ witles for fere.
For hem thoȝtē as hi outward wende: ne ȝeoden hi
noȝt so swithe, 2091

That the urthe openede hem aȝé: to swolewe hem
alyve.

Tho Seint Thomas aslawē was: and the Kniztes out
agon,

Into al the toun of Canterbure: couth hit was anon;

That folc cride dulfulliche: and to churchē drowe,
 And honurede that holi bodi: and custē hit ynowe.
 The monekes come sone thider: and this holi bodi toke,
 In a bere faire hi hit leide: and tofore an auter hit
 woke.

The face was whyt and cler ynouȝ: and no blod ther-
 inne,

Bote fram the lift half of his foreheved: to the lift half
 of his chinne, 2100

A smal rewe ther was of blod: that over his nosē
 drouȝ;

No more blod nas in his necke: as that folc iseȝ ynouȝ.
 The wonden bledde al longē niȝt: me miȝte hente
 therof, iwis:

In the churchē of Canterbure: of the blod ȝut ther is.
 Ac he nas of nothe worse heu: for al that he bledde
 there,

Bote cler and ihewed wel ynouȝ: as he alyvē were:
 Sumdel laȝinge with his mouth: he lai as he slepe.
 That folc was aboute him thicke: that blod forto kepe;
 And forto gaderi of that blod: that ischad was in the
 groundē,

And of the urthē that was biled: glad weren hi whan
 hi hit founde. 2110

For that nolde noman hem werne: thicke awei me hit
 drouȝ,

And ho miȝte him enēs tuocho: he was glad ynouȝ.
 Amorwe this lithere Kniȝtes: armeden hem eftsone,
 And withoute the tounē nome here red: what hem was
 to done.

Hi radden hem to nyme this bodi: and with wylde hors
to drawe,

And on a warztreo hongen hit siththe: and seide hit
was lawe:

For he nas worthē to beon ibured: in churchē, ne in
churcherd.

This monekes overtrowede this: and were sumdel aferd.

Hi burede this holi bodi: in a stede ther biside,

With wel lute solempneté: for hi ne therste no leng
abide. 2120

This holi bodi was ibured: in the minstrē of Jesu
Crist,

Bifore Seint Austines weved: and Seint Johnes the
Baptist.

Hi ne therste so longe abide: that the bodi iwaschē
were,

Ac al ungreithed hi leide hit in: and hizedē for fere.

As hi strupten his clothēs of: al abouten him hi fonde
Clerkēs clothes, as hit biful: ac another attē groundē:

For monekes abyt was withinne: as hi fondē there,

Bothe couele and stamyn: hi fondē next the here.

So that he was withinnē monek: and seculer withoute:

Nuste noman his priveité: of that hem was aboute.

Next his flesch his herē was: with knottēs menion;

That deope in his flesch hi wode: and summe anon to
the bon. 2132

Therof he haddē schurte and brech: lutel ese he miȝtē
vele;

So that he was therinne ibounde: fram schuldre to the
hele.

With lutel ese he miȝtē sitte: and unésēlichē ride,
 And unésēlichē liggē ek: and wende up aither side.
 Ful of wormēs was his flesch: ek to other wo,
 In no creature (ich understonde): ne fond nevere man
 mo.

For in eche stedē of his flesch: hi were so thicke
 isete,
 That the grete ne miȝtē come: for the smalē to here
 mete. 2140

Faste hi schove and cropē ek: as emeten alaboutē;
 Ac the smalē clevede fastē to: the grete levede with-
 oute.

He deide ellevē hondred ȝer: and soventi and on,
 After that oure Louerd alizte: to nyme oure flesch
 and bon.

Of threo and vyfti ȝer him silf: of eldē he was tho:
 He haddē meni a fair dai: ilyved in care and wo.
 The King was evere in Normandie: and therof nustē
 noȝt:

He makede deol and sorwe ynou: tho the tethinge him
 was ibroȝt.

In the castel of Argenteyme: he sojournede tho, 2149
 Withoute the ȝet ne com he noȝt: fourti dayes ne mo;
 Ac evere him hulde in priveité: in wop and other wo;
 For no neode that me him sede: he nolde withoutē go.
 He ne roȝte nothing of this wordle: lute he et also:
 The sorwe and deol that he makede: ne miȝte nevere
 beo ido.

He sende anon to Canterbure: for this deolful dede,

And the monekës bad pitousliche: that hi for him
bede;

And sende hem word that hit nas: nothing bi his rede,
And that the Knizte[s] wendě forth: and nothing hi ne
seide;

And that he sendě after hem: that hi come azé,
And er the man hem comě to: hi were fur in the see.
To the Popě also god: the King sendě sone, 2161
And bad his consail pitousliche: what him was to done;
And bad him, for the love of God: in such angusse
him rede,

That he were ischryvě and assoilled: of the lithere
dede.

The Pope haddě gret pité: that he such word him
sende;

And gret joy that he hadde wille: his lyf to amende.
Twei Cardynals he sendě him: wise men bothě tuo,
To schryve him of thulkě synne: and assoilli also;
And the Bischops to assoilli ek: that were in mansinge.
Wele that this Cardinals: wolcome were the Kinge.
The King bad hem deolfulliche: schryve him of the
dede; 2171

Ac bihet hem stabliche: to stonde al at here rede.
He swore upe the halidom: that hit nas bi him nozt,
Ne bi his wille, ne bi his heste: that he was to dethe
ibrozt;

Ne that for his fader deth: so sori man he nas,
Ne for his mordě nothěmo: as he for him was.
And that he wolde with godě hurte: the penance al
afonge,

That hi wolde legge on him: nere hit noȝt so stronge;
 For he was enchésoun of his deth: and of his anuy
 also,

For the Kniȝtēs to paye him: brouȝtē him therto. 2180
 Tho the Cardinals iseȝe: that he repentant withdrouȝ,
 Hi assoillede him, and leide on him: penance strong
 ynouȝ,

In priveité, as riȝt was: that noman hit nuste;
 And this ek that ich wole nou telle: that that folc of
 wiste;—

That he fonde to the holi londe: to hondred kniȝtes to
 fiȝte,

Al a ȝer, with Templers: for holi churchē riȝte;
 And the statutz of Clarendone: he scholde alout with-
 drawe,

For whan this holi man: was ibroȝt of dawē;
 And that he clanliche ȝulde aȝé: that bynomē was,
 The bischopriche of Canterbure: for wraththe of
 Seint Thomas; 2190

That he schulde his uvel wille: al clanliche ek forȝyve,
 Al that he hadde of londe: for wraththe of him idryve.
 The King grantede al here wille: wepingē wel sore;
 And seide hit was to lute: and bad legge on him more;
 And seide, “almid willē her: mi bodi ich bitake:
 “ȝeveth me penànce ynouȝ: ynelē non forsake.”
 He wende out attē churchē dore: assoilled to beo,
 And ne huld him noȝt worthe: that me scholde him
 withinne iseo.

Withoute the churchē pitousliche: he sat adoun akneo,

Ac the Cardinals nolde noȝt: his bodi al unwreo. 2200
 Ac somdel above his clothes: hi assoillede him there.
 For deol hi wopě pitousliche: meni that ther were.
 As sone he make ane biheste: with wel dreori chere,
 His fader penance to fulfille: if he of poër nere;
 If he ful in feble stat: that he ne miȝte hit ful ende,
 The penance he nom upe him silve: and dude as the
 hende.

Thus was this godě man: ibroȝt to martirdom:
 Meni was the fair mirácle: that siththě for him com.
 Me wiste in Jerusalem: that he was to dethe ido, 2209
 Withinne the furstě fourtēniȝt: that hit com therto.
 For a monek of thulkě londe: in his deth uvel lay,
 And his Abbot tofore him com: bifore his endě day;
 And conjurede him that he scholde: after his deth uvel
 there,

Come to him and telle him fore: in which stat he were.
 So that the monek deidě sone: as God ȝaf the cas.
 To his Abbot siththe he com: as he conjured was;
 And seide that he isaved was: in the joye of hevene
 anhez, 2217

And tolde him mochě of the joye: that he ther iseȝ.
 He tolde him that thulkě tyme: that he to hevene com,
 The Archebischop of Canterbury: tholede martirdom;
 And that his soulě thulkě tyme: wende to hevene anon.
 Fair was the processioun: that aȝen him com gon,
 Of angles and of patriarcs: and of apostles also,
 Of martirs and of confessours: and of virginěs therto.
 Hi nome alle his holi soule: and tofore oure Louerd
 come,

And brouȝte him with joye ynouȝ: as he sat on his
trone.

His crounē was al of ismyte: blodi was his heved,
And his brayn was al ischad: that ther nas noȝt ileved.

“Thomas! Thomas!” quath oure Louerd: “thus hit
falleth to thé,

“To come into thi Louerdes court: in suche manère
to me. 2230

“For thi servise, ich thé ȝeve: mochē joye and blis,

“As ich ȝaf Seint Peter: that myn owe disciple is.”

A croune he sette upon his heved: of gold cler and
god:

Wel bicom the briztē gold: upon the redē blod.

More joye ne miztē beo: than for him in hevene was:

The Archebischof of Canterbure: this was Seint
Thomas.

The Tuesdai after Cristēs masse: the nextē that ther
com,

The holi man Seint Thomas: tholede martirdom.

And whan thu hurest telle of his deth: of men of
Engēlonde,

Thu schalt ileove me of this tale: and that sothe
underfonge. 2240

The Abbot sone amorwe: ne forȝet noȝt Seint Thomas,

Ac the Patriarc of Jerusalem: he toldē al that cas;

So that forthere in the ȝere: hit was wel understonde,

That Pelegrims thider come: out of Engēlonde.

The Pelegrims tolde al that sothe: as he hadde er ised,

In what manère he was aslawe: and which tyme he
was ded.

Icud was thus in Jerusalem: the deth of Seint Thomas,
 Withinne the furstē fourtēnizt: that he ymartred was.
 The vyftē 3er (ich understonde): after his martirdom,
 Bituene King Henri and his sone: gret contek ther
 com. 2250

The sone bicom prout anon: for his kynēdom,
 And of his fader toldē lute: and werrē upe him nom.
 The mestē del was with his sone: of al Engēlonde,
 And the King of France also: and the King of Scot-
 londe;

So that this seli oldē man: in sorwe was ynou3;
 Al he hit wiste the lithere dede: that me Seint Tho-
 mas slou3.

He wendē out of Normandie: into Engēlonde;
 Er he com to Canterbure: he nolde no whar atstonde.
 Tho he com fur withoute the toun: he gan to alizte
 adoun,

Al afote and barefot: he wende into the toun, 2260
 In his curtel al ungurd: (as al that folc isay,)
 And to the place he wendē so: as Seint Thomas lay.
 He huld up his honden dulfulliche: and cridē milce
 and ore:

At his tumbe he ful akneo: wepingē wel sore.
 Weping in his oreisouns: al fastinge he lay,
 At this holi manēs tumbe: a nizt and a day.
 Of ech monek of the hous: he let him discipline,
 With a 3urd, and 3ut him tho3te: that hit was to lute
 pyne.

He bad hem allē dulfulliche: biddē for him one: 2269
 He swor ek to legge adoun: the lithere lawes echone.

So that he let singe a masse: er he thannēs wende,
Of Seint Thomas the holi man: that he his grace him
sende.

The whilē me this massē song: (as God ȝaf the cas,)
The Kyng of Scotlond was ynome: that his meste fo
was;

And meni othere ek with him: that were his mestē fon,
So that hi that were ynome: naddē poēr non.

So that this seli oldē Kynge: that bynethe tho was,
Al above was ibroȝt: thurf the grace of Seint Thomas;
And his sone was bynethe: and so biȝat ful lute,
To werren aȝen his fader: for his sori prute. 2280

Bi him men mowe nyme ensample: to beo to hastyve,
To ȝeve here sonēs up here lond: the while hi beoth
alyve.

The sone tho therafterward: provede uvele ynouȝ;
Wel longe bifore his fader: toward the dethe he drouȝ,
And forpynede in the meneisoun: that his lyf him
thoȝtē longe,

And deidē siththē dulfulliche: in gret pyne and strong.
His brother also, Sire Geffrai: that of Britaigne Eorl
was,

Deide ek in the meneisoun: in the silvē cas;
So that after here fader dethe: ther bilevede heir non,
Bote here brother Kyng Richard: and siththē Kyng
John. 2290

Ac Sire Geffreiēs child: bi riȝtē lawe of londe,
Scholde hadde ibore the heritage: as ich understonde:
Therefore that maide of Britaigne: that his douȝter was,
In warde was al hire lyf: for thulkē silvē cas.

The lithere Kniztēs, allē foure: that slowē Seint
Thomas,

Deide in strongē dethē ynouȝ: and no wonder nas!

Hi were echone repentant: ne miȝtē none men more:

Evere hi cride on Seint Thomas: to ȝeve hem milce
and ore.

Sone after that he was aslawe: here god al hi lete,

And wendē to the holi lond: here synnēs forto bete.

Ac Williem Traci ne wendē noȝt: forth with thother
threo; 2301

He hopede her in Engēlond: repentant ynouȝ to beo;

Ac he bicom therafterward: in grete meseise and
strong,

His flesch bigan to breken out: and rotede and foule
stonk,

So longē, that hit stonk so foule: that deol hit was to
seo,

That unethe myȝtē eni man: for stinchē neȝ him beo.

His flesch rotede on him ek: and aldai ful away,

That his bonis were al bare: ne likede him no pley.

He todrouȝ ek his owē flesch: mid his honden, attē
laste,

Pece and other al abrod: fram him awei caste. 2310

He todrouȝ honden and armes: mest of echon,

That ther nas no flesch ileved: bote synēs and bar bon.

Meni men hit thoȝtē wel: that hit his willē were,

Forto bete his synne: that his soule in peril nere.

Wrecchedere gost ne miȝtē beo: than this seli prisoun
was,

Evere he cridē deolfulliche: "merci, Seint Thomas!"

Attē laste he let his lyf: in the strongē pyne,
 And if hit Godēs willē was: com to godē fyne.
 This Knižtēs, for this lithere dede: deidē sone echon,
 So that in the thriddē 3ere: ther ne levede alyve no3t
 on: 2320

For the Sauter saith that suchē men: that of tricherie
 beoth,

Ne schulleth no3t half here dayes libbe: as we aldai
 iseoth.

The3 hi beo wel repentant: as this Knižtēs were, ich
 wene,

3ut ne libbeth hi no3t half here lyf: as hit was bi hem
 isene.

Seint Thomas, this holi man: under urthē lay,

Er that he ischryned were: meni a long day.

He lai therinnē fourti 3er: and half 3er therto,

And aboute an eiztē dayes: er he were of urthe ido.

God wolde abidē a god tyme: to so noble thing,

Whan hi werē bothē gode: Archebischop and King.

For the Kyng that longē was: and evere was of lither
 dede, 2331

Lutē tho3tē, bi his day: to do so godē dede.

Ac the King Henri the 3ungē sone: nolde no3t longē
 fyne,

Tho he was 3ung King ymaked: er he were in schryne.

He nas no3t of threttene 3er: er he dude this noble
 thing,

And hit was ek in the furthe 3er: that he was ymaked
 Kyng.

The gode Archebischop Stevenne: radde evere faste therto,

So that bi herě beirě red: this dedě was ido.

The Pope Hono[r]i that was tho: hedir he gan sende
Pandolf, a Legat fram Rome: to bringe this dede to
ende. 2340

The Pope 3af allě gret pardoun: that thider woldě gon,
That me nuste longe in Engělund: so gret pardoun
non.

Therfori to honurye this holi bodi: ther com folc ynou3,
Of bischops and of abbotes: menion thider drou3;
Of priours and of persones: and of meni other clerkes
also,

Of eorlēs and of barouns: and of meni kny3tes therto;
Of serjant3 and of squiers: and of hosebondes ynowe,
And of simple men ek of the lond: so thickě thider
drowe,

That al the lond therabout: the contrayes wide and
longe,

Mizte unethe al that folc: that ther com, afonge. 2350

So that this he3ě men: that scholde this dedě do,
Were in care hou hi mizte: for pressě come therto;
So that the Archěbischop Steven: of wham that ich
3ou er sede,

And the Bischop Richard of Salisbure: nomě hem to
rede;

And the Priour, Water, of the hous: and the Covent
also,

Wenden hem alle in priveité: this dedě forto do.

Biny3te as the men leye and slepe: and lutě therof
tho3te,

Hi nomě up this holi bones: and in a chiste hem bro3te.

And sette hem up in a privei stede: forte the dai were
 icome,

That was icrid into al that lond: that he scholde beo
 up ynome, 2360

This was in the month of Jul: riȝt evene the sovethe
 dai,

That bi a Tywěsdai was tho: as al that folc isay.

Tho this dai was icome: to this mynstre wende anon

The Kyng Henri the ȝungē child: and this heȝe men
 echon.

Aboutē underne of the dai: to [this] holi bodi hi come;

Pandolf wendē furste therto: the Legat of Rome;

And the Archebischof of Canterbury: and of Reyns
 also,

That for the silvē thingē come: fram biȝundē see
 therto.

And Sire Huberd de Brom: that was the heȝe Justise,

And four grete louerdlings that were: noble men and
 wise, 2370

Upe here schuldren hi nome: this holi bodi anon;

And the bischops and abbotes: were ek meni on.

To the heȝ [auter] of the Trinité: this holi bones hi
 bere,

And leide the chiste al therwith: in a noble schrynē
 there.

This King Henri was so ȝung: that he ne therstē noȝt,

With othere bere this holi bones: leste me hurte him
 oȝt.

This was bi a Tywěsdai: that this bonēs up hi nome:

Al his cheānces that he hadde: by Tywěsdai hi come.

Bi Tywěsdai he was ibore: and out of his moder
wombe com; 2379

And also me bringeth aně theof: to fongen his dom,
Tofore the Kyng at Norhamptone: bi a Tuěsdai:
With gretě schame he was ibrozt: as al that folc isai:
Vyllokere than eni theof: that folc him ther aschende.
Bi Tuěsdai he was iflemd: and out of Engeland wende.
Bi a Tuěsday at Ponteney: oure Louerd to him com,
And seidě him that swetě word: of his martirdom.

“Thomas!” seide oure swetě Louerd: “ȝut schullen of
thi blode,
“Alle mi churchen ihéred beo:” this beoth wordēs
gode.

Bi Tuěsdais also god: to Engēlond he com, 2389
After that he was iflemd: to fonge his martirdom.
Bi a Tuěsdai at Canterbury: to dethe he was ido,
And siththě bi a Tuěsdai: ischryned also.
Thuse sově thinges bi Tuěsdai: him come attě laste:
Therefore me sizth meni men: maki herě faste,
To levě flesch thane Tuěsdai: other to o mel faste,
Forte hi come to Canterbure: to honury the heze feste.
Nou Jesus, for the swetě love: that Seint Thomas on
thozte,
Bringe ous to thulkě joye: that he so deore ous to
bouzte. AMEN. 2398

EXPLICIT VITA SANCTORUM.

APPENDIX.

THE HISTORY AND MARTYRDOM OF THOMAS BEKET,

EXTRACTED FROM THE METRICAL CHRONICLE OF

ROBERT OF GLOUCESTER.

(Hearne's edition, pp. 468-478, and 517-518, corrected by
the Cottonian MS. Caligula A. xi. ff. 131^b-135,
and 145^b-146.)

of Thomas Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, who was murdered in the church of St. Martin, near Paris, in the year 1170.

By the Rev. John G. Nichols, D.D., of the University of Cambridge.

LONDON: Printed by J. G. Nichols, at the University Press, in the Strand, 1841.

THE HISTORY AND MARTYRDOM OF THOMAS BECKET, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, WHO WAS MURDERED IN THE CHURCH OF ST. MARTIN, NEAR PARIS, IN THE YEAR 1170.

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APPENDIX.

(Hearne, pp. 468-478, MS. ff. 131^b-135.)

KING HENRI wondede muche: to abbe men in offis,
Mid him, that of conseil: werē god and wis.
Ercedekne of Kanterbury: Sein Tomas tho was:
The King him made is Chaunceler: ac* is wille it
nou[3]t nas.

To him the King trustē mest: ne ther nas non so hey,
That so muche wuste is privité: ne that him were so
ney.

So muche he truste on him: that in is warde he let do
Henri is eldoste sone: and is eir al so,
That he were his wardein: and al is ordeinour,
To is wille to wissi him: and to the Kinges honour. 10
The King wende to Normandie: to sojorni there,
And mid Sein Tomas dude is sone: that he is wardein
were.

Tho Tebaud the Erchebissop: suththē ded was,
The King and monekes ek: chosē Seint Tomas.
Tho he was Erchebissop: he huld ȝut in is hond
That child, vort that the King: come in to Engēlond.

* MS. *at*,

The child loved him inou: more nas nevere iseye,
Ne he nadde of no man: morë love ne eye.

Tho the King to londë com: Sein Tomas nom is sone,
And wel vawe azen him: wende to Southhamtone. 20
Ther was joye and blisse inou: tho hii togadere come;
Hii custe hom and biclupte: and herede God ilome.

It was enlevë hundred 3er: and sixti and tuo,
Of grace, that Sein Tomas: was Erchebissop tho.
The nexte 3er ther after: (as it woldë be,)
Endlevë hundred 3er of grace: and sixti and thre,
He halwede, as the King him bed: the church of
Redinge,

That verst ifounded was: thoru Henri the other Kinge.
He ssrinede thulkë sulvë 3er: Seint Edward, iwis,
That was King of Engëlund: at Westmunstre that is. 30
The King 3ef thulkë sulvë 3er: Henri is sone, Aungo,
Tours, and al Normandie: and Richard is sone, al so,
He 3ef Gascoine and Aquitaine: so that hii dude homage
King Lowis of France: thervore, withoute outrage.
Geffray is sone he made Erl: of Brutaine al so.
The wule is children 3ongë were: al this was ido.
No man ne mi3të thenche: the lovë that ther was,
Bituene the King Henri: and the gode man Seint
Tomas.

The Devel adde envie ther to: and sed bituene hom
seu:

Alas! alas! thulke stounde: vor al to wel it greu! 40
Vor ther adde er ibé: Kinges of luther dede,
As Willam Bastard and is sone: Willam the Rede;
That luther lawës made ynou: and helde in to al the
lond.

The King nolde nouȝt bileve: the lawës that he fond,
 Ne that is elderne hulde: ne the godeman Sein Tomas,
 Thouȝte that thing aȝe riȝte: nevere lawë nas,
 Ne sothnesse, ac costume: mid strengthe up iholde;
 And he wuste that ur Louerd: in the gospel tolde,
 That he him sulf was sothnesse: and costumë nou[3]t:
 Ther vore luther costumes: he noldë graunti nouȝt. 50
 Ne the King nolde bileve: that is elderne adde iholde;
 So that contek sprong: bituene hom, mani volde.
 The King drou to riȝtë lawe: mani luther costome:
 Sein Tomas hom withsede: and grantédë some.
 The lawës that icholle nou telle: he grauntedë vawe:—
 ȝuf a thuman hath a sone: to clergie idrawe,
 He ne ssal, withoute is louerdes [wille:*) icrouned
 nouȝt be:
 Vor thuman ne may nouȝt be imad: aȝen is louerdes
 wille fre.
 Another thing he grauntede ek: as ȝe mowe nou isé:
 ȝuf a man of holichirche: halt eni lay fe, 60
 Person other wat he be: he ssal do thervore
 Kinges servise that ther valth†: that is riȝte ne be
 vorlore;
 In playdinge and in asise be: and in jugement also,
 Bote war man ssal be bilemed: other to dethe ido.
 He grantede ek, ȝuf eni man: the kingës traytour were,
 And eni man of is chateus: to holi churchë bere,
 That holi church ne ssoldë nouȝt: the chateus therë
 lette,

* Evidently omitted in this line, though expressed in the next.

† Hearne has *valp*.

That the king there, other is: as is owene, is ne vette:
 Vor al that the felon hath: the kingës it is,
 And ech man mai, in holi churchē: is owene take, ywis.⁷⁰
 He grantede ek, that a churchē: of the kingës fe,
 In none stede eve* and evere: ne ssolde iživě be,
 As to hous of religion: withoute the kingës leve;
 And that he, other the patron: the gifte verst 3eve.
 Seint Tomas grantede wel: thes and other mo:
 Ac this othere he withsede: that dude him wel wo:—
 3uf bituene tueie lewede men: were eni striving,
 Other bituene a lewede and a clerc: vor holichurchě
 thing,
 As vor vowěson of churchē: wether ssolde the churchě
 3ive,
 The king wolde that in is court: the ple ssolde be
 drive, 80
 Vor as mucche as a lewed man: that the o partie was,
 Clanliche was under the king: and under no bissop nas.
 Another was, that no bissop: ne clerc nathěmo,
 Ne ssolde withoute [the] kingës leve: out of this lond go;
 And thanně hii ssolde suerie: upe the bok, ywis,
 That hii ne ssolde purchasy non uvel: the king, ne
 non of his.
 The thridde was, 3uf eni man: in mansinge were ibrou3t,
 And suththě come to amendement: ne a3é ri3te nere no3t,
 That he ne suore nou3t upe the boc: ac borewes findě
 solde,
 To stonde to that holichirche: ther of him loky wolde. ⁹⁰

* Hearne has *ene*: perhaps it ought to read *evere* in both places.

The verthe was, that no man: that of the kinge hulde
 ouzt,
 In chef, other in eni servise: in mansinge were ibrozt,
 Bote the wardeins of holichirche: that broztě him
 therto,
 The king sede, other is bailifs: wat he adde misdo ;
 And lokede verst wer hii wolde: to amendement it
 bringe,
 And bote hii wolde be hor leve: do the mansinge.
 The vifte was, that bissopriches: and abbeies also,
 That vacauns were of prelas: in the kinges hond
 were ido;
 And that the king ssolde al the lond: as is owě take,
 Vort attě lastě that him luste: eni prelat ther make, 100
 And thanně thulkě prelat ssolde: in is chapele ichosě be,
 Of is clerkes, wuche he wolde: to such prelat bi se;
 And thanně wan he were ichose: in is chapele riȝt
 there,
 Homage he ssolde him do: ar he confermed were.
 The sixtě was, ȝuf eni play: to chapitle were idrawe,
 And eni man made is apěl: ȝuf me dude him unlaue,
 That to the bissop fram ercedekne: is apěl ssoldě make,
 And fram bissop to erchěbissop: and suththe non
 herrě take ;
 And bote the erchěbissopes court: to riȝte him woldě
 bringe,
 That he ssolde fram him: biclupe bivore the kinge; 110
 And fram the king non herre mo: so that, atten ende,
 Plaininge* of holichirche: to the king soldě wende,

* So in the MS., but differently in v. 115.

And the king amendi ssolde: the erchēbissopes dede,
And be as in the popēs stude: ac Sein Tomas it with
sede.

The sevethe was, that plaidinge: that of dettē were,
To 3elde wel thorū treuthe ipli3t: and no3t iholdē nere;
Al thei thorū treuthe it were: that ple ssolde be ibro3t,
Bivore the king and is bailifs: and to holi churchē no3t.
The eiztethe was, that in the londe: citacion non nere,
Thoru bullē of the pope of Rome: ac clene bileved were.
The nithe was, that Petres panes: that me gadereth
manion, 121

The popē nere nou3t on isend: ac the king echon.
The tethē was, 3uf eni clerc: as felon were itake,
And vor felon iproved: and ne mi3te it no3t vorsake;
That me ssolde him verst desordeini: and suththe
thoru pur lawe,
And thorū jugement of the lond: honge him, other to
drawe.

Vor thes, and vor other mo: the godemon, Seint Tomas,
Fleu verst out of Engēlond: and suththe ymartred was.
Vor he sei ther nas bote o wey: other he moste stif be,
Other holichurchē was issent: that mid ri3te was so
fre. 130

Endlevē hundred 3er of grace: and foure and sixti therto,
It was, that Sein Tomas: of londe wendē so.

The nexte 3er ther after: the Amperessē Mold

Wende out of this live: as the boc ath itold.

The King let crouni to Kinge: an vif 3er after this,

Henri is eldoste sone: at Westmunstre, ywis,

As endlevē hundred 3er of grace: and sixti and tene;

And sixtene ȝer he was old: tho he was icrouned, ich
wene.

The Erchebissop of Everwik: and the Bissop of Londone,
And of Salesbury, him crounede: aȝen riȝt and wone. 140
Vor the Erchebissop of Canturburi: mid riȝte it
ssoldē do.

Tho Sein Tomas it wuste: gret deol he nom him to.
That the church of Kanterbury: in such unriȝt was
ibroȝt,

He noldē, vor to tholie deth: leng tholie it noȝt.
He drou him towarde Engēlond: to is martirdom:
As Godēs kniȝt, he bigan: tho he hider com.
He amansede allē thulke: that such unriȝt adde ido,
To the church of Canterbury: and the King icrouned
so.

The thre bissopes worthē* were: and nome hom to rede,
And wendē vorth to Normandie: and the olde King it
sede. 150

The King was nei, vor wraththē, wod: and sedē, “ȝuf
that he

“Amanseth allē thulkē men: thanne amanseth he me.”

He acorsede allē thulkē men: that he hadde vorth
ibrouȝt,

That of an falsē preste: ne abbē eke him nouȝt.†

That word he sedē ofte: in hastinesse, ywis:

Foure of the Develes limes: is Kniȝtēs, hurdē this;

Sire Reinaud Le Fizours: Sire Roger Brut al so,

Sire Hue de Morvile: Sir Willam Traci ther to;

* So, for *wrothe*.

† That had not avenged him of a false priest. See *Life*, v. 1946.

Hü nomě hom to rede: and vor to paye is wille,
 Wendě vorth to Engělund: hastěliche and stille. 160
 Tho the King com to is mete: and is Kniztēs mid
 him were,

He bihuld and miste: thulkě fourě there.
 Is herte him 3ef anon: wuderward hii wende:
 In anguisse and sor ynou: after hom he sende,
 Toward the se, hasteliche: that hii come a3é.
 Ar the messenger come: hii were in the se.
 Hii wende hom vorth to Kanterburi: and in the churchě
 rizt,

Hii martreden Sein Tomas: an Tiwesday at nizt.
 This godeman sat adoun akne: and is heved buyede
 adoun,

And wel softe, as some hurde: sede this orison:— 170
 “God and Seintě Marie: and Sein Denis al so,
 “And alle the avowēs of this churchē: in was ore ich
 am ido,*

“Ich bitake min soule: and holi churchě rizte!”
 3ut he bed vor holi churchē: tho he nadde other mizte.
 Sir Reinaud Le Fizours: mest ssrewe of echon,
 Vor to smite this holi man: is suerd drou anon.
 Ac Edward Grim, that was is clerc: of Grantěbrugge
 ibore,
 To helpe is louerd, 3uf he mizte: pulte is arm bivore.
 He wounde his arm suithě sore: thut blod orn adoun:
 Mid thulkě dunt ek he smot: Sein Tomas upē the
 croun, 180

* And all the patron-saints of this church, in whose favor I
 am placed.—Hearne reads *abowes*.

That thut blod orn bi is face: in the riȝt half of the
wounde.

Loudě gradde the luther Kniȝt: "Smiteth alle to
grounde!"

In thulkě sulvē wounde: an other him smot tho,
That he abuyde is face adoun: vort ther comě mo.

The thridde in thulkě sulvē stede: ther after smot
anon,

And made him aloute al adoun: is face vpe on the ston.

In thulkě stede the verthě smot: that the othere adde
er ydo;

And the point of is suerd brec: in the marbreston
a tuo.

ȝut thulkě point at Canterbury: the monekes lateth
wite,

Vor honour of the holi man: that therwith was ismite.

With thulkě stroc he smot al of: the scolle and ek the
croune,

191

That the brain orn al abrod: in the paviment ther
doune.

Tho this holiman imartred was: the Kniȝtēs gradde
echon,

"This traitor is to dethe ibroȝt: wende we henne
anon.

"Syweth us* the Kingēs men: and alle that mid him
beth.

"Of this traitor we beth awreke: as ȝe nou iseth.

* In the MS. *nou* was the original reading, corrected into *vs*,
which Hearne misprinted *vi*.

“ He thouȝte be herrē than the King: and binime him
is croune,

“ And to nouȝte bringe al Engēlond: and nou he lith
ther doune!”

In endlevē hundred ȝer of grace: this godeman, Sein
Tomas,

And sixti and endlevene: thus imartred was. 200

Tho the King it wuste: he madē deol ynou,

So that vor anguisse: nei him sulve he slou.

In the castel of Argentein: vourty dawes he was,

In a chaumbre al one: withoute eni solas.

In wop and sorwe and deol inou: and confort non him
nas,

Ac evere on the holiman: criede, Sein Tomas.

So that tueie Cardinals: the Pope him sende, iwis;

And hii him asoilede: of that was ido amis.

And he undude the luther lawes: and grauntede alle
the gode,

That Sein Tomas esste: as hii understode. 210

Of forest and of other thing: that is elderne nome
amis,

He undude, and ther to: is chartre made, iwis.

Ac after is daye iholde: febliche it was,

Of King Jon, and of othere: and natheles ther nas,

Non of hom, that somē time: (mid wille thei it nere,)

Ne grauntede and confermede it: thei it lute wurth
were:

Vor mani is the godē bodi: that aslawe is thervore.

To betere ende God it bringe: that vor us was ibore!*

* Here ends the portion of the metrical text, omitted in the
Heralds' MS.

After Sein Tomas dethe: aboute an 3erës to,
 Ther sprong contek suithë strong: (thei it luther were
 ido,) 220

Bituene King Henri the olde: and the 3onge, mid wou:
 Vor the sone aros azé the fader: and dude him ssame
 ynou,

Thoru the King of France: was dozter was is wif;
 Vor thoru a vowe of him: the sone bigan that strif.
 Vor the King of Fraunce: and the Erl of Flaundres
 ther to,

And Sir Roberd Erl of Leicestre: and Sire Hue
 Bigod also,

And the King of Scotlond ek: and manie other kni3t,
 With the sone azé [the] fader: huldë with unrizt.
 Hii destruede and robbede: the fader londes, mid wou:
 The father was in Normandie: and deöl made ynou.
 He huld it al wreche of God: vor Sein Tomas mar-
 tirdom, 231

And nathëles with gret poër: to Engëlond he com.*
 The Erl Willam of Gloucestere: huld mid him vaste,
 And mani other trewë kni3t: so that attë laste,†
 (Ac the olde King at Canterbury: mid gode herte and
 wille,

* This line is omitted in Hearne's copy, but supplied in his notes from the Heralds' MS. with a slight transposition of the words. It exists, however, in the Cottonian text, as above.

† This clause, in all propability, is erroneous, and left so by the author; for though the next four lines, (which are here printed within parentheses, as by Hearne,) are needful to complete the narrative, they are omitted in the Heralds' MS., and v. 239 is construed with this verse, in the stead of v. 238.

Hurde is masse of Sein Tomas: and cride him merci,
 stille.

Is ost, and is soně ost: the wulě masse ilaste,
 Smite an stronge bataile: so that attě laste,)
 Thoru grace of Sein Tomas: is men overcome
 Hor fon, and the King: of Scotlondě nome.
 And Sir Hue Bigod ek: and the Erl of Leicetre, 240
 Inome was thoru Willam: Erl of Gloucestre.
 Manion ther was aslawe: so that this vair cas,
 The King it thonkede everidel: the godeman Sein
 Tomas.

So that the fader and the sone: acorded werě tho,
 Ac the soněs herte azé the fader: was ever mo;
 And the bretheren hulde al so: azen hor fader vaste,
 Vorte the 3onge King Henri: deidě attě laste.
 A Sein Barnaběs day: and (as it woldě be)
 Endlevě hundred 3er of grace: and ei3teti and thre; 250
 In Normandye he deyde: and thulkě 3er al so,
 Seint Egwine at Evesham: in ssrine was verst ido:
 Glastingburi was ther after: and to 3er, ibro3t to
 grounde,
 Vorbarnd, and of King Arthure: the boněs verst
 ifounde.

(Ibid. pp. 517-518, ff. 145^b-146.)

Ther after at Westmunstre: ar the Baronie bi sai,*
 Hii crounede the King arizt: a Witesoněday.†

* Hearne *vi sai*.

† This coronation of King Henry III. took place on the 17th

It was as in the 3er of grace: a* tuelf hundred and
tuenti 3er,

And as in the verthē 3er: that he verst crounē ber.

The newē worc of Westm[unstre]: the King bigan
tho anon,

After is crouninge: and leide the verstē ston. 260

The King wende tho to Canterbury: and the heiemen
also.

To nime† up Sein Tomas body: and in to ssrinē do:

Arst he adde ileye an erthe: unssrined vifti 3er.

Of Engēlond and of France: so muche folc ther com
ther,

That alle contreye aboute: unnethe avonge it mizte;

Ther vore hii nome him up: privēliche bi nizte.

of May, 1220, and the inshrining of Beket on the 7th of July following; which latter day is marked in calendars prior to the Reformation thus:—*Translatio sancti Thomæ Martyris*, to distinguish it from the day of his death, the 29th of December, where the first of these words is omitted.

* So Hearne: the MS. has "&."

+ So the MS., but Hearne reads *mine*. Cf. Life, vv. 2358, 2360, 2377.

It was as little as of a moment's time
that he was in the world again.
The next day of the month the King began
his journey, and he was not long
After he came again and he was not long
The King was not long and he was not long
To him, as to his body, and he was not long
After he came again and he was not long
Of England and of France, so much he was not long
That the country was not long and he was not long
That were his body, and he was not long

of the King, and the King was not long
Following which day he was not long
He was not long and he was not long
which it was the day of the King, and he was not long
the day of the King, and he was not long
of the King, and he was not long
of the King, and he was not long
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Werner.



Werner.

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